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LETTERS FROM INDIA

BY

THE HON. EMILY EDEN

Author of

'Up the Country' 'Semi-Detached House'

&c.

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EDITED BY HER NIECE

IN TWO VOLUMES

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PREFACE.

'UP THE COUNTRY' became so popular a book, that the authoress was repeatedly urged to publish more of her Letters from India.

Unfortunately, her health was for many years before her death, in so precarious a state that she was quite unequal to the task of preparing these Letters for the press.

I had indeed begun to arrange them during her life-time and under her directions, but from various circumstances was unable to accomplish this.

My Aunt frequently, however, expressed her desire that I should continue the work at some future period.

It is therefore, with the feeling that I am simply carrying out her intentions, that I offer

these volumes to the public, hoping that a sequel to her former work will not be unacceptable to those who read and liked 'Up the Country.'

I fear that many mistakes in spelling the Hindustani words and names may have arisen from my ignorance of that language.

I have endeavoured as much as possible to omit all remarks of a personal nature which might be painful to any of Miss Eden's former friends in Calcutta; and in order to render the narrative more complete, I have inserted several letters written by my aunt, Frances Eden, to one of her oldest friends, who has kindly lent them to me for this purpose.

Some of these Letters, relating to the voyage out, and the first arrival in Calcutta, have already appeared in the 'Temple Bar Magazine,' but they have since been revised and corrected.

ELEANOR EDEN.

BOURNEMOUTH: *November*, 1871.

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LETTERS FROM INDIA.

TO A FRIEND.

October, 1835.

I REALLY am hurried out of my senses to-day; so perhaps this will be a short line. We have just ordered all our linen, and are going to pass some miserable hours in search for coloured muslins, &c.; and we have got a Hindostanee master coming to-morrow, as they say a little teaching before we go is quite enough to give us the power of asking for the common necessaries of life. Otherwise we must have an interpreter constantly tagging after us.

We all went down to look at the 'Jupiter' yesterday morning, with our captain, and gave our final directions about our cabins—a shelf here and a hook there, and more means of thorough ventilation, and better beds for the

maids, and so on. It is all, I dare say, as comfortable as a ship can be; but it has been painted, and has got its regular ship smell, and so, of course, before I had been there ten minutes I was dead sick, and Mary Eden was not much better. Very shocking, indeed!—well meant, but a failure!

I sometimes sit in blank despair, and wonder—quite posed as to what I am to do without you all—not to be able to sit down and scratch off a line to you, &c.; and then I feel as if I could cut somebody's throat quite through—a sort of savage relief; in short, like 'the Young Duke,' 'depend upon it, I am on the point of doing something desperate.' The whole business is much worse than I expected, and that is saying a great deal.

I have had a beautiful letter from our King, which I would send you, only there is no time to get it back again, and it must serve as a character to our next place. He sent me a very long message by George, who told me to write my thanks, which I did in the most abject and affectionate style; and then, on Saturday, there came this farewell—really a beautifully-written letter—saying that, amongst his many other

amiable qualities, he had always given George credit for his exemplary attachment to his sisters, &c. Then there is another whole page of approval of our not consenting to be separated from him by fear of the climate or remoteness of destination, as 'so affectionate a brother deserves the devotion he meets with;' and then he desires us all to be good and happy, and so on, and assures us his best wishes will follow us there. I hope for their sakes, poor things! they will go overland.

I shall write again from Portsmouth.

Ever, dearest, your affectionate

E. E.

I enclose Fanny's hair. George's was cut this morning, but the result was only a little black dust; so I must cut off a bit close to his head when he is busy and not attending.

TO A FRIEND.

George Inn, Portsmouth, Thursday.

Your letter came to me this morning in bed, or rather to such share of me as is left, for you have no idea what the *animals* are in this inn; they have eaten us both up! We have no

chance of sailing; the wind is right against us, and a great deal of it, so we shall probably cross over to Ryde this afternoon, and wait there, as a cleaner and quieter place. There is such a dreadful quantity of people here, all bursting into the room at all moments; and a tribe of Sir Johns and Sir Henrys, whom George knows, and who come with offers of dinners, which we have declined.

Your long letter is a great comfort to me. I shall keep it, and study it the first time I am able to fix my eyes on anything; but I do not feel at all as if I pursued my wretched way so evenly as you say I do—quite the contrary. The last ten days at the Admiralty I think I was in a fair way to go quietly and *genteelly* mad—what with regrets and annoyances, and one thing and another. I am better since we have been here, and that the actual work is undertaken; and, after all, I keep thinking that if I had come down to see George off, and not to go with him, how very much worse it would have been. In short, that would have been out of the question, and there certainly is nothing that he has not deserved from us. Robert is here, and a great comfort to us. We have just

been down to look at the sea, and you never saw anything so shocking!—so rough and white. None of the officers of the 'Jupiter' can get off, even to dine on board; and we are obliged to stay here another night, from the impossibility of crossing to Ryde. I think there must have been several things I did not tell you from London for want of time.

I had such a pretty letter from Lord Melbourne on Tuesday, with a beautiful copy of 'Milton.' He says: 'My mother always told me I was very selfish, man and boy, and I believe she was right. I always find some excuse for not doing what I am anxious to avoid. I cannot bear to come and bid you good-bye, for few events of my life have been so painful to me as your going. May God bless and keep you!' He then says a great deal that is very kind, and that he sends me a 'Milton,' which he has often read in, and marked what he thought I should like; and he begs I will write constantly, and he will do the same. I do not think he is so heartless as he says; at least, he has been most constantly kind to us, and puts himself out of the way for it.

I think your journal plan a very good one,

particularly that idea of a *résumé* at the top; and I certainly shall keep your *effusions* to myself, because it will give you so much greater comfort in writing them.

I do hope you will not go on overworking yourself, doing a little too much every day, but keep resting yourself. This is not my last letter by any means, as we have no chance of going till the day after to-morrow, at soonest, nor much then. Love to all. I never part with my little cross, and have had a second ring put to it, for fear of accidents.

Ever, dearest, your most affectionate

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Saturday, October 3, 12 o'clock.

This is my last word. I will not write to another person after I have bid you good-bye. The wind is fair, and we shall be off in an hour. It is a hurried job, and the sea looks more wicked and good-for-nothing than ever; but if we are really to go, I suppose there is no use in putting it off. Fanny was out sailing yesterday, and liked it. The servants are all in good spirits; and Chance, who went on board yester-

day and howled all night, will be happier when he sees us. My health is very much improved; and so good-bye, God bless you all!

I hope you will not hear of us again till we arrive at Madeira.

Ever, dearest, your own

E. E.

This is George's hair—all I could cut, at its greatest length.

TO A FRIEND.

Funchal, Wednesday, October 14, 1835.

I must put the date as soon as I catch up anybody who can give me the day of the week and month; but I have a clear idea that we landed here on the Tuesday week (at three) after we left Portsmouth—exactly a ten days' passage to an hour; and that it is supposed to have been one of the most prosperous and quick passages ever made, without a single check or accident. But such a job as I made of it!—as sick as death the whole way, after the first two hours; and the last five days I never got out of bed, nor dressed myself. Oh, dear! what work it is! The last night I was so ill that I was

obliged to send for George to come and carry me on deck, where, as it was quite dark and the poop quite deserted, I might be as ill as I liked. Such violent shiverings, from want of food and sleep, for though every ship must roll more or less in such rapid sailing, yet everybody on board agrees that there never was such a rolling, creaking article as the 'Jupiter.' You cannot conceive anything like the constant noise of it; and when *that* comes in addition to sleeplessness and eternal sickness, the suffering from it is past all belief.

However, it cannot be helped; but if I could scuttle that ship, or blow her out of the water, or swim home, or do anything in a mild way to get out of the scrape, I would.

George was rather giddy occasionally, but is, in fact, as happy as a king; so far the aim of our voyage is attained. Fanny is perfectly wonderful at sea. The last three days she was bored by being kept awake by the creaking of the bulkheads; but she is never the least giddy, nor sick at the worst of times—very active, and reads, works, and plays at chess; and it was a positive mercy to me that she was so well and *so serviceable*, as the past two days Wright and

Jones were knocked up, but rallied wonderfully afterwards. ——'s spirits never fail, and he is an amazing favourite on board. The older midshipmen (who might be admirals, poor fellows! in times of war) coax him down to the cockpit, because they have kept their one bottle of brandy as a treat for him; and he never opens his lips that they don't all begin laughing long before the joke comes. They hold up a cigar from the farthest point of the ship to entice him down to them; and the officers are much the same. He declares his sea-sickness is quite as bad as mine, only it has taken the contrary and more alarming line of extreme hunger; so that it is quite meritorious of him to struggle against the complaint as he does by going to dine in the cockpit at twelve, then to come and taste my macaroni at one, then to luncheon with Captain Grey at two; and he thinks he ought to pick a bit with the officers at three, in order to be tolerably well for dinner at six.

The men servants have all been quite well. The ayah has been the happiness of my life, and is a great favourite with everybody. She is always merry, and she pokes about the ship, and gets biscuits and macaroni at odd undue hours;

for there is nothing so provoking as the hours on board ship—the fire is always put out just as one fancies one might swallow a little tea.

The ayah took advantage of my weak and defenceless condition to establish herself for the night in my cabin, and when I looked up in the night, there she was wrapped up in a heap of Indian shawls, flat on the ground, with her black arms (covered with bracelets) crossed over her head—very picturesque, but rather shocking, and I wish she would sleep anywhere else; at least, I did at first—I am used to it now. Chance is extremely happy; except one or two very rough nights, when his little fat body was rolled off his cushion every five minutes, and he gave a deep indignant sigh, and a half-growl, and then gathered his tail and ears and his dispersed limbs all together again, and rolled back to his nest. The midshipmen imparted to —— that they should not like the captain to know it, but they contrived to get Chance down below in the morning, and turned out a little rabbit for his amusement, and had been in a great fright one day that he had caught it.

So much for the voyage. I feel certain that

I shall never be brought on board again but by a guard of marines. We go on Friday night. This island is entirely lovely. Nothing is worth a day at sea, but as that cannot be avoided I am glad Madeira is our resting-place. We landed at three yesterday, after visits from the consul, salutes, &c., and got into palanquins at the landing-place, and were carried through a long narrow street with occasional intervals of gardens, where are palms and bananas and great orange-trees covered with fruit, and odd Murillo-looking women taking great care of each other's hair—in short, everything looked tropical, and like a book of travels, and untrue. By-the-by, that puts me in mind that we went out of our course one night at sea, to avoid Cape Finisterre. Can't you hear poor Mrs. Mather's voice teaching us Cape Finisterre ? and I never believed it was a real thing, or that it would ever come Cape-ing and Finisterre-ing into my actual path of life ; but there is no saying how things may turn out, only there is no use in learning it all beforehand.

Well ! our palanquin-bearers trotted us into the hall of a large house belonging to a Mr. Stothard, which George had been told to make

his home by the other half of the firm in London. It turned out that no ship had arrived from England for a month, so the letter of recommendation was still at sea, Mr. Stothard in the country, and Mrs. S. ill. However, a little clerk received us, and Mr. Stothard was fetched up from the country, and found us four and Captain Grey, and six servants and a dog, all settled in his house, mad for food, and intending to stay with him. He took it all as a matter of course, got some dinner as soon as he could collect his servants, gave us magnificent rooms, with delicious large clean beds that did not rock nor creak, and to-day he has been showing us the country, and we are all violently attached to him.

I never saw a more delightful man, so hospitable and pleasant. To-morrow we are to dine with the Portuguese governor, who sent in a guard of honour and an aide-de-camp every half-hour to know if we wanted anything; and Madame came to see Fanny and me in the only carriage that grows at Madeira, for the streets are so narrow and the hills so perpendicular that a carriage is of no use. We took such a ride to-day—three miles up these hills! which

I think incline a little forwards; but that may be a traveller's story. It was dreadfully hot at first, but we rode up into the clouds, through such hedges of fuchsia and myrtle, with geraniums covering the ground, and that great pink cactus that we keep in hot-houses making the common fence by the roadside. Each pony has an odd wild-looking driver, who runs by him and lays hold of his tail coming down; but the descent was awful! It is as —— says, 'just the case, for "God is good, and Mahomet is His prophet," so let us each take the tail of each other's pony and slither into the sea. The "Jupiter" must send out her boats to pick up the great man.'

As for my state of mind, the less I say about that the better; but it is not cheering to pass ten days entirely on my own thoughts just after leaving all of you—a way of life that is perfectly hateful to me. I cannot read to keep myself straight. However, I suppose things will turn out better somehow; if not, 'the time is short' as compared with what follows. And so God bless you, my dearest friend, and tell the chicks that their picture hangs at the foot of my bed, and is a great comfort to me.

Of course you never do anything but write to me?

Your ever affectionate

E. EDEN.

TO THE HON. AND REV. ROBERT EDEN (LATE LORD AUCKLAND).

Funchal, Thursday, October 15, 1835.

MY DEAREST ROBERT,—We arrived here on Tuesday, the 13th, exactly ten days after we left Portsmouth, and six days from the Lizard's Point. The three last days we averaged 240 miles a day, and it is believed a most excellent passage. I have no doubt of it, but may I never know another!

Our captain is more than sailor enough to take us anywhere; he is quite wrapped up in his profession, works the ship himself, and even on shore is occupied the whole day in taking observations, &c. He seems a thoroughly scientific sailor. —— has set his heart on going to Penang, on our way from the Cape, and has coaxed the whole ship's company into wishing it too; and now Captain Grey is occupied in proving that it will not take us more than seventy miles out of our course. As

bad as 700 in that dear coach-and-four we last met in. But —— is mad to eat some mangosteens; he has collected all the descriptions of the fruit he can meet with, and runs on for ever about it. 'It shows how little of self there is in me,' he says, 'for the angels are always allowed a little taste of mangosteen on Sundays, so *I* am sure of eating some at last, but many of you may never see it. I speak entirely for *your* sakes.'

We are staying here with a Mr. Stothard, a great wine merchant, in such a delicious house; such large high rooms, and so clean, and quite out of sight of the sea and the 'Jupiter;' and the man himself is really quite delightful. He makes us quite at home, and we have our palanquins at all hours, and ponies for going up the steep hills, and he finds us the best sketching places. I hope everybody will buy his wine.

George desires me to tell you, with his love, that he has bought a hogshead of Madeira for you, and is taking it with us to the East Indies, for the good of its health; so you will have it on the return of the 'Jupiter,' as good as wine can be, he hopes.

We dine with the Portuguese governor to-day, and to-morrow have company at home. go on board after dinner, and get under weigh at one in the morning; and in about eleven days I shall be thrown overboard, for I am nearly transparent now with thinness, and never shall stand more than another ten days.

Keep writing, for mercy's sake.

Your ever affectionate

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

October 28, 1835. At sea (nowhere particular).

But I know we are within ten degrees of the line, and that the thermometer is at 80° the coolest part of the twenty-four hours, and that though they say we have been only twenty-four days on board, I am quite sure it must be nearly a year.

This is to be the beginning of a letter to you, and if the ship does not roll always, I will try to turn it into a journal, and you must keep it, as I cannot write another for myself, and should like to know in after-days how much I endured on board this monster. I shall never believe it when I read it.

I have not been half so sick since we left Madeira, and there are only three days on which I have not dined upstairs; but still it is a detestable life. I am always more or less giddy, and never can read or occupy myself for five minutes without growing worse; so that makes the days long, and the nights are long of themselves, for the noise and heat make it impossible to sleep much. The creaking of the bulkheads and staircases grew so intolerable, that Captain Grey was forced at last into taking some active measures; and it was really true that, except a next neighbour, no two people could hear each other speak in the same cabin. Now, the creaking is not more than is agreeable, so as to harmonise with the other noises of the ship. I wonder whether George would have come if he had known the full extent of the horrors of the voyage. I make a point of asking him constantly, 'Do you give it up?' and though he has not said yes, yet I think he must at last, and let us go home again. The whole thing is such a thorough take in! Sometimes the wind is favourable, and then everybody goes fussing

about. 'Well, now we have got the trade; those trades are quite surprising—such luck!'

Then the next hour there comes a dead calm, which I like; for I am not sick in a calm, and by all accounts Calcutta is no pleasanter than the 'Jupiter,' so I like it better than tearing along till one is shaken to pieces; but everybody else gets into another fuss, and they go about, 'Well, we have lost the trade. I don't feel sure we ever had the real trade. I believe we are in the variables.' Just as if it signified the least; 'the wind bloweth where it listeth,' and it is a mockery calling any item of our monotonous life by the name of variable. And the shocking thing is, that though I take great relief in pouring out my complaints to you in unmeasured language, yet I believe we are making an uncommonly prosperous voyage, with ten times as many comforts as most people have at sea; so what must a sea life be in general?

We are all talking eternally of those stupid ceremonies about crossing the Line; there are 112 victims, and the horror with which they look to it is not to be told; particularly some of the young ones, and also some of the un-

popular characters in the ship, who are likely to be very roughly used on that day.

The midshipmen are going to get up a play too, which is a good amusement, as it gives them something new to talk about. Wright and Jones are very busy making dresses for Mrs. Sneak and Mrs. Bruin. Neptune and Amphitrite have begged a great many of our things, and have *riven* the ribbons off half my caps and bonnets.

I hope you have read Sir James Mackintosh —just the book you will like. I have seldom been more interested. Such extracts! and do you observe what good quotations there are from Bacon? I think we don't study Bacon half enough.

Sunday, November 8, Lat. 7° South, Long. 30°.

I forget what happened to the weather—the weeks are so long I cannot remember a whole one; but I know there are five days that the ship pitched so much I could neither eat, nor speak, nor stir. It is so tiresome of me, and nobody else is the least ill, and I thought I had got over it too. However, we are now in the 'south-east trade' (such humbugs!); but,

at all events, we have sailed very smoothly the last ten days, and moreover we crossed the Line at ten on Friday night. It is a great rope, you know—not one of the lines that are sent by post. Neptune hailed the ship, &c., and yesterday we all went out to see the procession, which was very well got up. Amphitrite, a very tall sailor, looked quite handsome in one of Wright's gowns and my cap. Neptune made a speech to George, and begged to introduce his wife to us with the two babies —'the precious pledges of our affection;' and he gave a letter to Fanny and me, saying the weather had been so bad he could not catch us any fish, but he begged to present us with a couple of snow-birds—two white pigeons; and we all said our say, and made our little jokes, and then got out of the way as fast as we could before the shaving and ducking began. As far as sea-water is concerned, I do not see much objection to the business, if it amuses them to be tossed into a sail and half drowned, and to have engines playing on them from below, and buckets emptied on them from above; but the shaving is a horrid process, and the two or three obnoxious individuals

were nearly choked with pitch, and very much cut with a razor, jagged like a sharp saw. It is a savage-looking process, and I wonder the captain did not stop it.

Monday, November 9, Lat. 8° South.

Till we get to Calcutta (a physical impossibility, for we shall be dead of old age long before the Cape), I must go on making my journal into single letters; and even then, you will probably think them extravagant amusements; but I don't think you *will* either, judging by myself. I would give 5*l.* at this moment for the smallest three-cornered note from you; and though in England you cannot guess the mad desperate yearning after friends, and home, and letters, that eats one's heart out in this floating prison, yet I know you will be so glad to see some long letters from me! I know it—

by this conscious sign,
The deep communion of my soul with thine.

It is one of the worst parts of this business, that when we could understand each other so well, there are no means of our *getting at* each other but by these vain longings and regrets.

Friday, November 13, Lat. 17° South.

We had the sun right over our heads at twelve o'clock to-day, and ought all to have been as shadowless as Peter Schlemihl for once in our lives, but it happened to be a cloudy day. I must own the heat is not that annoyance we were told to expect; it was troublesome a fortnight ago, for a few days, but it is really very nice weather now; and we have been going on since Monday a good steady pace, which promises to bring us to Rio on Monday or Tuesday, if we get over the danger of a calm off Cape Frio, which is a common event. We make lotteries for each place—Madeira, the Line, Rio, &c.; and seven of us put in a dollar apiece and draw a day of the week; in fact, there is nothing we do not do to try and seem amused, but we make sad failure of it. —— takes horrible fits of bore at times; George hardly ever, except when the wind falls and we cannot make seven knots an hour, and then he fidgets and groans. I have not seen Fanny in such good health and spirits for ages. The servants are all very contented. Rosina (the ayah) is a good merry old black thing. Chance is the

only individual amongst us whose happiness has been actually improved by the voyage. He has a little window of his own, with a netting over it, in the after-cabin; and there he sits all day, making his oddest sobs of pleasure at the foam, or Mother Carey's chickens, or anything that he can see moving. It is supposed that he keeps a log for the benefit of the other dogs.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Saturday, November 14, Lat. 19° South.

MY DEAREST SISTER,—As they say we are to arrive at Rio on Tuesday or Wednesday, I was inclined not to write till then; but it is a horrid business to survey and sketch a new quarter of the globe completely in a few days, and leaves little time for writing. Besides, I have vague notions of the dignity of 'crowing from one's own dunghill,' so I write lying on a hard couch in a close cabin of a rolling ship, and at an hour when what they call 'exercises' are going on —five in the afternoon—when 250 men begin stamping about, just overhead, dragging ropes and chains and blocks after them; all the officers screaming, and all the petty officers whistling—so pleasant! It *only* lasts an hour!

which I take for my writing time, just to try my powers of abstraction. I cannot tell you what a ship is, particularly when one has been several years on board, which is our case.

—— and I were agreeing that, without any exaggeration, we should say it was two or three years since we left Portsmouth; and what is more odd is, that it seems much longer since we left Madeira. That is so long ago that we cannot remember the names of the people we saw there, nor anything about it distinctly. As you are never likely to come and judge for yourself, allow me to rectify several errors into which we have all been led by our easy credulity. In the first place, there is nothing so little sublime as the sea; it is always tiresome, and very often dirty and soap-suddy. Then, it is not true that 'there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it;' there are hardly any fish, and those few are not to be caught. We entrapped a small shark, and that is all; the flying-fish are rather like grasshoppers, but without the pleasing accompaniment of grass, and dolphins we have never yet seen. Then, a tropical sun is not that fiery furnace we have always supposed it to be. On Friday, when we were actually

under the sun, and ought to have stood plump in the midst of our own shadows, we were very glad of our warm gowns; so never think of pitying 'the naked negro panting at the line;' if he pants, it must be for some clothes. As to the tropical skies, they are, as old Rapid says, 'a shame to be seen'—miserable drab-coloured creatures, with a dirty yellow look towards sunset; and as for thunder and lightning, I should be ashamed if I could not make a much better storm out of a sheet of tin and a tallow candle. I mention these circumstances merely from a love of truth, and not as a matter of complaint. I can imagine that travellers who have not seen the sunsets we have *let off* from the Temple Walk at Eden Farm, or the terrace at East Combe, may be satisfied with what they see in the tropics; but that is no reason why we, who know better, should put up with such an inferior article.

Rio, Monday, November 16.

There—we have discovered America! just like Columbus and Americus, and all those others. We hunted about for it all yesterday, and found it to-day, and so I suppose the country will promote us all. We might have come in

yesterday, I believe, only it was very hazy, and they could not see the land, and it would have been a pity to have wrecked us. It is well worth a little trouble to see this harbour: there are as many islands in it as there are days in the year—wooded, and rocky, and mountainous, and, in short, beautiful; but you will not care much about that, and would probably rather hear our personal history, which has not, however, been eventful. George and Fanny are particularly well, and, except that George is in a particular hurry to arrive, he is not much bored on board. —— is sometimes worse than I am about the ship, and does not care what he says when he sets about it.

The night we came aboard from Madeira, he was lying on the poop, saying, 'Well! they may talk of "Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné," but les derniers jours d'un *shippé* are much worse.'

Captain Grey seems to be an excellent officer, and it is impossible to mistrust our safety under his care. We all like him very much, and are in luck to have so pleasant a man. He is learned in navigation, and is always taking observations with his sextant and

chronometer. He is particularly fond of 'taking lunars,' which process is conducted by observations on the moon and a certain star called Aldebaran; and the captain does not like to have Aldebaran sneered at. —— begins, 'Well, Grey, after you had shot at that wretched moon with your bit of smoked glass, I heard you send for the master; and he was coming up the hatchway, forty miles an hour, with his sextant under one arm and his lunars under the other, and dragging Aldebaran in a string after him, when he slipped, and his head came smack through my venetians. I hope Aldebaran was not hurt.'

As these sort of things give you a better notion than a regular description, I write them. I meant to make a single letter, but I cannot cram it all in; and, after all, it will not cost you more than a series of 3*d.* post-letters, which we might be writing; but it is no use thinking of those things. I should not like to die now, though I do not love my life as I have done—but I should die now in such a woeful frame of mind; and, besides, I cannot, as the Irish say, 'make my soul' on board ship—it is all such confusion.

Rio, Tuesday, November 17.

We arrived here at eight last night, after a tedious day of working into the harbour, with a doubt to the last whether we should not be becalmed; but the beauty of the place makes up for a great deal. It far exceeds all the amount of praise that has been lavished on it. You can read an account of it elsewhere, in any book of voyages.

Sir Graham Eden Hamond, who was my father's godson, and is the admiral of the station, came on board as soon as we had anchored. He is full of civilities to us. There is no possibility of sleeping on shore —first, because there are no hotels, and then the mosquitoes and all sorts of vermin would make it impossible; but the 'Jupiter' at anchor is very different from the 'Jupiter' at sea, and makes a very good hotel. Then 'His Excellency' (as we all sneeringly call George, when we are bored) has a beautiful barge of his own on board; belonging to the ship, of course, but it is independent of the captain's gig and the officers' barge, &c., so that we can go out in it and come in as we like.

The harbour is full of shipping, and the English, French, and Brazilian admirals all hoisted His Excellency's flag this morning; and they saluted and we replied, till I am nearly as deaf as the Admiral. George and Captain Grey glided gracefully about in the barge, paying visits to the authorities; and then George fetched us, and we walked about the town, which is flourishing, and though very dirty is much more amusing than Funchal; but there is not even a common *café* in it where they can cook a bad luncheon.

More than two-thirds of the population are slaves, and there is hardly a pure *white* left. It is odd how short a time surprise lasts. The streets swarm with slaves wearing the same quantity of clothing that Adam did when he left Paradise, and they are carrying weights and dragging carts, and making an odd hallooing noise, rather a cheerful one, and are totally unlike anything we are in the habit of seeing, and yet the sight of all these undressed creatures is not startling after the first moment. They have come out of the pictures in 'Stedman's Surinam,' and I have seen them all before. The children are too monstrous. Tell your ——

that I have not seen 'a pretty boy' amongst them. The Admiral gave us a very early dinner on board the 'Dublin,' and then landed us and some of his officers; and we went off, in two hired carriages, to the Botanical Gardens, through some magnificent scenery.

November 19.

We have dined twice with the Admiral, who is as deaf as a post, but very civil—too kind. We are just come back from such a hot dinner on board the 'Dublin,' where we met the French admiral and all his officers, and twenty others; and there we arrived in our barge, with our hair blown all nohow; and having scrambled up an immense companion-ladder, we were clawed on board by a strange lieutenant, with all our own officers struggling after us—such figures! And to-morrow, by way of making us quite happy, the Admiral gives us a ball. It is the oddest thing that, wherever we go they fancy that a ball would be the greatest pleasure we could have; and (poor old things!) we really cannot hobble about unless they pay us for it. However, we must do so many tiresome things for the next five years, that

there is no use in kicking against the pricks. I wish to snatch one day from the general wreck, and to observe that yesterday was very pleasant indeed — one of those days that go far to make up for the faults of a voyage. We avoided all the authorities, and landed at a little quiet bay, where George had ordered five horses to meet us; and Captain Grey took us a ride that he had known in former times, up one of the high mountains, and back by the aqueduct; and we were all satisfied that Nature can do no more in the way of beauty—clouds, mountains, trees, butterflies, atmosphere, water—such a combination! I shall never forget that ride. We sail at four on Saturday morning, and may, possibly, be at the Cape in three weeks. God bless you, my very dear sister! It is no use saying how much I should like to see you: that is a subject that will not bear talking of.

Chance desires his love to Dandy. I see your dressing-box in constant employ in George's room.

Your most affectionate

E. EDEN.

Thursday, 19th.

We have just had a most satisfactory day of riding, and sketching, and walking; and anything equal to the beauty of this place I never dreamed of. We are all charmed with it. Good-bye, dearest! Love to all. We sail at four to-morrow, and expect to be at the Cape in three weeks. God bless you!

Yours ever affectionately,

E. EDEN.

TO THE HON. MRS. EDEN (NOW LADY AUCKLAND).

'Jupiter,' Sunday, December 7, 1835.

MY DEAREST MARY,—I wished very much for time to write to you from Rio, but could not make it; and, besides, we are all very shy of writing a quantity of letters home, because it is past the wit of man to make variety out of a sea voyage. There must be a great sameness in our letters, and when you are all assembled within reach of each other, you must all be bored with our repetitions.

It sounds comfortable to be 'within reach of each other.' It seems to me that I am in reach of nothing (God help me!) but the pole of my

cot, or an albatros, which is not much better than a gull. We got out of Rio harbour with wonderful celerity. It is generally a tedious job, but we made eighty miles the first day, which was Saturday, the 22nd of November, and went on with great success till Thursday the 27th, when all went to wrongs. There was what they called 'a heavy swell,' which turned everything topsy-turvy, and that went on till Saturday afternoon, when there came on a regular gale of wind, which made the sea ten thousand times worse, carried away two of our sails, filled all the cabins with water, and, in short, was just what a gale of wind always is—the most awful and unpleasant thing in the world. And yet it was impossible to help laughing at times from the ridiculous things that happened.

As you told me to give an account of a day every now and then, that Saturday would be a good one to begin with. I had been very sick since Thursday, and had not got up, but was so tired of the noise of my own cabin that I put on my dressing-gown and rolled into George's cabin on Saturday afternoon, and, by a lucky combination of lurches,

was pitched on to his sofa. He came to see me, and tucked himself up on the other side of the sofa by way of steadying us. Just then the ship took one of her deepest rolls; the spar that kept in his books gave way, and the books all poured out on the floor; two of his heavy boxes broke from their lashings and began dancing about among the books, and all George's shoes and boots. Chance was jerked off the sofa into the middle of the room, and began crying; George was thrown upon me, and we both laughed so that he could not get up again. We made a grab at the bell and Mars came in, *sitting down*, which was the only way of moving that day. 'Encore un déménagement!' he said, as he tried to pick up the books. 'Eh bien! c'est une manière de voyager, mais si c'est la bonne . . . .?' The next roll brought —— sliding in—in the same position—saying, 'More fun! No dinner to-day; that last lurch sent the cook into the sheep pen, and the sheep are too frightened to help him out; and there's the hatchway ladder unshipped as H—— was going down' (he is an immensely fat young man) 'and he fell under it, and four marines on the top of him.'

It was quite true, and it was wonderful Mr. H—— was not killed.

These sort of things went on all day. Even in the cockpit (which was supposed to be quite secure) the midshipmen's chests broke loose, and, as there was a foot-and-a-half of water there, half their things were destroyed.

The waste of property in a gale is one of the worst parts of it. This lasted till one the next morning. Even Fanny could not go in to dinner, and she and I had some macaroni in George's cabin, with Mars sitting on the floor helping us. Of course the dinner was put on the floor like everything else. At twelve at night, when I was in my cot—which grazed the ceiling every time it swung—the carpenter and three sailors marched in to put in the dead lights in the stern windows. There are no curtains to the cots, and on shore it might have seemed odd to have all those men carpentering in that little cabin; but I could not help laughing when the head carpenter—after knocking and nailing for ten minutes—walked up to me and said he was afraid it was very annoying, but it was the captain's orders; and I went swinging backwards and forwards, and saying

in my civilest tones, 'Oh, never mind, Mr. Nan Carrol—no annoyance at all; only make it all safe. It's a shocking night; don't you think so?'

'*Rather* rough,' he said; and then came another man to say the first lieutenant's cabin was full of water, and he wanted the carpenter.

In short, the sea is an ugly customer. But we had five days' beautiful smooth sailing after this; and I hope this gale may count for our share of bad weather.

I have quite got over my sea-sickness on common occasions, and have been finishing up my Rio sketches; and now that I can draw and read, I am not so unhappy as I was. We are all very well; Mars is rheumatic at times, but is better now.

For fear I should not have time to add it at the Cape, I charge you to tell me quantities about the children: If Willy says, 'How d'ye do, Lena?' I shall like to know it; and mention Miss Ridley—in short, everything. Say what work you are about. I care about it all, and get lumps in my throat when I think of any of you; even that last pat on my shoulder which Robert gave me at Portsmouth I think

of with pleasure and pain. I am always thinking. I have just finished Robert's 'Schwarz,' and have liked it very much. Tell Willy I have not worn his sash yet, because the sea spoils ribbons; but it is safe in my drawer. Mind you write enough. George bears the sea with great philosophy. Fanny has taken it in great aversion. I always hated it, but do not say much now. —— is in spirits for a day or two, then wretched, and then bursts out into violent abuse, without minding who hears him: 'I wish I was second pot-boy at the Pig and Whistle,' he says to the captain and the officers who think there never was anything like the luxury of the 'Jupiter.' 'A man who had the offer of two good crossings to sweep in London, or of good stone-breaking in the Edgeware Road, must have been mad to come out as I did.'

TO ——.

Saturday, December 12, 1835, S. Lat. 35°, Long. 11° E.

We are so squalled, and rolled, and pitched, poor things! Not but what those squalls are very often advantageous.

It was a beautiful, sunshiny, quiet morning till twelve, and yet the ship rolled so I could

have cried, and was obliged to get George to go up on deck with me, I was so headached. Then the squall began, and the wind howls as if it were the bitterest English winter's night, when we all 'pity the poor souls at sea,' and yet the ship is flying on, and as steady as a church, and the poor souls at sea are able to fetch out their portfolios and begin their letters to their poor bodies of friends on shore. It is three weeks to-day since we left Rio, and we have had great varieties of weather and amusements, calms and fine sailing, and these three horrid days of what sailors call 'a gale of wind,' but what, in common English, and speaking correctly, we call a storm, and shocking work it is! I hope one is enough.

I have written an account of it to Mary, but I think you will like to know a clever trait of that little black angel commonly called Chance. All the dogs on board were frightened, Captain G.'s dog the worst of any, though he was bred and born at sea, and Chance was in a great twitter for a time, but after having been pitched off my bed, and then off George's bed, he saw it was time to act with decision, so he carefully climbed up to the washhand basin (which is,

of course, a fixture), scratched one of my shawls, which was near at hand, into it for a cushion, and then rolled himself up into the basin, which exactly held him, and stayed there the rest of the day. George and I saw him do it, and quite wished we had as good a resource for our wretched selves, but the foot-tub would not hold us. The midshipmen acted the 'Mayor of Garrett' the other day for our diversion. They made a very pretty theatre, and acted wonderfully well—considering that none of them had ever acted before; and the officers gave us a grand supper in the gun-room afterwards. One of them wrote a prologue, of which I send you some lines, as you like anything about us:

> If such examples fire the sailor's mind,
> Shall a good ship—shall *we* remain behind,
> Who, with fair breezes and with sails unfurled,
> Convey the ruler of our Eastern world?
> For some slight honours we can claim, at least,
> Who plant new Edens in the gorgeous East.

The sailors were so exhilarated by the officers' play, that the following Friday they announced that, in the 'Theatre Royal Oriental,' His Majesty's servants would perform 'All the World's a Stage,' with a dance—there is no

dancing prettier than their reels—'performances by young Paganini,' the ship's fiddler, and songs, &c. The captain of the foretop, who acted Miss Kitty Sprightly, was really an excellent actress, and I have seen much worse actors in the little theatres than some of the others. Then there are three of them that sing all the old English glees beautifully, and, whenever it is their evening watch, they always sit and sing and tell long stories to each other; and it is one of the few really pleasant things I know on board ship. I wonder whether —— knows a Scotch song about Lady Gowrie, which one of these sailors sings. I asked him for 'Home, sweet Home,' one night, but I shall not try that again—it is playing with edged tools. I could not stand the way in which he sang 'There is no place like home.' It was so undeniable and so melancholy.

I have done a quantity of sketches at Rio. If I have a book full before the 'Jupiter' goes back, I shall very likely send it to —— to keep for me, as she likes sketches; but I cannot finish them up well, as I never can stoop to my work in this unsteady vehicle, so my lines are rather of the crookedest. I have got

a new pet, given me by the doctor; he brought me a little paroquet from Rio, about the size of a sparrow—green, with blue wings. It has no cage, and is so tame it does not want one, and it makes no noise; but ——, who has seen some of them at Calcutta, says they can speak. The blacks call them 'Jemmy Green.' So he stuck my Jemmy Green instantly into the open breast of his waistcoat, where it made a little purring noise of delight and went to sleep, and now, whenever I put it in my handkerchief, it chuckles itself to sleep. I should have liked to send it home to you, but these very small birds always die of cold in the Channel. It is a great diversion to Wright and Jones. So, God bless you! Of course you are always writing to your most affectionate

E. EDEN.

TO ——.

December 12.

There are three little midshipmen going their first voyage; one of them, who was to join another ship, is dying of a decline (poor boy!), and has not been out of his hammock for a fortnight; nothing can equal the care that is taken of him.

One of the others is a very little fellow called Douglas, and he is as like your —— as it is possible to be, only a little shorter. I draw no inferences, but everybody calls him 'a pretty boy.' He is going to act Miss Hardcastle, in 'She Stoops to Conquer.' He is full of spirits, and insisted on being put into a watch long before the first lieutenant thought of it; but in the night watches some of the older ones always send him off to bed. The night of the storm, George looked out on deck, and there he saw little Douglas, in his rough Flushing jacket and trousers, and oil-skin hat, trying to stand steady on deck, without shoes or stockings, as all the officers are in that sort of weather, and his little feet looked so white and *new* amongst those weatherbeaten, brown sailors. Your mother would be quite satisfied with the way in which those young ones are treated.

One of the lieutenants has them into his cabin to read every day, and the old ones are always teaching them something either at the wheel or at the sextants, and they are rather spoiled than bullied.

One of the passengers began to bully little

Douglas at first, but when the boy found out he was supported by his own officers he turned upon the man one day and said, 'I tell you what, Mr. V——, if you hit me once more, I give you notice I shall hit you again' (Mr. V—— is six feet high), 'and what is more, when we cross the line I shall pay you off!' They say he looked so funny with his fist doubled up at the man,—who never says a word to him now.

FROM THE HON. F. H. EDEN TO A FRIEND.

The 'Jupiter' at Sea, December 12, 1835.

I look at your unfortunate picture swinging opposite to me, and feel remorseful that I should have placed your innocent, dumb likeness in such a situation; and then, I don't know where you, the real living woman, are. Nobody can have been anywhere as long as we have been on board this ship. We are not at the Cape yet: we are to be there, they say, in two or three days; but I am not to be taken in by anything any sailor says—you and I, dear, know them better. I don't think that the marines are happy, and the troop of engineers we are transporting to Ceylon, with their military sagacity are not

to be taken in any more than myself. I saw one of them just now twisting up a piece of oakum with a brokenhearted air.

I have reason to think that the chronometer is all wrong, and Captain G—— looked half affronted when I offered him my little Swiss watch, which is just the size of a shilling. We have not seen a single soul since we left Rio. We have been in a gale of wind which lasted forty-eight hours, and which, if it had lasted longer, would have exhausted me; for it came at the end of a four days' calm, when we had been almost rolled and created into a state of idiocy. I get so exasperated—if running a pin through the floor of my cabin would scuttle the ship, I would not give much for its chance. There was I, at the end of four sleepless nights, peering over the sides of my cot upon the green baize carpet, turned into a large pool of water from the rain beating in. Books—chairs—boxes—baskets—all broke from their fastenings and splashing frantically about; the bulkheads roaring in every possible variety of tone—(those bulkheads will be found levelled by my single strength, some day). The waves high above the windows, and my cot and I swinging

at every roll within two inches of the ceiling. I thought it might be better up stairs, and contrived to struggle up, to find his Excellency under the breakfast table (his chair, in spite of its lashings, having slipped from under him), empty cup in one hand—his piece of toast crushed in the other. I would not for ever so much that Rumm Hy Jeet Raj Singh should have seen him in such a situation: he would never have given the proper number of ko-toos, and there would have been a war.

Quiet! Quiet! How I *do* long for a little Quiet! All my life I have hated noise. I banished that angel of a grey parrot, because he made a noise: he has his revenge now. We have seen three dead whales, seven live ones; a porpoise has been harpooned, and an albatros, which was so gorged with oil from one of the dead whales that it could not fly off the water: it measured from nine to ten feet from wing to wing. Think what the 'ancient mariner' must have suffered when his was hanging round his neck! We passed within a few yards of one dead whale; the sharks were gnawing it, and the albatroses pecking at it. Such an enormous mass, and neither fish nor bird took the trouble

to get out of our way: they evidently thought that man had no right to meddle with the sea or its inhabitants; and I think so too. He cannot manage the sea; it heaves and tosses him about just as it pleases.

I have two great sources of comfort: in —— and my great worsted man and horse: they are both so great, I hardly know which is the greater. When it is calm, I turn to my man and horse. Such a horsecloth as I have just executed! And in the worst of times —— always can make us all laugh: he lives in a state of farcical despair, and goes about insulting all the sailors with his horror of the ship; and I heard him, just now, gravely consulting the doctor, who is rather pompous and solemn, about his health:—'But, sir, I do not exactly see what is the matter with you!'—'Matter enough! I've got the "Jupiters"—I'm a creak, Doctor, nothing but a creak: listen to my neck when I turn it!' And there are times when one feels actually creaking oneself.

Dec. 14.—And now there's Africa in sight. I took my first view of it at five this morning. Then, it looked very much like the Cape of

Good Hope in a map. Now we are very near, and there is the great Table Mountain, with others ranging beside it, rugged, handsome and dead. Upon one of the hills, where there is a pretty drive from Cape Town, a learned man, who has been at the Cape before, declares you may see the baboons playing about. Only think of seeing a real live baboon.

When I wrote to you before, from Rio, I forgot to communicate the melancholy fact, that our maids saw hundreds of humming-birds flying about, and we never saw one; however, a baboon will do as well; they are so alike. So now we are perfectly acquainted with Europe, America, and Africa: when we have done Asia, we may come home again.

Dec. 16.—I like this place—it is quite what I meant Africa to be—so unlike anything else: when we went twelve miles up the country, yesterday, I felt like Montval in the Travels of Rolando. I have not caught a camelopard yet, but I'm going; in fact we have all been in Africa, and know the sort of thing. There are the stunted trees dyed red by the fine red sand that flies everyhere; and the great flats, covered with most of our finest hot-house plants,

turned into large shrubs; also immense arid, rugged hills rising up suddenly, and the negroes wearing a kind of sugar-loaf hat, driving sometimes eighteen or twenty oxen, in long, low waggons. Then, we went to Constantia to pick out our wine; and found such a flourishing, rich Dutch Boor, with a large whip in his hand, with which he evidently beats to death many of E—— M——'s vagrants. Poor things! The governor here is upon the frontier arguing with the Caffres.

We sail again in a few days, and I find there is an opportunity to send letters by the 'Liverpool' in three days, so I must finish this and write others. There must be an interval of four or five months before you hear more of us, after you get this; but remember, for two whole months we shall be on the sea, and then in Christian charity you will write.

Tell me how much my letters bore you. I know they must be very tiresome, but *how* tiresome are they? Write to me about every little thing: nothing can be too little. I have no time to read this over, and could not if I had. I think by the time this gets to England, you will be returning there. I cannot get used

to not knowing where you all are, and what you are all doing. I feel quite benevolent to Calcutta and really fond of it when I think I may find a letter there, or, at least, expect one. Mind you keep a sheet of paper always about you, and write down anything that strikes you, and when it is full, make it over to Grindley. God bless you, dearest!

Ever your most affectionate
F. H. EDEN.

FROM HON. EMILY EDEN TO A FRIEND.

Cape of Good Hope, Monday, December 14, 1835.

We anchored here at two this afternoon. Came on shore the instant the barge could be manned—did our bit of firing; and the band playing, and our meeting with the military authorities on the pier, in less than a quarter of an hour; and then we were left comfortably by ourselves for the first time almost since we left England. We have taken a house, all for ourselves, which exactly holds us four, and the six servants, and we may squeeze in Captain Grey, if he wishes to leave the ship. We have taken a long walk, and two sketches; have moved a second sofa out of a bedroom into the

drawing-room, put some books and writing-cases on the table, and it feels as like a Tunbridge or Broadstairs house as possible, except that there is a great deal of negro jabber going on under the windows — a few large cock-roaches on the walls—and that the windows are all open in December. I am looking like a victim to the captain's severity just set on shore; for quite forgetting how hot it would be—as we were very cold on board ship—I walked from the shore to the inn without my shawl, and the sun has marked out in deep crimson the pattern of my habit-shirt, and made a large blister on one shoulder. It looks shocking, and comes from having been brought up in the belief that December was a cold month.

We have been just twenty-three days from Rio—much the usual length of passage. We had three days of heavy swell, ending in a gale of wind, which is a nautical term for expressing the extreme of human discomfort and bodily misery, to say nothing of fright; for, though I know there is no danger, I am always in a regular state of fear when the ship goes fast through the water. I should like to have

what some play calls the 'trembling exies,' and make more noise than the waves, if possible. We are all in very good health, I should say. George grown fat—Fanny has quite lost her headaches. I am very well, and Dr. Drummond has nearly cured —— of that sort of hay fever he has had for two years, and which grew much worse during the early part of the voyage.

Will you tell Mr. M—— that Chance has been the finest invention for a long voyage that ever was heard of? Captain Grey and —— began by hating him, partly out of respect to the feelings of their own dogs, and partly because they owned they were jealous of his attachment to me, when compared with the cool conduct of their own hardhearted animals; and now they are both devoted to him and his whims. His temper is worse than ever, and he will never let anybody touch him but me, except when he wants to be lifted off the poop, or to be put into the hammock nettings, where he sits for hours looking at the albatroses, and licking his lips at them; and on these occasions his servility to all the midshipmen exceeds his general rudeness; but

these little moral failings make him invaluable at sea. —— always calls him 'Sir Mungo Malagrowther,' and he certainly is like him in some of his ways. He discovers land always two days before we approach it, which, they say, is very common with dogs; and, moreover, it piques Captain Grey that Chance should know more about the latitudes and longitudes than all his chronometers. The Cape is much the least picturesque station we have made yet, but the rocks are rather grand in a rough way, and the town looks white, and Dutch-like, and clean, which is, I believe, a most deceptious appearance. I shall leave the rest of my paper for the chance of something to tell you which is not about the 'Jupiter,' and, besides, I always feel low the days we land.

It seems that we have gone so far, and been through so much, and only to come amongst strangers at last; and we cannot even hope to find a letter, or a word about anybody we care for, but are still to go farther and hear less. It is horrid, and makes me feel utterly desperate at times. It is clearly not quite so good as being dead, as that is a separation without oblivion; but, luckily, these fits of lowness cannot last,

or at least they must be gulped down and kept out of sight. I hope you have sat for your picture again, and I wish —— would devote 7*s.* 6*d.* to me, and send me out his picture. I never did a wiser thing than carrying off those little sketches.

I shall always think of dear, sallow, little —— with affection, and have an idea of sending him home two prettyish Hindoo wives, who shall be bound to burn themselves in Fleet Street, whenever —— is gathered to his fathers. I should send him some very pretty wives, only that he drew such a shocking object, which he chose to call *you*. I feel it would distress me to look at it, but I cannot destroy it, so I keep it, with its back to the others. George and I were looking at Mr. ——'s picture last night with the greatest satisfaction. He looks very sensible still, though he is at the Cape.

The Cape, December 15.

We landed here on Monday the 13th. Have hired a house; were much bitten the first night, but made a change for the better last night; have had plenty of apricots, strawberries, green peas, young potatoes, &c., and

like the Cape very much, though it is less pretty than Rio or Madeira.

Wright and Jones went out riding yesterday, attended by six '*beaux*,' and rode to Constantia, and at the public-house where they baited, they found a landlady who had come from Bromley, and knew dear Eden Farm, and all about all of us. It is very pleasant to have friends in Africa. We have only Asia to do now, and then may go home, having seen the world. George has bought some bulbs, which are going home in the 'Liverpool,' and one box is intended for —— and Mary to divide between them. There never was anything like the beauty of the ixias here, and the bulbs look like good ones.

Good-bye—God bless you all!

Your affectionate

E. E.

TO ——.

The Cape, December 16, 1835.

We landed on Monday afternoon, all well. We are lodged in a tolerable house, but are much devoured by every species of animal. It is very hot, indeed, till the afternoon. We have

had some nice drives into the country; live on new potatoes, peas, strawberries, apricots, &c.; are a little oppressed with visitors, but have found some old friends in Lady C. Bell and Mrs. Wauchope, and, altogether, it is a great rest, and the last we shall have till we get to our long home—Calcutta. I wish you could see some of the flowers, &c. George is sending home a lot of bulbs for you. We are writing ten letters apiece to go by 'Liverpool,' and there will be a frightful interval between your receiving this and my next. Love to all.

Your most affectionate

E. EDEN.

TO ——.

December 16.

We have had some very nice drives; our house is very good in the daytime, but *alive* at night; it is the general complaint of Cape Town, and very unpleasant. However, they have sent us two brass bedsteads from the 'Jupiter,' so that I am much better off now. We drive to-day with the Bells. She has been very civil and is very pleasant, I think with great remains of beauty. They sent for Ann Wauchope from Simon's Town, and she was

with us all yesterday. It is pleasant to meet a friend at this distance. She has such a funny little boy—six years old. My heart warmed to this boy, because he is like all Robert's boys mixed up together; in looks, a mixture of Willy and Ashley. To-morrow we are going to dine in the country at Protea, with a Sir J. and Lady Bryant—pleasant people, who have passed their lives in India, and are now going home.

George is buying several horses here, as the Cape horses are much better, particularly for ladies' riding, than the Arab horses; and Captain Grey has been persuaded into finding room for four in the 'Jupiter.' We sail Monday morning, and look with some dread to this long stage of the voyage, and it will be a dreadfully long time before you can hear of us again; but you must go on writing all the more, as it is not our fault. Our letters are to go this afternoon by the 'Liverpool.' I have so many to finish, I cannot write any more. George is sending you some bulbs. The flowers here are perfectly beautiful. Love to all. Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

January 24, 1836.

There is just a chance of our meeting a homeward-bound ship in these latitudes; and as, at all events, we shall probably be at Calcutta in a fortnight—some sanguine people say in ten days—it is time to be beginning the letter I shall want to send you from there. Our voyage has been most prosperous, and though it seems tedious, yet it has given us little to complain of. We have never had more than twenty-four hours of foul wind since we left England, and few ships have such luck in so long a voyage; sometimes we had a day's calm, when George is fit to hang himself, and sometimes a very fresh breeze, when the ship shivers away at the rate of eleven miles an hour, and that makes me sick and sorry; but we have generally, since we left the Cape, sailed along very smoothly and pleasantly. We are all in excellent health, and I am grown fat, and now that I can read, and draw, and work, and eat in a natural land-like fashion, the days go off very well, very much better than I thought possible at sea.

The nights are cruelly hot. I cannot think why they are so much worse than the days, for we leave all our doors and windows open, but nothing will make a draught.

Fanny and I have been on the lee-side of the ship almost the whole way (which means the side on which the wind does not blow, not the weather-side), and we have generally thought it great luck, as it allows us to have our windows open without any danger of shipping a sea; but it makes our cabins very close now, and I should think gives us a good foretaste of Calcutta. ——'s greyhound has added three small puppies to the population, and one of the horses has been ill, and a tame hawk fell overboard and was drowned, and these are the chief incidents among the live stock.

I bought an album at the Cape, to be called the 'Jupiter's Album,' and invited all the officers to contribute to it, and the idea took their fancies, and set all the ship's company off drawing. Most of them can draw more or less, and out of the twenty-four drawings they have sent in, there are ten, at least, really very good, some tolerable, and those that are the worst are

amusing from the immense pains bestowed upon them by the midshipmen.

It answered as an amusement for ten days, and pleased Captain Grey excessively. Their theatricals have gone on, too; the sailors have acted twice with great success, and the officers twice, and the theatre is to close the first cool night we have, with 'High Life below Stairs,' and 'L'Ours et le Pasha,' done into English by his Excellency, and consequently it is got up with great care. Mr. —— is the stage manager, and we flatter ourselves, though he is particularly precise and serious, that he has formed an attachment (perfectly correct and Platonic) for Wright, he and she are in such constant communication about the ladies' dresses for these plays.

I have made the dresses myself for the Sultana and her attendant in 'L'Ours et le Pasha,' and that little Douglas looks so pretty in his Turkish costume! And I made, too, a turban for another, who is to be the Sultan. He looked so horribly shy when he came to try it on, sitting before the glass in his midshipman's dress—a long false beard, and a

mass of muslin and scarlet beads twisted round his head.

January 27.

We had an adventure yesterday; a sudden squall carried away our maintop-mast. It was just after breakfast—the finest possible day, and no wind, apparently; but it happens constantly so near the line, that a sudden puff of wind does a great deal of mischief up aloft, and is not felt on deck. You may guess what a 'stramash' they made, with all the ropes and yards attached to them. The mast was four feet in circumference where it gave way, and it was cut off almost as clean as if it had been cut with a knife. The wind turns out a very active, clever fellow of an element when you live much with him; does just what he likes, and in an authoritative way. At first there was a horrible cry of 'A man overboard,' which always puts everybody in a fever; but it was only a hat, and the owner was happily caught in one of the lower sails; and though he was carried down stunned and bruised, yet he was not at all seriously hurt. It was a great mercy, for all the officers who have ever seen a similar accident with a topmast say they never

saw it without a great loss of life, besides serious wounds.

As nothing of the kind happened here, we are all glad to have seen once what sailors can do on an emergency, and Captain Grey's presence of mind (which is always very striking) was quite remarkable. Before we could go from the cabin to the deck, he had given the order, 'All hands clear wreck,' which brought every human being up from below, and every man was in his place working away at disentangling the ropes, furling sails, &c., not two minutes after the crash. Except on these occasions, you never see more than half the crew and one-third of the officers at a time; but everybody works in these cases, and it was a curious scene.

We were saying that if any ship had passed at that moment not within speaking distance, they would, with the little exaggeration that attends all disasters, have given you all such a shocking account of our dismasted look; for several smaller sails were carried away by the strain on them, and you would have heard of us as a wreck on the water. It was supposed that twelve hours would suffice to put us to rights, judging from

other ships; but in five everything material was in its place again, and the sails all set.

It was a great triumph to the ship, and —— says that the midshipmen, who are not given to praise their captains in general, all talk of Captain Grey's seamanship and readiness with great praise. It was a curious sight altogether, and I made a nice sketch of it, for as the ropes were all out of their places, it was just the time to draw them—nobody can detect any mistakes.

Sunday, January 30.

All our hopes of a quick arrival are at an end, we cannot cross that tiresome line; we have been within 100 miles of it for four days without being able to advance a step, but are going tacking about with great trouble and bother, quite contented, after a fashion of content, if we do not lose more by the current than we gain by the wind. We now do not expect to arrive till the 14th, the day that George originally named when we left Portsmouth, so that we shall not have much to complain of; but it would have been better to have had something to boast of.

Saturday, February 6.

We crossed the line last Wednesday, but have not averaged thirty miles a day the last ten days. You have no idea how tantalising it is to waste ten such precious days, for the very hot weather begins at Calcutta the middle of March, so George was very anxious that we should have two or three cool weeks to break us in to the climate. If we could have a fair breeze we still might be there in ten days; but many people think we may be a month or more. We tack about first to the east and then to the west, trying to screw a little northing out of them—so like people who can't get to sleep, and try first one side to lie on and then the other. However, we are in our own northern hemisphere again, which I mention that I may twit Mr. —— with what he said one day at dessert, that I should not see the Great Bear again. Dear old beast! he came in sight again the night before last, looking handsome and friendly, worth all the Southern Crosses and Scorpions. I like to be in the same hemisphere with you; it is the best we can do for ourselves now. 'Hem, sweet hem, there is no hem like ours,' is the nearest I can come

to 'Home, sweet home,' and at all events it is something to know my own stars again. What will you bet that we shall have a fair wind by Tuesday? I think we shall, merely because it must come at last. If not, I must eat Chance on Wednesday, for fear other people should want him the next week.

Wednesday, February 10.

You have lost that bet about the wind; you owe me a shilling, and you ought to make it two, in consideration of our wretched state. This is the fourth day of a dead calm, the sea actually as smooth as this paper, and not a breath of air—and the heat! Few people have ever seen such a dead calm at sea: the master, who has, was detained by one three weeks in the same place; we are now only 160 miles from the line. I shall stick this letter in a bottle soon, and you will know where to look for us when it comes to hand.

Day after day—day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

It is just what we are—and then the sea—

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast.

I believe every word of the 'Ancient Mariner,' even to the slimy things that crawl on the slimy sea, for the first sea snake was wriggling about yesterday. Swimming is the only amusement for the officers and men; they caught a shark yesterday afternoon, and five minutes after, sixty of them were in the water to get a good bath before another shark came. Hot as it is, I have finished a sketch of little Douglas, which is so like your boy that I was sorry to give it away; but he is charmed with it, and has shown it, they say, to every creature in the ship, and the first lieutenant is having a frame made for it. I gave it to him to send home to his mother, who is a widow; and he is dreadfully puzzled between his wish to send it to her and a desire to offer it to Mr. Julian, one of the mates, who has adopted him, and takes care of him, and teaches him his profession.

I always rather expect to hear that the 'Liverpool,' by which we sent our letters from the Cape, went down at sea. She was manned by Arabs, and in a wretched state, and if our letters go to the bottom you will not know half the allusions in our subsequent valuable epistles. I think the little tortoises I sent

C—— may arrive alive. W—— had some that buried themselves the day they left the Cape, and they are alive. It is not a bad way of doing a voyage. I think I bear the tedium of ours with more outward philosophy and cheerfulness than any of them—at least, I take it more quietly; but if I had known what it would be, to be away from all of you—so far and hopelessly away—and without anybody at hand with whom I can talk over old times and old feelings, I do not think I should have come.

George is very kind, and he says it will be easy to make new interests. It will for him, who has more to learn and to do than the twenty-four hours can hold—and he has no *time* for regrets. But, at all events, it must be some time before I can care about Calcutta; and there, too, he will be so busy that I shall lose him again as a companion, and then I shall, if possible, long more for a talk with you. I do not think it unwholesome to be driven by loss of other ties to depend more on the only Hope that never fails; but sometimes it is difficult not to grope about in this dark world for something to hold by, instead of looking *up*, and altogether I want you and a few others.

If all too worldly pant my heart
For human sympathy,—

O'er wayward feelings unexprest
Too oft if I repine,
And ask for one whose kindred breast
Will judge the wants of mine,—

If sometimes on my soul will press,
With overwhelming force,
A sense of utter loneliness
All blighting in its course,—

if all this is the case (and it is), I sometimes think that I might have remained in England; but there is no knowing now, how that would have been.

February 14. N. Lat. 6° 40′.

There! after three more days of a burning calm, a sudden breeze sprang up yesterday; in half-an-hour the ship was running eight knots an hour, and has continued so ever since. The night was quite cool, and we are all beginning to count on arriving this day week, though that is being very sanguine. Everybody was growing melancholy about that calm; the officers had come to an end of their fresh meat, and the midshipmen to an end of their clean clothes, and they were put on a shorter allowance of water; quite enough as yet, but it was to have been shortened again at night.

Wednesday, 23rd.

Still tacking about: a foul wind (little of it), current, everything against us; and though we are now within 200 miles of Sandheads, we may yet be a week reaching them. We shall have been ten weeks on Monday without seeing land, which is an unusual thing, even in a seaman's life. I was telling George last night that when children learn their Indian history they will come to—'Sir C. Metcalfe began to reign in 1835, preceded by William of Bentinck, succeeded by George of Auckland, who was surnamed the Navigator, from the very remarkable fact that he never made land during the five years his government lasted.' That will probably be the case. I shall not write any more till we anchor; you will never be able to read it; besides, I am very busy about a set of little drawings on small cards that I am doing for you from my sketches. I think I shall finish twelve before we arrive.

Wednesday, March 2.

At last we are in sight of land off Saugur; and, what is more, the steamer is in sight bringing us heaps of letters; that dear steamer and

the smoke look like the Thames and home,—and then, all the letters! The pilot came on board at two this morning, and says we were given up for lost at Calcutta (which I am afraid may by ricochet have given you a fidget in England); that the steamers have been looking for us for three weeks; that John Elliot was tired of waiting, and is gone home; and, above all, that there are quantities of letters for us, some that left England the 11th of November, five weeks after us. Only conceive the pleasure of it!

We expect to be at Calcutta to-morrow evening. The steamer has got the 'Zenobia' in tow, which 'Zenobia' is to take our letters. There is a boat full of Hindoos in sight, with vegetables. We are in great want of fresh provisions. Rosina is in such a state of delight—poor old thing! I had finished a panorama of Rio for you, that was the admiration of the ship, so much so, that two days ago it was stolen out of the cabin, which is provoking. George is quite unhappy about it; it folded up like a map. Perhaps in time I may finish another for you.

TO A SISTER.

February 10, 1836. 3° N. Lat., E. Long. 91°.

My dearest ——, Here we are becalmed, the sea looking like a plate of silver that has been cleaned by a remarkably good under-butler. He has not left a spot on it. The sky is nearly as clear, and the thermometer is at 88° under the awning, and the nights are as hot as the days. Rather bad! but that is what we came for partly. We had great luck on our voyage till within the last sixteen days, and during that time we have not made 300 miles; still as long as we had any wind, even though we could not do more by constant tacking than keep our own ground, it was not so hot as in this stagnant calm; and this heat will have prepared us so well for Calcutta that we might almost be allowed to go there now. We are within six days' run of it all the time, which is provoking. However we are all remarkably well, even to Mars, who has been very seriously ill since we left the Cape, but has rallied completely.

We do what we can to vary the days: try to catch fish, in which we never succeed, except that two days ago we caught a great shark; and

five minutes after half the ship's company jumped overboard for a swim, and took Chance with them. He little thought when Mr. M. transplanted him from the shades of Windsor that he should swim twice a day in the Indian Ocean; that it would be a bet that the third lieutenant should jump off the chains with him under his arm, and that one of the midshipmen would bring him up the ship's side *in his mouth*, which was the case yesterday.

We have had some very good theatricals; the theatre closing with a song by Mr. Pelham, 'Here's a health to Lord Auckland, God bless him!' and ending with cheers from all the sailors.

Drawing is my chief occupation, and working Fanny's, and she plays at chess with ——; and we all read and grumble and cannot find enough to drink, and so on; and then whenever I can get to sleep I dream without ceasing, chiefly of Eden Farm, but very often of Langley, and I have walked with you over the Cross Walk and down the Hedge Walk quite as often the last three months as ever we did in our dear, happy, young days; and sometimes I wake up crying and sometimes arguing, and I

was determined to write to you to-day, because last night you were so obstinate about the key of the gate; and I burst out laughing, because you came back quite angry and hot, and said a paper key was of no use. George says he dreams quite as much and as childishly, and that he sees the Grenvilles coming in their great green coach, and Mrs. Wickham gets out of it and pursues him into the shrubbery. It is very odd, but the instant one's mind is left to its own control it rushes back to young days and childish interests; they have made so much more impression than all the graver realities since.

Well, I never expected that on February 15th I should be sitting writing to you 14,000 miles off, and writing with great difficulty, because I am so very hot, though I have taken off my gown and am sitting on a pile of cushions in the stern window of George's cabin, and with a large fan in one hand. George is in his shirt and trousers, without shoes, sitting on the other half of the sofa, learning his Hindoostanee grammar, and we neither of us can attend to what we are about, because Chance keeps *yapping* at us to look at a large shark that, with

two beautiful pilot fish, is swimming under the window, much nearer to us than the organ-man now under your window is to you. When we sat giggling for days together on the lawn at Langley, we never expected to be parted so entirely and in such an outlandish or out*sea*ish way.

February 13.

We had a little breeze two days ago that has advanced us sixty miles, but it has been a dead calm again the last twenty-four hours. There is a brig in sight, and if it should be homeward bound this will be packed up and forwarded.

Wednesday, February 18.

We never saw any more of that brig, but we got into the N.W. monsoon on the evening of the 14th, and have had three days' excellent sailing, 150 miles a day, and the sea as smooth as the Thames. We are now only 350 miles from the Sandheads, and had expected to be there on Saturday evening, but the wind has fallen very light again, and we shall hardly have the pilot on board before Monday. The time of the pilot's arrival decides all our bets and lotteries. We shall not come to an anchor for twenty-four hours after that, and in the

meanwhile Sir C. Metcalfe will hear per telegraph that we are coming, and will have time to pack up his little goods and tidy up Government House for us. If he is wise, he will send down a few armed boats to take and sink us. If he is civil, he will send one steamboat to take us and part of our baggage up the river; if he is very civil, he will send two steamers who will tow the 'Jupiter' up with all that it contains, which I hope will be the case, as the officers are all anxious to take us right up to Calcutta, and to have the fun of the first arrival; and if he is very civil indeed, he will order in half a pound of tea and a pound of sugar, and a loaf, &c., for our refreshment, otherwise it will be very unpleasant to roam about that great barrack the first evening, with 200 strange servants laughing in Hindoostanee at us, and nothing to eat. That is my notion of our arrival. Or if we arrive the 24th we shall find the ball for the Queen's birthday going on at Government House, and shall have to begin skipping about in our old ship dresses.

I have nothing to say, as you may observe, but I must mention that everything that was given us when we came away has turned out

useful, more especially your six bottles of arrow-root. I should not have survived the voyage without them. As long as my sea-sickness lasted arrowroot was the only thing I liked, and since that I have gone on with it regularly for luncheon, as I never have taken to meat at all. When anybody has been ill I have made a civility to them of a little arrowroot, but otherwise none of our party like it, so I have actually devoured the six bottlesful myself.

Monday, February 22.

Still a foul wind, and we are not much nearer than we were four days ago. We tack every four hours, but gain very little by it. However, it is delicious weather—the nights are almost cold. We have come to our last sheep, and have but one pig and six geese left—no coffee, no marmalade, and no porter; and, as I said above, my arrowroot is at its last spoonful. Shocking hardships! We are all put on a short allowance of water, which is much more than we can drink; but next week, when we come to salt meat, and a still shorter allowance of water, the hunger and thirst will just match. Nobody now presumes to say *when* we shall

arrive, and they are all becoming impatient. In the midshipmen's birth the freehold of two dirty shirts for one clean one has been offered and refused, and the instant it grows dusk, they all appear in their hot blue clothes, white trowsers are become so scarce.

To recur to what I was saying of useful presents—I thought Mr. C.'s 'Pompeii' a beautiful book, but that it would appear only on state occasions, whereas it has been in constant use. The captain wanted me to paint a large flying figure for the steerage—we found a pattern in 'Pompeii;' a figure of Jupiter was wanted—there he is in 'Pompeii;' some of the officers who dine with us are too shy to speak in the evening—they all look at 'Pompeii.' ——'s 'Schiller' is my constant study. The sailors sing Scotch songs in the evening, and I found them in Burns.

Wednesday, March 2, 1836. Off Saugur.

At last, dearest ——, here we are, after seventy-two days out of sight of land. We got up this morning with a lovely jungle in sight. However, we are not particular about the quality, so as it be land; and now every moment is interesting. Last night the fun

began. We fired a gun, and burnt blue-lights; an hour after, the man at the masthead saw the light vessel; at two in the morning the pilot came on board. This morning *we* saw land, and now the steamers are in sight, not only coming to tow us up to Calcutta, but bringing the 'Zenobia,' which is to take our letters to England; and also, best of all, bringing us heaps of letters, which the pilot says are waiting for us, some of as late a date as November 11. Only conceive the delight of it—it brings such hot tears into my eyes!—we shall have news of you all five weeks after we left you, and that is about twenty-one weeks ago. We are all well, and all writing like mad people. The pilot says we had been given up for lost at Calcutta; the steamers have been looking for us for three weeks. John Elliot waited some time to see us, but gave it up, and has gone home.

God bless you and yours, ——! and only keep writing. Tell me quantities of stories about all the children, who will otherwise grow up, and I shall know nothing about them.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Diamond Harbour, March 4, 1836.

We have just sent off thirty letters by the 'Zenobia,' which is passing us, and amongst them there is an immense parcel for you—sixteen pages at least; but there is an opportunity of sending a letter overland this afternoon, and, as we have made such a long passage, you will be glad to hear of our arrival by the earliest way.

We anchored off Saugur two days ago, having been seventy-two days out of sight of land, a circumstance that has happened to but few sailors in the ship. But our voyage was rather calm and uneventful, but we are all quite well, and for the rest I refer you to my large packet. As I sealed that two days ago, I have the delight of your first long letter since. I never shall forget the delight, the absolute ecstasy, of the arrival of what they in their lingo call the *dawk* boat, and when *ten* fat letters came out of the parcel for me. I locked my cabin door, *flumped* myself down on the bed, and absolutely wallowed in my letters like a pig. You cannot write at too great length,

it is such a delight. I got into one of those good laughs we used to have together, till we cried together, at ——'s 'Simple Epitaph' over her hen; but it is no use commenting on letters that will have been written eight months by the time you get this, only go on writing in the same way, and I shall make mine a daily journal now we have got out of the monotony of a ship life. Yesterday we got up to Diamond Harbour from Saugur, but I must take up my life where my long letter left off.

Besides our English letters, George was met by a very civil letter from Sir C. Metcalfe, and I had a very nice friendly one from Mrs. Robertson (John Elliot's daughter), who says I was very kind to her in playing at 'cat's cradle' with her at Minto (virtue always meets its reward), and so I shall find one friend at Calcutta. There is something pleasant in finding anybody who is disposed to be kind in a land of strangers, and for the future I shall play at 'cat's cradle' with all the little girls I meet.

We had a great deal of telegraphic communication all day with Calcutta. Found we could not arrive till very late last night if we went on, and we must then have gone in a

steamer, and the 'Jupiter' people had so set their hearts on taking us right up that we agreed not to desert the ship. Last night another steamer came down to help us, bringing the 'Soonamookie' (I have not an idea how it is spelt), George's own yacht, manned by Hindoos in such lovely dresses, and bringing also Captain Byrne and Captain Taylor, one of Sir Charles's aides-de-camp, and the military secretary. They gave us all the programme of to-day's landing, and George has made Captain Byrne (who was at the head of Lord W. Bentinck's establishment), one of his aides-de-camp; so that he will be our companion, our friend, our confidant, for the next five years.

George is very nervous this morning, and indeed we all wish it well over. The troops are all to be out, and we are to be met on the landing-place by the whole establishment, and it is so hot for a calm demeanour and so difficult to be smart. George and William will be in full dress, and I hope, after the first moment, Fanny and I shall be bundled off into one of the carriages. George is to walk through the line of the troops. Sir C. Metcalfe gives us a great dinner *at* Government House, and leaves it *to* us in the evening.

I have just been in George's room, assisting him to make speeches to Mr. Byron and some of the officers; and we have been giving presents to Captain Grey's servant, who is a jewel of a man, and to the quarter-masters, coxswains, &c. I shall always have a great regard for the 'Jupiters' in general, they have been so very kind to us. I think I shall leave a note of thanks behind me.

George had one long letter overland, of as late a date as the 1st of December, giving us heads of news—Lord Salisbury's death, Lord Milton's, &c.; and there was a line from Lord Stanley, by which it is obvious that nothing has happened to anybody we care about up to December, so we shall receive the next letters without any nervousness.

Oh dear! how I do live at home: but I must go and dress now. We are very near Calcutta. God bless you, my dear ——! I have been so happy since we had those letters. If this comes about the same time as the 'Zenobia' you will be sick of my writing.

Your own most affectionate,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Diamond Harbour, Friday, March 4.

My birthday, which nobody knows or cares about except myself, who would rather be a year younger each time than a year older; and I cannot help thinking that would be a worthy reward for each year passed in India. The steamer began to tow us up the river at nine. Finished our letters and sent them to the 'Zenobia,' which met us in the river, homeward bound. Between twelve and one, when we were going eleven knots an hour and growing fidgetty for fear we should arrive too soon, we came to a brig at anchor. The steamer stood a little to the left, to leave room; was caught in an eddy, and drove the 'Jupiter' and the other steamer aground. The 'Soonamookie' (George's yacht), which was towed astern, of course ran against the 'Jupiter' and broke some of its railings—in short, it was quite a collision; and after two hours' delay and work, we were obliged to take to the steamer and give up the 'Jupiter.' It was the greatest mortification to all parties: Captain Grey had set his heart on landing us at Calcutta; the officers and midshipmen had

volunteered to man the barge and row us ashore. We had wished them to see the fun of the landing, so it was a great disappointment, besides the annoyance of arriving too late at Calcutta. Whatever may be the discomforts of a long sea-voyage, the extreme kindness with which we have been treated on board is the strong point in my recollection, and I shall always think of the 'Jupiter' with gratitude.

We had a tiresome voyage up the river against the tide, and feeling all the time that somebody would be waiting dinner at Government House. No arm-chairs or sofas, the heat very great, and the steamer very noisy. Arrived at Calcutta at ten; landed, and were met by Mr. Prinsep, Captain Higginson, &c., with the carriages, a guard of honour, &c.; they drove us to Government House. Went through the great hall, where we left George. Sir H. Fane and Captain Higginson showed us to our own drawing-room, which is very English-looking, only beyond the common size of rooms. We had some dinner, and the mosquitoes took their first meal of us—handsome to begin with—and then we went up to bed. George was sworn in, ten minutes after he arrived.

Sunday, March 6.

Went to church at ten. When George goes out with us we have five guards to ride by the carriage, and two when we go out alone. There are three velvet chairs in the middle of the aisle in the cathedral, with an open railing round them and a space railed off behind for the aides-de-camp. All the pews are made with open railings. Some of the ladies come without bonnets, and they all fan themselves with large feather fans unceasingly, otherwise it was much like an English church. Great part of the service very well chanted. Quiet afternoon. George drove out with us.

The officers of the 'Jupiter' dined with us again; a horrid account of the mosquitoes on board, though they can hardly be worse than on shore. Chance has taken to his own servant and will not come near me, which I call ungrateful. We have all our separate establishments of servants now. My particular attendant, who never loses sight of me, is an astonishingly agreeable kitmagar, whose name I have asked so often that I am ashamed to ask it again, and cannot possibly remember it; but he speaks English, which none of the others do. He and four

others glide behind me whenever I move from one room to another; besides these, there are two bearers with a sedan at the bottom of the stairs, in case I am too idle to walk, but I have not trusted my precious person to their care yet.

There is a sentry at my dressing-room door, who presents arms when I go to fetch my pocket-handkerchief, or find my keys. There is a tailor, with a magnificent long beard, mending up some of my old habit-shirts before they go to the wash, putting strings to my petticoats, &c.; and there is an ayah to assist Wright, and a very old woman, called a metrannee, who is the lowest servant of all, a sort of under-house-maid. Of all these, only one can speak English. George never stirs without a tail of fifteen joints after him. William has reduced his to three, but leaves a large supply at home; and Fanny has at present three outriders, and expects more; but it is rather amusing when by any accident we all meet, all with our tails on. By an unheard-of piece of tyranny, George is the only individual who is allowed to have his mosquitoes driven away by two men, who stand behind him with long fans of feathers. We are not allowed this luxury in his presence; and of

course have, besides our own mosquitoes, his refuse troop to feed. Nobody can guess what those animals are till they have lived amongst them. Many people have been laid up for many weeks by their bites on their first arrival.

Monday, March 7.

We had a great many visitors immediately after breakfast, both male and female. The aides-de-camp hand in the ladies and give them chairs, and if there are more in the room at once than we can conveniently attend to, they stay and talk to them; if not, they wait outside and hand the ladies out again. The visits are not long; but I hope they will not all compare notes as to what we have said. I know some of *my* topics served many times over. Visits are all over at 12.30 A.M., on account of the heat. We luncheon at 2 P.M. (the people will call it *tiffin*), and then all go off to our own rooms, take off our gowns, and set the punkahs going, take up a book, and I for one shall generally go to sleep, judging from the experience of the last three days. At 5.30 P.M. everybody goes out. We drove to-day to Garden Reach to visit Sir C. Metcalfe, and found George and Captain

Byrne with him. Captain Grey and —— went with us. The house and garden are very much like any of the Fulham villas, only the rooms are much larger; but the lawn is quite as green, and rivers are rivers everywhere.

Tuesday, March 8.

George held his first levee—about 700 people; we had fewer visitors in consequence, and a quieter day. Drove to the Chowringee, which is the Regent's Park of Calcutta, to leave a card with the Fanes, who give us a ball to-night; dressed after dinner. All our things were unpacked to-day, and except one or two gauze ribbons, everything is as fresh as possible. After fancying we had bought too many gowns in England, we find we have not enough, it is such constant dressing. Coloured muslins for the morning we are particularly deficient in, and, after all the boasted supply of French goods, it appears that after the rainy season in particular, and occasionally at other times, there is not a yard of silk or ribbon to be had. At all times they say that rupees are charged for shillings (which is 2*s.* 3*d.* for twelve pence), and I should think it is true. I gave

four rupees for a little handbell, which would not have cost 1*s.* 6*d.* in any London toyshop. I am shy of saying 'Qui hi' when I want a servant, so I have got this little *dear* bell. We went to the ball at 10 P.M.—an immense procession! Ten men with lights ran before George's carriage, besides the usual day accompaniment of servants, guards, &c. The ball was much like a London ball in look, only the uniforms make it look more dressed, and there is more space for dancing. They dance away as if they were not in a furnace, and instead of resting between the dances they walk round the room in pairs. There were few young ladies, but some young brides, and they all seem to dance on to a most respectable old age. Several mothers of grown-up daughters never missed a quadrille or waltz; they were all very well dressed, and seemed to take pains to be so. Came home at 12 P.M. Our new aide-de-camp, Captain ——, mentioned that he was not going home with us, and I believe he slunk back, after putting us in our carriage, to have a good dance. It cannot be such a bad climate, or the old gentlemen who were figuring away at this ball would not be so active.

Wednesday, March 9.

We had rather more than sixty visitors between 10 and 12 A.M to-day—most of them ladies; the day was intensely hot, and the fatigue of so many fresh people is very great. Drove to Garden Reach to visit Lady Ryan, the wife of the chief judge. She is a nice person and fond of her garden, and has contrived to rear some violets and sweetbriar; therefore has probably many other good qualities. We dined at Sir H. Bains', to meet what they call the 'heads of departments and their wives.' The mosquitoes were worse there than at Government House. When we came home, George, it appeared, had made the same resolution that I had, which is never to dine out again. There is so much to do at home that no constitution could bear engagements abroad too.

FROM THE HON. F. H. EDEN.

Calcutta, March 9, 1836.

I shall begin a letter to you, dear, though I do not know when it will go; but I may as well give you my first impressions.

I know you will be glad to hear that my Calcutta impressions are more cheerful than I

expected. Through all the *gorgeousness* of it which you write about, I see a great deal of positive comfort scattered about, ready to be piled up into something solid. I write this after having been here only four days, so I may perhaps contradict myself in half I tell you now before I end. I am writing at the quiet hours of the day, from luncheon at two o'clock, till going out to drive at five. The delight of these quiet hours after having had almost the whole of Calcutta to see us this morning, nobody can tell. This is the time that we shall go to sleep, when we get up to ride at five in the morning. I have a week's respite from that, till the horses are rested from the voyage.

I wrote to you a week ago, before we landed. Just after I wrote, the pilot got us aground, and our arrival was delayed till late at night; so we missed all the formal reception; but at the first moment of seeing this house, I thought I had never fancied anything so magnificent. The moonlight is almost as bright as day.

Sir C. Metcalfe had meant us to dine with eighty people who were still there when we arrived. All the halls were lighted up; the steps of the portico leading to them were covered with

all the turbaned attendants in their white muslin dresses, the native guards galloping before us, and this enormous building looking more like a real palace, a palace in the 'Arabian Nights,' than anything I have been able to dream on the subject. It is something like what I expected, and yet not the least, at present, as far as externals go: it seems to me that we are acting a long opera.

I am now in my boudoir; very much the size of the Picture Gallery at Grosvenor House; three large glass doors on one side look over the city, three more at the end at the great gate and entrance: they are all venetianed up at present. Three sets of folding doors open into the bedroom and two bath-rooms at the other end; and three more on the other side into the dressing-room and passage that lead to this suite of rooms, for everyone here has their suite. Emily and I are in opposite wings, far as the poles asunder, and at night when I set about making my way from her room to mine, I am in imminent peril of stepping upon the bales of living white muslin that are sleeping about the galleries.

Our whole Indian system strikes me now, as

a wonderful arrangement for human creatures to have given in to. In a week, I suppose, I shall think it very natural, but the subserviency of the natives to the handful of white men, who have got into this country, shocks me, at this moment. Young officers driving fast through the streets under the burning sun, with their servants running after them, just for show.

In this climate, it is quite necessary to have every door open, but I am making a clever arrangement of screens to screen everybody out; though it seems to me that people push to an extreme the arrangement to prevent having the slightest trouble, even of thought. I can already feel what the languor is that this climate produces. We have arrived upon the verge of the hot season, and at this hour, with the windows and blinds closed, and the punkahs going, the slightest exertion, even of moving across the room, is a real fatigue. Keeping very quiet, there is, as yet, no suffering from heat, but in a month it will be much greater. Till half past nine or ten in the morning, the air is cool that comes in, but next week, when we begin to ride, we must be out at five in the morning, so as to be in before the sun has any

power. We go out to drive, now, at half past five, and then, it is very cool and pleasant.

As to society, I can as yet tell you nothing of it. We have had hundreds of people to see us, and very fatiguing it is; but after first arriving we need only receive visits twice a week, and all visiting is over at two o'clock, which is a blessing. I am so confused by the numbers we have seen, I do not in the least know one from the others: they all looked very much better dressed than ourselves, and not much yellower than *we* shall be in a week. We have dined at Sir H. Fane's, the Commander-in-Chief, and need dine out no more. Next week we are to give a ball and a concert. All the representation part of our lives must be very fatiguing in such a climate; but for five days in the week, I think we shall make it much more of a home life than I had dared to hope when we left England.

Taking a drive is as yet a very surprising operation to us. There are numbers of carriages, with their turbaned postilions and coachmen. Now and then, a very handsome European one; and one looks inside to see perhaps four natives sitting: two yards of

muslin would handsomely suffice for the clothing that is on them all. Every figure one passes looks strange and picturesque. There are moments when a feeling of desperation comes over me to think that I must dream this dream, so distinct from all my past life, for five years, with, I opine, very little of real interest in them; but I mean to make the best of it. At this time, it really does seem like the dreams one used to get up, in nights when one could not sleep; the houses, the people, the very trees, all unlike anything real that one has seen before.

We are to go to Barrackpore in two days, and I suspect we shall like to live there much better than at Calcutta. The green of the grass even here, surprises me; much greener than the grass near London in summer.

It was rather shocking as we came up the Hooghly to see all the dead bodies floating past, with the birds pecking at them. I had rather be burned than pecked at, I cannot but think.

Barrackpore, March 12.

I find I can send this to-morrow by the 'Robarts;' so I must finish it off first. Yes!

this is certainly the place to live at. George must find out that he can *Governor-General* here, as well as at Calcutta. The house is the perfection of comfort, and, moreover, only holds us three: the aides-de-camp and the waiters live in little bungalows about the park, which is a thorough English one, with plenty of light and shade. The gardens are very pretty. We have our elephants to ride here. Emily has not begun yet; but with the greatest presence of mind and dignity—frightened out of my life, but feeling that the eyes of the body guard were upon me—I, yesterday evening, scrambled like a cat up the ladder, which is necessary, though the creature kneels down: took a ride with George round the Park, being, I guess, at least twenty feet above the level of the sea, a thing that seldom happens in Bengal.

There are little hills in the Park, but they rose in the days when Lord Hastings said, 'Make a hill,' and one was made. There is a billiard table, pianofortes, chessboards, everything as if we had always lived here. No servants are kept here, but all the establishment that is left at Calcutta is established here before we arrive. There is even the tailor squatting at

the door with his spectacles on, just as I left him squatting there.

I hope we shall be here at least four days of every week. We have only Captain Grey and some of the midshipmen here, and what the mosquitoes have left of us is very comfortable. Sir C. Metcalfe, who has been here for thirty years, says they bite him, now, as much as they did the first day; and many people seem to be confined for months after they first arrive, from the inflammation of their bites. Emily and I are going to take a quiet airing on an elephant this afternoon.

There are myriads of fireflies and paroquets here—beautiful! Jackals noisy and bad.

Believe me, dear, yours most affectionately,

F. H. EDEN.

FROM HON. EMILY EDEN TO———.

Thursday, March 10.

Got up with half a headache for want of sleep; the Brahminee kites and the crows and the pariah dogs all croaked and cawed and howled all night. George held a durbar, which means in common sensible parlance, that the native princes and *noblesse* came to see him. They bring him offerings—some of them he

said offered him what looked like two half-sovereigns, which he touches, but is not allowed to pocket, and he gives some of them a dress of honour, and they go out and put it on and come back, and then he gives them pawn to eat and pours a little attar of roses over their hands, and then they go. There were so many who came that he said Captain ——, who acts as his interpreter, whispered to him not to tilt the bottle of attar of roses quite so much, for fear it should not last. I think the East India Company must be charmed with such economy. We never got a sight of the durbar, though often half-way down the passage, being always turned back by fresh arrivals. We had above 100 visitors this morning, sometimes as many as thirty at once in the room. Captain Macgregor was quite tired of announcing them, and almost as much puzzled as we were with some of their names. I actually cried with fatigue and headache after it was all over.

At 3 P.M. we embarked in the 'Soonamookie' for Barrackpore; there was some air on the river, and it was pleasant to be going into the country; but, by way of passing a quiet day,

we took with us Captain Chads of the 'Andromache,' and a young Wilmot Horton, one of the midshipmen, Captain Blackwood of the 'Hyacinthe,' Captain Grey, and three of his midshipmen, which, with our own household, made up a party of sixteen. However, I went fast asleep the instant we got on board, so they did not hurt me; but I saw nothing of the river in consequence. Our own servants, including the bargemen and the kitchen-servants, were all either in the steamer that towed us, or in the state barges, and they were rather more than 400 people—such a simple way of going to pass two nights in the country. We arrived before 5 P.M. Barrackpore is a charming place, like a beautiful English villa on the banks of the Thames—so green and fresh; the house is about the size of Cashiobury, to all appearance, but it just holds George, Fanny, and me, the rest of the party all sleep in thatched cottages built in the park; the drawing and dining-rooms are immense, and each person requires two or three rooms besides a bath in this country, so as to be able to change rooms from the sun. We were carried round the gardens, which are delightful, and I see that

this place might console me for half the week at Calcutta. The elephants were brought out, and most of the party got on them, but they looked so large I did not like it. Captain Chads is a very pleasant man, so simple and straightforward, which is a merit here. Captain Chads has a young Disbrowe with him, and we have sent to ask him to dine with us on Saturday and go with us to the Opera.

Friday, March 11.

George held a military levee, and all the field-officers came on to us afterwards; but they were not above thirty, and it was soon over. Wrote up my journal. Mr. Pelham arrived to luncheon on his way to Benares—a hurried journey he is making while the 'Jupiter' is refitting, and which all old Indians look upon as madness at this time of the year. He is very delicate, and it will be lucky if he has no illness on the road. Captain Grey is in despair at hearing that the regiment he is to take from Ceylon, and which he thought would consist of 250 men, is 400 strong. Altogether the officers and their families amount to forty-six people without counting their servants.

George and I had a long ride on an elephant, and it was much less rough than I expected. Captain Byrne told me the housekeepership of our house was vacant, and recommended its being given to Wright, who is to have charge of all the linen and furniture, and is paid rather more than 100*l.* a year. I offered it to her, and at first she refused it, and cried a great deal, and said she was not in want of money, and had come out solely on my account; and if this was to prevent her taking charge of me, she would rather have nothing to do with it. And I promised she should take as much charge of me as she liked, and that nobody else should dress me; and for all the rest she can give her own directions as to my gowns and frills, and will soon be glad enough to have the labour taken off her hands.

Saturday, March 12.

Got up at five in the morning—the jackals made such a noise all night. They very often walk through the passages of the bungalows, but never attack anybody. At six we were all on board the 'Soonamookie,' and it was really a cool, delicious morning. Breakfasted at

Government House; went up to dress, as Captain Byrne had had notice of various introductions—and from that time till luncheon the room has been full, and now I am come back to put up this letter and go to sleep.

We give a great ball on Monday night, to which the whole English society is asked, and a concert on Wednesday, to which the native princes will come; and we mean to refuse all visits that week and the following week, and to have two days regularly advertised for receiving anybody who likes to come. To-night we make what the newspapers call 'the first public appearance of the Governor-General and his family at the Opera.' The heat, I take it, surpasses all description; but I hardly see how it is to be worse in one place than another.

Sunday, March 13.

I finished and sent off, per 'Robert,' my Journal up to March 12th, last night. We went to the old church, to hear a charity sermon from Archdeacon Dealtry for Mrs. Wilson's Native Orphan School—a very good sermon—and, as all the punkahs were put up, the church was not so hot as I have felt it in London.

Our new coach has come into play and looks very handsome. (Some of the servants are sneezing so while I write. I hate that pretension of catching cold in this climate.) A quiet day—we gave up our evening airing in consideration of the day; but I think that is a good habit we must give up, as it is difficult to live here without that hour of air, and there is no other means of getting out. George tried to walk with us to the stables; but we were all tired before we reached the entrance-gate, at least two hundred hot yards off, and when we got there the sentry would not let us out. Whereupon all our tails began screaming at him for the indignity of not knowing the Burra Sahib, and of not letting him through his own gate; to which the sentry replied that he knew him very well, and that he expected the Burra Sahib would make him a corporal for being so strict upon guard. However we got out, and then found such a crowd of natives with petitions to present, that we were very glad to get in again, and would have given the sentry a lieutenant-colonelcy, if he had asked it, to let us in. We had no strangers at dinner. Visited George in his room, and he rehearsed the speech to Sir C.

Metcalfe which he is to make to-morrow, and I acted Sir Charles, and stood steady to have the red ribbon put on me.

Monday, March 14.

After breakfast we all made ourselves as smart as we could, and —— and Mr. Colvin, as military and private secretaries, went, with all our carriages, to pilot Sir Charles and his suite. We did not ask anybody to the morning ceremony, but asked what they call the 'Government House List' to a ball in the evening, and advertised that any ladies or gentlemen who wished to be present in the morning would be admitted. The immense ball-room was completely filled by ten o'clock in the morning. We all met in my sitting-room and as soon as Sir Charles was in sight, stalked solemnly off in a grand procession of aides-de-camp, silver-sticks, peacocks' feathers, &c., with Captains Grey and Chads tacked on. George took his place on a sort of a throne, and we on each side of him with a circle of other ladies, and Sir Charles was walked up the room, looking ready to hang himself, and then George got up and began. He said, 'Sir Charles Metcalfe,' in rather a

tremulous tone; but after the first six words he seemed quite at his ease, spoke loud enough to be heard all over the room, and really made a beautiful speech. Several ladies near us, friends of Sir Charles Metcalfe, were crying, and there were two or three attempts at applause, which were soon checked as highly incorrect. Sir Charles's answer was shorter, but remarkably good, though he was really so much affected by the whole thing that he could hardly speak. In short, we all began the day thinking it would be a ludicrous ceremony, and it turned out very interesting, and moreover had an excellent effect for George, as we heard from all quarters. It was rather good fun, the officers of the 'Jupiter,' who were dispersed in different parts of the room, coming with the remarks they had overheard. I heard one man saying, 'But why the d—l is he not always speaking? It is so pleasant to listen to him.'

We had a rest from twelve o'clock till dinner-time and dressed after dinner for the ball. We had the floor chalked with Sir Charles Metcalfe's arms. There was a sitting-down supper for 650 people, and about 1,000 came to the ball. We went in after they were all assembled, and

then the dancing began directly. I never saw such a ball-room as that at Government House, and the banqueting-rooms below are just as fine. The ladies were all well dressed, but there is very little beauty amongst them; still, what they want in looks they make up in activity. I suppose it was a gay ball; and, in point of decoration, George, who was quite proud of it, said it would have been talked of for a year in London. The supper was so very well arranged. It was all the merit of that excellent Captain Byrne. Sir C. Metcalfe advised our not retiring till everybody was gone, and the consequence was that I grew very tired, and began to feel ill before I went to bed.

Tuesday, March 15.

Awake all night with violent pains, and at six o'clock wrote to George to send for a doctor. I wanted to have Dr. Drummond, from the 'Jupiter,' who is an excellent doctor, and suited us all so well that George would have made him his private physician, which would have given him 1,400*l.* a year; but unfortunately, by some rule about the Company's service, we may not have him, so George sent for

a Dr. ——, a little man, like Moore the poet, who had been dancing about at the ball, and we are to see if we like him. He gave me calomel and opium and came to see me every hour, an attention which is paid to the Governor-General's family, and is particularly inconvenient, as it seems but civil to invent a new symptom every time he comes. I think my illness was precisely like what I had at Langley, and have had five or six times in my life—very painful spasms, but easily accounted for. However, Wright has had the same sort of thing, and that young W. Horton, who was staying with us; and, in short, it was called 'the prevailing complaint,' and so on, and Dr. —— seemed to treat it very well; but it is horrid work being ill in this country. If the punkah ceased for a moment I felt in such a fever; but they hardly ever do stop.

George went in state to the play. Fanny had so many people in the morning, and was tired and did not go. It was very hot and dull they said.

Wednesday, March 16.

Still poorly, though better, but stayed in my own room; the heat is awful, and they say

unusual for the time of year. George went to the opening of some medical college. It is the oddest thing, and shows what he was predestined for: but he never feels tired, and does not mind the heat, and the mosquitoes don't bite him, and he goes on working away, filling all the hours fuller than they can hold, and sleeps like a top at night. It is curious!

To-night there was the concert, at which the natives came, besides all the same society that was at the ball. Fanny said there was nothing very splendid about the rajahs. I heard the music in my bedroom, and it did not sound ill. Our own band is a very good one, and plays every evening when we have company. The singers are a Madame St. Nesoni, immensely fat, with a cracked voice—she is their Pasta; there is a Pozzeni, very like Lablache; and a Mrs. Goodall-Atkinson, whom I remember as Miss Goodall, singing away at Drury Lane, but she is a good singer here; and they all ask their twenty guineas a night, as if they really were *prima donnas*.

We have done now with great fêtes for some time, I think till the hot season is over, six months hence. The climate is much more

detestable than I expected, and the evening, which ought to be better than the day, is rather worse. It is not cool, and it is *thick* with mosquitoes.

Thursday, March 17.

George went to see the Botanical Garden, which is on the other side of the river. It fell to ——'s turn among the aides-de-camp to attend him, which amused me, as he happens not to know a flower from a leaf; but he does these sort of things very well.

Fanny and I took an airing quite late. It shows how this climate subdues one to all its ridiculous habits, for I should have been ashamed to be carried upstairs in England, and never hesitated about it here. There are always two men with a sort of sedan at the bottom of my stairs in case they are wanted, and my attentive jemadar (how you all live without a jemadar I cannot guess, I think I always must have had one) had them ready at the carriage-door, in consideration of my weak state of health. For the first time since we came, there were only four at dinner—George and Fanny, and Captains Byrne and Macgregor. I went down for an hour in the evening.

Barrackpore, Friday, March 18.

The fleet of boats got under weigh at 2.30, when the tide served, and the whole party went, except ——, who stayed with me, and we drove down late in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson and their two children, Mr. and Mrs. Colvin (George's secretary) and their children, Captain Grey and three of his officers, and our own household, all went by water. The drive down was curious: we went through the native part of the town where the people are so thronged that it is difficult to drive through them. Such odd groups squatting at the doors of the huts, and sometimes such handsome wild countenances; then every now and then a Chinese, with his twinkling eyes and yellow face and satin dress, stalking along amongst those black naked creatures. I believe this whole country and our being here, and everything about it, is a dream. When we got out of the town the road was straight and shady, and a few scattered savages at the doors of their little clay huts, with their boys climbing up the cocoa-trees, were the only human creatures we met. Then we came to a camel by the roadside—the first I had seen, then to two jackals

fighting; then, on the road, we saw a very pretty English britscha, which —— at first feared was as good as ours; it was drawn by beautiful horses in silver harness, and a footman running before it, and sitting cross-legged on the front seat was a rajah, dressed precisely as he was the first moment he came into the world —he had not even a turban on, but his long black hair was hanging on his shoulders. He was smoking his hookah, and seemed to be enjoying his airing very much. I rather envied him, he could not have felt half so feverish as I did with my clothes on.

The life of ladies in India is a wearisome one for them—so many hours in which the house must be shut up, nothing to do, and no strength to do it with; and then most of the mothers are either parted from their children, or feeling they are doing wrong by keeping them here. The children show the climate much more than the grown-up people, for at a year old, they have not a tinge of colour in their lips and cheeks, and it grows worse as they grow older.

Saturday, March 19.

Much better, and the air is really fresh. We have no trouble with our visitors here. They

come to breakfast and go back immediately to their bungalows utterly exhausted, poor things! with the trouble of eating their bread and butter. The breakfasts in India are excellent —fish, curries, omelettes, preserves, fruits, &c. After luncheon we assemble in my room for a little while.

George and I took a drive to Futtyghur, through some pretty lanes. Fanny and —— went on one of the elephants, and the rest of the society had the other elephants and their own carriages. We had six officers at dinner from Barrackpore.

Sunday, March 20.

The chapel at Barrackpore is under repair, so the service is performed now in the large dining-room. There are seven regiments quartered here, so our congregation was very red and clanking.

George and I went out on an elephant, and rode through the cantonments, which are curious to see. The natives make fine-looking soldiers, and, as by their religion and habits they cannot get drunk, they never get into any scrapes. Indeed, the only punishment now is

to turn them out of the army, and that is seldom necessary.

There was a thunderstorm in the evening, which cooled the air very much, and the part here is always nice.

Calcutta, Monday, March 21.

Got up at 5.30, and we were all packed up and on board the 'Soonamookie' at 6.30. Had coffee, and a nice cool voyage up. George always goes down in the cabin with Mr. Colvin on these occasions and gets through a great deal of writing, and we do not think ourselves bound to be pleasant at these odd hours, but take our books and read. We are two hours going up against tide, and an hour and a half with it. It is all very well managed; our whole household is with us so entirely that our rooms at Calcutta are locked up when we come away, and yet, ten minutes after we arrive at Government House, everything is in its place. A hot breakfast (more like a dinner) for eighteen people is on the table, and the servants are as quiet and composed as ever—the immense number of them would only make a confusion in England, but here everyone takes charge of

only one thing, and does it thoroughly and exactly to a minute. They have cleared up one doubt I have always tacitly felt; I had an idea, from the noise English servants make, that their feet creaked as well as their shoes—that it was part of a servant's privilege to have creaking feet, but it is not so. These men have no shoes and stockings, and their feet are quite silent. We had a dinner of forty-four people.

Tuesday, March 22.

Quantities of visitors till one o'clock. Mrs. Robertson went with us to see Mrs. Wilson's Native Orphan School. It was a pretty sight, and it is impossible to look at Mrs. Wilson, in her widow's dress, with her plain, intelligent countenance, without the greatest respect. She has collected 160 of these children; many of them lost their parents in the famine some years ago; many are deserted children. She showed us one little fat lump, about five years old, that was picked up at three months old, just as two dogs had begun to eat it; the mother was starving, and had exposed it on the river side. She brings the children up as Christians, and marries them to native Christians when they are

fifteen years old. One of the little girls presented me with a bunch of flowers she had worked herself, with my name at the back of it.

We dined alone to-day, which means that we were twelve at dinner; but, somehow, that is not the trouble that it would seem to be. It is only for strangers that you are bound to speak and dress.

Wednesday, March 23.

Forgot to mention yesterday that I got up at 5.30 for our first early ride. George, ——, Captain Magregor, and I were on our horses at six. One of the horses has not yet arrived, so Fanny and I can only ride alternate days, which is as well to begin with. My horse seems to be a very nice one. Fanny went out this morning. It is dreadful work getting up so early, but the air is really cool then, so we mean to keep it up.

A quiet day. At 4 P.M. George and I set off to the Botanical Garden; it is the other side of the river, and four miles off. Our own boat met us at Sir E. Ryan's, and Lady Ryan went with us. We went to see the *Amherstia*, a new plant, and quite magnificent. It has flowered

for the second time—immense tassels of crimson flowers. I did not see much of the garden, as I was tired, and we are to go again. We had a delicious drive home. Charles Cameron is just as fond of cricket as he was in Eden Farm days, and he and Sir E. Ryan (the Chief Justice) have established a cricket club, and when we drove through their gardens the Calcutta Eleven were playing the officers of the 'Jupiter' and the 'Hyacinthe.' It looked pretty and English, and brought back visions of Prince's Plain.

We had another dinner of forty-six people to-day. Mr. Macaulay came to my share at dinner. Just as we were assembling for dinner there came on what they call a 'north-wester' —a most violent storm of thunder, lightning, and wind, which is at its height in a moment. There were hundreds of white-muslined servants rushing about the house, catching at the blinds and shutters, but everything was blown off the table in an instant. I never heard such a row. It cools the air for three or four days; half our guests were shivering, and borrowing shawls; I thought it charming.

Thursday, March 24.

The Hindoo College examination, immediately after breakfast, in the Marble Hall at Government House—prizes for the boys; and then they recited English poems, and acted scenes out of Shakespeare. There are forty-five of them, some of the very highest caste, and every respectable native in Calcutta comes to the show. The great shoe question makes a great heart-burning in society. Sir C. Metcalfe never allowed the natives to come with their shoes on. There is a large class here, who say the natives are now sufficiently well-informed to feel the degradation very sensibly, and who wish the natives to adopt European manners as much as possible. George has taken up that opinion, and the charm of being allowed to come before the Governor-General in shoes brought an immense concourse together—such quantities of new stiff European shoes, and many of the men seemed to find it difficult to walk in them. There were some splendid dresses among them, and some beautiful turbans, that would have made Madame Carson's fortune, but most of them were in white muslin dresses. It was much the prettiest sight I have seen in Calcutta,

and the newspapers observed, 'it was delightful to see the intense interest the Miss Edens evinced in the recitations.' I am so glad we were intensely interested.

There are constantly little paragraphs about our manners, habits, and customs in the papers, and I cut some out that were very ridiculous to send the children, but I cannot find them.

At 2.30 P.M. we were obliged, by the state of the tide, to set off, but it was not very hot on the river. There had been a great deal of rain in the night—that made a great difference. Mr. Colvin and three of the 'Jupiter's' officers went with us. We all went out on the elephants as soon as we arrived: George and I, —— and Fanny—two on each. A delicious evening; the contrast with Calcutta more striking than ever.

Barrackpore, Friday, March 25.

George and I, and Captain Macgregor and Mr. Lay, went out riding. The horses saw the elephants for the first time, and were very frisky and disagreeable. Captain —— has the charge of the stables, and George requires twenty horses, but we have not been able to find more

than thirteen yet, and he is in such a fuss when the horses are frisky and disagreeable.

Sir Edward and Lady Ryan, and their two daughters, came to stay till Monday. We had six officers from the cantonment at dinner.

Saturday, March 26.

Had a long talk with George about furnishing this house. It is in a wretched state, and Mr. ——'s armchair, which I intended for my own room, I have actually been obliged to lend to the drawing-room, where everybody makes a rush for it, it is so soft; indeed, the sofas are so wretchedly hard. Had afterwards an hour's talk with Captain Champneys on the same subject of furnishing, and about our servants' liveries, and I think I shall have things smartened up in a little while. The furniture here is worse than that of any London hotel; but everything in India is so perishable that one year of neglect may reduce a house to the worst state.

Fanny rode to-day, and —— lent his horse to his friend Mr. Lay, and took a drive with me. The visitors, between boats, elephants, carriages, palanquins, all took care of them-

selves; and we mean to keep up that practice of letting our ladies amuse themselves in the afternoon—it saves so much trouble. We drove to the Military Burial Ground, where there are some very pretty picturesque monuments I wanted to sketch. It was a melancholy sight. There is poor Jeffrey Amherst's monument. We could not find one instance of a death later than twenty-five. Then the monuments are always erected by 'brother officers,' or a 'circle of friends,' and never by relations:

By stranger's hands his dying eyes were closed,

I could not help thinking. We are much too old to die in India evidently, so do not be alarmed about us.

TO A FRIEND

Barrackpore, Sunday, March 27.

A very full church; not a good sermon. A beautiful cool day; and this place is really enjoyable in such weather, it smells so sweet, and looks so cheerful. George took Lady Ryan a drive, so Fanny and I rode with most of the gentlemen.

We took such a pretty ride through an Indian

village, which was full of fun. Somehow it was one of their festivals, and there were crowds of them buying and selling, and thumping their drums, the only music they have. I see it will be easy to make the house pleasant to young ladies if we can find them. We have such a foundation of *beaux* to begin with, who naturally have to take care of the company. I am glad they like it. All the 'Jupiter's' people sail next week.

Monday, March 28.

All our party went up by water at 6 A.M. Fanny and I agreed to have a few hours more of it, and we are going to drive up in time for one of those tiresome large dinners. However, we shall be here again on Thursday, and our life is now laid out in that shape. Mondays and Wednesdays large dinners; on Tuesday evening Fanny and I shall receive anybody who likes to come, and it will be less fatiguing for all parties than morning visits, and will leave all our mornings clear, except Thursday morning, when we shall also be at home to everybody, and then from Thursday to Monday we shall always be here.

I wonder whether you will be able to read all this trash. I think you will; but unless I tell you more about myself than I should do at home you will know less. Now you see the routine of our life, I can make my next letter much shorter. This wants annotation and affection, as it is only facts, and not feelings; and you must not mind my inconsistency if some Monday morning I write you word I like India. I generally get used to any kind of life, but at present this is most detestable to me. I do assure you it makes me quite '*sick at my stomach*' sometimes when the morning comes (and I wake very early from those tiresome guns), and I think I have another day to do. The rooms are so dark I cannot draw, and besides it is impossible to sit up *on end* long together, and then there are a thousand interruptions. We are always dressing, too, and though we thought we brought out so many gowns, I have not half enough.

I find it not at all unwholesome to think of home. I never think of anything else; and as for those little pictures I brought out, I should like to know what I should have been without them. I am having them framed now; but

have kept them in my portfolio, that I might light upon them accidentally every time I write. Has Mr. —— ever thought of sending me his?

I mean to send you a small souvenir by the 'Jupiter,' but will write before, to say what it is; there is nothing so difficult to find. We are all on the search, all day long, and can find nothing but English and French goods. Some of the native ornaments are pretty, but nobody will wear them here, and I have written up to Dacca for some, but they will not be here in time, I am afraid. However, there are five long years before us. Do you feel as if we should ever meet again? Sometimes I think it will glide away somehow, and then it seems as if no human patience could last through it; and then, above all, we have had no letters since the first day, and may be a month more without a ship coming in. It is shocking, though at the same time I regularly cry for half a day after they come in. There was one stray one from Mary Eden ten days ago, but of the same date as yours that we found here.

We drove up in time for an immense dinner which we gave to the Commander-in-Chief. Miss Fane is again laid up with mosquito bites.

Mrs. Fane and Mrs. Beresford were part of Sir Henry's party, and the most conversable of the ladies we have seen—a slight tinge of London topics about them, or at least of London readiness to talk. After dinner all the ladies sit in a complete circle round the room, and the gentlemen stand at the farther end of it. I do not suppose they would have anything to say if they met, but it would look better. Luckily it does not last long.

Tuesday, March 29.

Our day for morning visits. It is doubtful whether they are not more fatiguing than the dinners, but it is difficult to judge; they last longer. We gave a dinner to part of the 'Jupiter's' crew—the sailors who had acted, or who had sung in the evening to us, or who had assisted the servants, or who belonged to our barge. They came at five to a magnificent dinner—Giles presiding and Mars superintending. We all went down to see them, and the coxswain proposed 'Lord Auckland's health,' upon which another sailor said, 'and his two sisters', of course,' and then some of the others added, 'with three times three, at least,' and then George made them a little speech, and

begged that they would not get more drunk than was quite necessary, at which they laughed very much and acted upon it. Mars said they went away, he thought, in excellent condition—not quite sober—which Captain Grey said they would think very stupid—and not quite drunk, which they agreed would be disrespectful. We had offered them money before, but they said they preferred dining at Government House to any other treat. After dinner they got together and wrote an excellent letter of thanks to George. I should have been puzzled to write so good a one before, or after dinner. The servants said they disputed very much as to whether it would be right to say, 'his kindness would never be *eradicated* from their hearts,' and that one man—their great singer—said that if they did not put in 'eradicated' he never would sing them another song.

George and I rode, and were joined by Captain Grey and Mr. D'Eyncourt.

Wednesday, March 30.

Quiet morning. Fanny rode and George and I took a drive. It was a shade cooler than usual. We had all the officers of the 'Jupiter' for their

farewell dinner. Captain Grey left only three to take care of the ship. The sailors were heard to say they were glad the officers were to have a treat; *they* had left plenty for them—to be sure, they would only have scrapings—but then *their* dinner was just such a one as the king would have, so the remains would do very well for the officers.

Thursday, March 31.

I sent for Dr. Nicholson—the *Doyen* of the medical tribe here—to consult with him as to our private doctor; it is so impossible to find anyone here who would suit us exactly, and old Dr. Nicholson immediately suggested, as his own idea, Dr. Drummond of the 'Jupiter,' whom he heard we had liked very much. I told him all the difficulties that had been made about it, which he laughed at as quite needless, and went off to consult the proper authorities, and came back armed with precedents and proofs, so then I sent for George, and it seems likely it will do. It will be a great comfort, we all like him so much, and he is older than any other we could have found here. Dr. Nicholson knew him very well during the three years Dr. Drum-

mond was stationed here before, and has the highest opinion of him, and he is very much liked in Calcutta by several people whom he attended the last time he was here.

The tide served to go up to Barrackpore, unluckily, in the middle of the day, and, like idiots, we went by water, instead of going up in the carriages in the evening. Even in the cabin, with every ray of sun and light shut out, and men to fan us, it was just like being packed up in a pinery. We shall never try that hour of the day again. Captain Grey and two of the midshipmen were the only people with us, as we left some of the aides-de-camp behind, and we expect a large party to-morrow. We found Mr. Pelham at Barrackpore. He set off a month before—two days after the 'Jupiter' arrived —to see Benares and Lucknow, 600 miles off Travelling here goes on night and day, and is very fatiguing. Everybody who knew anything about India said it was madness, and that he would die of the heat and the fatigue, and see nothing curious, and so on. However, he took his own way, and is come back in better health than I have ever seen him, delighted with everything he has seen, and quite charmed at having

disregarded everybody's advice. We all strolled out on the lawn at ten o'clock, greatly to the horror of the inhabitants of the land, and rather in a fright of the snakes ourselves. I kept a strict watch on Chance. Last week, when the Miss Ryans were here, their little dog was recovered from the mouth of a jackal, who had picked it up as a nice little morsel. Such a shocking idea! It would hurt Chance's pride as well as his little fat person. You have no idea what a horrible noise those jackals make at night.

Friday, April 1.

Captain ——, another aide-de-camp, arrived. They are all accoutred with the greatest precision, and like 'burnished sheets of living gold.' Sir H. Fane, and all his staff, came to dinner, and stay till Monday. Miss Fane has been again laid up for a fortnight by mosquito bites, and could not come.

Saturday, April 2.

All called at 5 A.M., and dressed as finely as we could for a review, which Sir Henry has graciously ordered for us, of seven native regiments. Our procession to the plain was a

wonderful sight, between Sir Henry's followers and George's, and our carriages and the elephants. It would have made a beautiful drawing, only I can't draw in this country. A great many people drove up from Calcutta to see it. An infantry review is rather a dull sight, but this was striking, for the Sepoys seem to me to be much finer soldiers than our people, partly from being so tall and upright, and then that I am convinced that brown is the natural colour for man—black and white are unnatural deviations, and look shocking. I am quite ashamed of our white skins.

As for the Sepoys' soldiering I cannot speak, not knowing what they ought to do; but Sir H. Fane thinks them quite as good in all their exercises as English troops. We got home at half-past seven, when it was becoming very hot, and rested for an hour, then we had a large breakfast, and then Captain Grey and Mr. Pelham went back to Calcutta with some of the Calcuttians. Fanny and —— went out in the carriage, and I went in a tonjaun with George, who walked to the garden, and we sat down there till it was dusk. I tried to cheapen a beautiful common tame

bird, which a man had in the park to sell, but he would not be the least reasonable about it. We had a dinner of forty people, officers and their wives, to meet Sir Henry, but it was all over in two hours.

FROM THE HON. F. H. EDEN TO A FRIEND.

Barrackpore, April 3.

I do not know whether this will turn into a letter; I merely wish to mention, that I have sent you two very ugly Chinese screens, which they reckon pretty here, because the patterns are new. The 'Jupiter' will take them, and at the same time will take home a regiment consisting of 480 men, 100 children, and women in proportion: all to inhabit our empty cabins. I suppose, as the thermometer will not be much above a hundred in the shade, that the prospect naturally gives Captain Grey the most unfeigned pleasure.

When we go up the country, I shall send you something really pretty, to show what our subjects can do. In Calcutta, there are only things that one gets in London, and at a fourth of the price, upon the same principle that nobody gets good fish near the sea. There is to be

seen at our jeweller's a pearl, a single pearl set as a mermaid, with an enamelled head and a green tail, which I had some thoughts of buying and presenting to you. 40,000*l.* was all they asked for it; very cheap, the man said. A native prince pledged it for 8900,2001,8007,642 of rupees; that is *about* the sum he named. Now I wonder who would give 40,000*l.* for a single pearl. If ever there is a foolish thing to be done, somebody is always found to do it; but in this case, I wonder who?

I wrote to you three weeks ago all I had to say of my first impressions of the country, and I am glad that it is done; so probably are you. I shall not go back in our lives any more, beyond two or three days: it is quite enough to have to go forward. I should not wonder if you were asleep at five this morning; though your five in the morning is not ours. If ever we are active, that is our active time; so, this morning we got up out of our first sleep to review several regiments of Sepoys. The commander-in-chief is staying with us and prepared this little treat. All the black faces, relieved by scarlet, look remarkably well.

The *up country* people are really the finest I

have seen anywhere, and they look like grander samples of soldiers than our white people; perhaps they don't fight so well.

They wanted me to go to the review on an elephant, but I knew better than that; for at the last review, one of them took fright, and trotted away, with its trunk striking out one way and its tail another. Now an elephant's trot must be like the heaving of an earthquake; however, our maids went upon one, and I could not help laughing at the unnatural positions in which, it seems to me, we are all somehow or other always placed. There are times, too, when I could cry about it. Everything is so utterly strange; so much more strange, even, than I had expected. Except our own selves, it does not seem to me that there is one link between this life and the life we have led. Not even letters, for no ships arrive.

Female intellect certainly does not flourish in India. There is a strong confederacy against allowing them to have any ideas; and it seems to me they have ceased struggling against it: however, at Calcutta we see so many, there is no time for discovering individual merit. I have my eye on one or two, perhaps; if we get

them down here, they may turn out pleasant. The weather is growing hotter and hotter, and will for the next two months; then it will grow damper and damper. No milliner will sell silks or satins during these damp months, because they cannot expose them to the air. The waste and cost of every article of dress here is quite wonderful; but still the climate is not yet worse than I expected—rather better, in spite of heat and damp; for the house is not very hot, thanks to the punkahs. To be sure, the prisoners in Newgate have more liberty during the day, for they can, I believe, walk about the prison-yard and look out of their grated windows. From sunrise to sunset we are shut up, and the glare is too great to look out; our cells are more spacious, and we never stole, or murdered; that is the great difference; transported we were six months ago.

I've got such a paroquet! too pretty, and tame, and clever; even when most incensed, it does not bite; I'm very much distressed, because my *jemadhar*, whom the Europeans always address as Jemmy Dar, wears a dagger, and no other person does. I think he will 'dag' me, which I gently suggested to Captain Byrne, who

manages the household. He shook his head, and said there was no use in interfering about that; so he means to let me be 'dagged.'

Yours, dearest, most affectionately.

F. H. EDEN.

FROM THE HON. EMILY EDEN TO ——.

Monday, April 4.

On board the 'Soonamookie' at half past six, and it was deliciously cool all the way to Calcutta. There is no doubt that these early hours are the real good hours of the day, if it did not make one feel so hang-dogish in the afternoon; but a stifling sleep then—even if to be had—does no earthly good.

The whole morning, Government House was like a fair. We were buying shawls and muslins and fans, partly to send to England ourselves, and I was employed by Captain Grey and Mr. Pelham and others, to buy for them presents to take home. There is nothing tempting in Calcutta, except shawls of forty or fifty guineas each—out of everybody's reach—and a few Chinese things, which are only to be had occasionally.

Captain Grey and Mr. Pelham dined with us, and we all went to the play. The house was

very full, and we were received with great applause; but whether that means that George has begun his government well, or that they were obliged to us for our punctuality (as we arrived to a minute and kept nobody waiting) is more than I know. The actresses are professional people; but all the actors are amateurs, and not very good. 'Timour the Tartar' was got up with great magnificence. Fanny and I came away at ten, but George sat it all out.

Wednesday, April 6.

Fanny and I went to do our duty to the Native Orphan School, and listened to all the classes saying their Catechism with great decorum. We gave our own subscription, and I made over 5*l.*, left by Mr. Pelham for some charity, to this one as there can be none better managed.

We all dined at Sir E. Ryan's. George's dining out is a great affair; and all his people, with silver sticks and servants to stand behind our chairs, were sent down in boats some time before, that they might be ready to meet us. Fanny's servants and mine had even taken the precaution to bring the footstools we have at

home, and carried them after us into the drawing-room, and then in to dinner, as quietly as possible. It was the pleasantest dinner I have seen in India; not a large dinner, and Sir E. Ryan is a very pleasant man.

Thursday, April 7.

The 'Jupiter' could not get out of sight yesterday, but is fairly gone to-day; I am very sorry for it. We had become *really* acquainted with the officers, which is more than we shall be with anybody here; and if they did not really like us (you know my system of not *asserting* that I have a friend), they all said they did; and for five months, or indeed six now, they have all been doing what they could to please us; and now it seems as if our best friends had forsaken us, as if the carriage had driven off and left us. It is a horrid place to be left in. I thought the physical discomforts of the ship very great, but then I did not know what this oven was. I would have given anything to have gone home in the 'Jupiter.' I could not bear to hear all those people saying that they should be at home in September—nice autumn weather, and the month with your

birthday in it—and several of them asked if they should go and see you, Robert, &c. They have no right to go, when I cannot see you; and to think that we have not yet been here five weeks! I should think it ought to count for the whole five years.

The tide served late, and we went up to Barrackpore by water. We are repairing and furnishing, and cannot have much company. Dr. Drummond came to stay with us to-day.

Saturday, April 9.

Some of the officers of the 'Rose' came before breakfast, to stay till Monday. I arranged with Captain Champney's assistance, a sort of morning-room for the gentlemen, because I found that those who had nothing to do in their own bungalows strayed into my sitting-room, and it is surprising how small a show of fellow-creatures tires me in this climate. Went out on elephants. I rode with Captains Macgregor and Barrow, and —— borrowed 'Jupiter,' one of the young horses we brought from the Cape, which knocked him off the instant he got on. It was an unlucky day for riding: Captain Macgregor's horse slipped down; then

we were out late, and 'Selim,' my particular horse, had never been ridden in the dark before; he is very young, and between fire-flies and the beating of the drums—for it was a great Hindoo festival—he got so frightened that nothing would induce him to move. The instant daylight ceases here it grows pitch dark, so that it was necessary to grope our way home, one of the guards leading 'Selim,' and we were very glad when we met the lanterns they had sent out to meet us. Of course they had settled that we had met with all sorts of accidents. We had eight Barrackporeans to dinner.

Sunday, April 10.

A quiet day. George and I passed an hour in the garden; there are some beautiful plants in it, and I am going to have a little garden of my own made close by the house. There are no flowers near it now.

Calcutta, Tuesday, April 12.

We have all our mornings very quiet now; rode in the evening. We had our first party this evening, and it did very well, I believe. It looked very tiresome to an impartial observer, but as they all seem to know each other, I

suppose it has its merits. The society here is quite unlike anything I have ever seen before. The climate accounts for its dulness, as people are too languid to speak; but the way in which whole families plod round and round the great hall, when they are not dining, is very remarkable. The whole of this evening it looked like a regiment marching round, and helping their wives along. In general, people at home like to meet strangers when they go out; but here, all near connections take it as an affront if they are not asked to dinner the same day. It is all very pleasant, and very superior to anything I have been used to; but it is rather odd.

Wednesday, April 13.

George and I took a nice long drive, farther out of the town than we have been yet; but the heat has been awful the last three days, the thermometer at 95° in many of the houses at Calcutta. Government House, from its size and situation, has cooler corners in it: but it is an abominable climate. Another dinner of forty-four people.

Thursday, April 14.

We received visitors in the morning, and had rather a more talkative set than usual. The servants all went early by water. We waited for a cooler moment to go by land. —— was going to drive Dr. Drummond in his gig, and I changed places with Dr. Drummond, so as to allow George a front place in the open carriage, which is the best chance of a breath of air. A gig is a very good conveyance here, the air blows so well through it; but we had an adventurous journey. The horse —— had sent on to the half-way house had been picked up by one of the other aides-de-camp, so we went on with the tired one; and then there came one of the storms of thunder and lightning that break up this hot weather; charming inventions, but rather awkward to be out in. It was so dark in one moment that we could only move on by each flash of lightning; and all of a sudden we found a horse's head between our shoulders, which was the *advanced guard* of Captain Fagan, who was also driving himself down, and had run against us. From flash to flash we got on, and then ——'s eyes got tired of staring for the road through

the lightning, and Captain Fagan had never come by land before, so we drew up, hoping to be overtaken by the carriage and to borrow some of the guard. Then we grew tired of waiting luckily for us, as the carriage had turned off by a by-road, and got in before us. I knew several landmarks, and conducted —— safely to the Lodge, much to his surprise, as he got quite confused at last, and insisted upon it that we had got into the northern provinces, a great way up the country. Lights met us there, and so we got home; but these are the sort of petty events that make one feel so thoroughly in 'a strange land.' The storms are so loud while they last, and there is no help at hand. We passed through one little mud village and asked for a 'mussautcher,' that is, a man with a torch; but they said there were none living there, and none of the other men would have carried a torch for any sum of money, if we had asked it.

Friday, April 15.

A nice cool day after the storm, and no sun yet; you cannot imagine the relief of it. It would be a burning day in England, but a great

comfort here. George and I went to the garden at 4.30, the first time we have been out so early; and then we all rode. Mrs. Colvin came down this time.

Saturday, April 16.

George and I drove to the powder mills—rather a pretty airing, and we had our usual dinner party.

Monday, April 18.

Went down to Calcutta at six in the morning by water. We were there before eight, but were all done up by the heat. At six in the evening, when the sun went down, Fanny and I went out airing in hopes of a breeze, which generally comes up the river after sunset, but it lost its way to-day, and it was very much like driving through hothouses. Our postilions appeared in their new liveries, which are very magnificent—all scarlet and gold, and the Syces in theirs; there is one to each horse, and nothing can look more stately than it all does now. I never shall be used to seeing those men running by the side of the horses; but in the first place they would starve if they did not, and the horses—sensible animals!—grow so

fractious in this country that it is very dangerous to go out without these running footmen. We tried riding without them, but found we were not safe from other people's horses. A large dinner again. I had been feeling poorly, and choked all day, and was particularly breathless all through dinner, and thought I must have gone away from it. However I finished it off, and then knocked up and went to bed.

Tuesday, April 19, and Wednesday 20.

Two bad days of fever and sickness, &c. Dr. Drummond is very attentive, and seems to be a very good doctor. The heat was excessive, but I had luckily had a punkah put up *in* my bed the day I was taken ill, and so I lay there without stirring for two days with the punkah going night and day. It hangs so close to one's face that it keeps off the mosquitoes as well as creates a breeze; but an attack of fever is no joke in this country.

On Wednesday evening I had a sofa put out on my balcony, and was moved there, and George very good-naturedly gave up his airing and sat with me for two hours.

Thursday, April 21.

Bad night, but got up in the middle of the day, and Dr. Drummond thinks I shall be all the better for a change to Barrackpore. Miss Fane (Sir Henry's daughter) is going there with us. George and I went quite late in the open carriage, and I went to bed as soon as I arrived.

Friday, April 22.

George has settled with Miss Fane to stay here next week with me and Dr. Drummond, when he and all the others go back to Calcutta, which is an excellent scheme of his, though dull for her. I took a short airing with her in the evening by way of making acquaintance, but was done up by the drive.

Saturday, April 23.

Pray do you find much inconvenience from the Mohurrum Festival? I little thought how much annoyance the death of Hossein, grandson of Mahomet, would occasion me. It is the Mohometan Festival of the year, and lasts ten days, and besides the eternal beatings of their infernal tom-toms, or ill-tuned drums, all the servants want to go away for five days, and

here, where no man will take another man's business for a day, it is difficult to know what to do.

'George's head man and mine are the only two amongst the whole three hundred who speak English. It does not matter when the aides-de-camp are at hand to interpret: but when they all go back to Calcutta, Dr. Drummond, Miss Fane, and I shall be puzzled. Mr. Colvin was paying me a visit this evening in my room, and all my servants took the opportunity of his being there to interpret, to come in and ask leave to go for five days. The Bengalees are the most servile race in India, and it is impossible to resist their crouching down with clasped hands and begging voices, so I told the jemadar to let them all go, only to make them take it by turns, and his answer was so oracular that I do not know how it will end. 'Yes, Ladyship' (they call us so, from Lady W. Bentinck), 'I will make arrangements what will exclude myself. Five days is no objection, only if Ladyship is sick, Captain Byrne very angry if anybody leave her.' George's servant writes and reads, which is a very unusual accomplishment, and the other day

George got a note from him: 'My Lord's Nazir have very bad *stomach* pain' (it was a stronger word than stomach). 'Native doctor give him much physic. I cannot wait on my Lord to-day. Nazir.' Mine came to me the other morning, saying, 'Ladyshib, Beebee Wright wish to borrow me for half hour. She no make washerwoman understand,' so I gave Beebee Wright the loan of him.

TO A SISTER.

Government House, Wednesday, April 1836.

MY DEAREST ——, There are two or three ships going off within three or four days of each other, so we are sending a few letters by each, and I have no doubt that the first will be last, and so on.

We have sent in the 'Jupiter' a box full of little trifling things such as we could pick up, and there is a very small Japan box for you, not the least attractive; but a China ship arrived this week with little knick-knacks, and as Calcutta produces nothing indigenous to the soil, and we are not allowed to go shopping, we were obliged to put up with what we could get. I suppose, in time, we shall see tempting articles, and then

we shall have received a little money to buy them with; but they say, in fact, we shall not see anything pretty till we go up the country. Nobody in Calcutta will look at anything that is not either French or English; but for the sake of example, I am already going to devote myself exclusively to Chinese silks and native jewelry whenever I want anything new. The prices here are too absurd: they charge entirely by the *precedence* of the house they go to, and the scale is very much, ten shillings at Government House for what is nine to members of Council, eight to the rest of the society, and so on, till a native gets the same article for one. It is very provoking, and utterly incurable.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Barrackpore, Wednesday, April 27.

I am sometimes quite fidgetty as to the bore that a large package may be to you. I wish you would tell me *really* what you think. You know you may always read the cover first, as that tells you the last day that we are all well, and then read the rest by degrees. It is the only thing I write with any zest, as the difficulty

of composing a single letter grows greater every day, as we have done our *general* descriptions, and there are no *particulars* that interest anybody at home.

I am quite well again to-day, and as there are only five, or at the most, six more weeks of this very hot weather, I expect to get through it without any more attacks. Then the rains will begin, and though they are hot, it is a different kind of heat.

I sent you, by the 'Jupiter,' two Chinese screens with raised figures, at least one of them I think had raised figures. I thought them pretty and new, which is not the case with most things at Calcutta.

Yours affectionately,

E. E.

TO THE SAME.

Barrackpore, Thursday, April 28.

I sent off my packet to you per 'Hindoostan,' and also a letter to Sister. Miss Fane stayed with me till 6 P.M., and then went back to Calcutta and met George, &c., on the road down. I drove to meet them in the open carriage, but after waiting in the road till it was dark, I came back, not being able to explain to either of the

six men who were with me what I was waiting for, and thinking they might suppose I was gone mad and put me out of my pain. It certainly is tiresome not being able to speak the language of the country one lives in, but as for attempting to learn their gibberish I can't. I get such horrible fits at times (particularly when I am driving out) of thinking that we are gone back to an entirely savage state, and are at least 3000 years behind the rest of the world. I take all the naked black creatures squatting at the doors of their huts in such aversion, and what with the paroquets, and the jackals, and the vultures, which settle in crowds on the dead bodies that are thrown on the banks of the river, and what with the climate and the strange trees and shrubs, I feel all Robinson Crusoe-ish. I cannot abide India, and that is the truth, and it is almost come to not abiding *in* India. When I think, what I thought of a long sea-voyage, and yet look back upon it as pleasant compared to this life, and when I long to go in every little brig that goes down the river homeward-bound, I can only calculate how strong my aversion must be to 'the land we live in.' I suppose it is partly not feeling

well, and partly the fidget for letters; but nobody can be happy in such a climate. Everybody says it is one of the hottest *hot* seasons they have ever known; but then again they say that the same remark is made of every hot season.

We live in complete darkness, and that does not make life more cheerful, though it makes it a little cooler.

Friday, April 29.

Archdeacon Dealtry arrived. He is reckoned an excellent preacher, and is a very good man.

We receive visits always on Friday at Barrackpore from ten till twelve.

George and I took a drive. We have got several new wild beasts at the menagerie, and some very pretty birds.

Saturday, April 30.

One of the hottest days we have had.

In the evening —— and Fanny went out in his gig, and I was carried in a chair to the garden, to which George, 'the reedeculous strong cretur!' walked, and we sat there by the side of a large pond, or small lake, watching

the fish and making Chance swim, and expecting a breath of air, but it never came, so we went home again.

As we passed by ——'s bungalow we found him and all the rest of the household sitting in front of it smoking. Two chairs at least to each man, and some trying to be more comfortable by putting their feet on the table. Their *hookahbadeers* (I do not know how to spell any of their words) were squatting behind them, and their grooms leading their horses about, as it was too hot to ride. 'What a crowd!' I naturally observed. 'Just look at home!' —— said, and I found that George and I, for our quiet walk, had fifteen men gliding after us; our own two head servants (who never lose sight of us), two men with umbrellas, a black gardener, eight palanquin-bearers with their head man, and Chance's servant, skipping about after him.

I found out the other day that Chance, without telling me, had hired another valet, because his man did not like going backwards and forwards to Barrackpore: so I was obliged to represent to him that he never would make his fortune in five years if he went on in that

kind of way, and that it would be very hard upon Mrs. Chance, who was probably slaving at home to bring up the 'Miss Chances' in a decent manner, and he was very reasonable and gave up Sookie, and has made it a rule that Jimhoa is to be always with him.

We had company at dinner.

Sunday, May 1.

One of the clergy accosted me when I went into the breakfast-room this morning with, 'Pray, Miss Eden, are you aware that your motties are at work this morning?' 'I am very much shocked,' said I; 'but who are my motties?' (I thought of you at the time.) 'Why, the gardeners,' he said. I thought it safe to deny the fact, but unluckily they all began picking away with their pickaxes under the window, so that I said I would mention it to Lord Auckland when he came, and that he would speak to his motties forthwith; but the instant I mentioned it as a shocking fact, Captain ——, who reigns despotically here, said that of course they were at work, that they were more than half of each week absent at their own religious festivals, and that they

would starve if they were not allowed to work the days that they thought it lawful; and that shocked the reverend gentleman. So how it is to end I do not know, nor can I make out what is right, but I think the motties might be starved.

Monday, May 2.

Went down to Calcutta by water, and excused myself going to breakfast; laid down for two hours, and was not so tired as usual, but the heat is insufferable. In my sitting-room with the doors and windows closed, except one where there is a tattie (a rush mat which covers the whole window, and which is kept constantly wet, so that the *hot* wind may blow *cool* through it) with a large punkah constantly going—in short, with all the wretched palliatives that they call luxuries. The thermometer stood at 94° the whole day. I never can read, nor breathe, nor do anything but lie and think what a detestable place it is. In the lower floors of the house the thermometer was 4° lower; but the ground-floor is supposed to be unwholesome, and besides there are no rooms for us there.

Tuesday, May 3.

I have been thinking with envy of the dear little chimney-sweepers knickety-knocketing their shovels about the streets at home all this week, and I see you with your open carriage boiling over with children giving them half-pence, and begging them not to be run over. 'I, too, once gave halfpence to chimney-sweepers,' as the man said who had lived in Arcadia.

There was a charity meeting to-day at a new school, called 'La Martinière,' to which Fanny and I were duly summoned, and we went off at six in the evening, grudging the loss of our drive, but willing to give up everything in a good cause. We found in the suburbs a building as big as St. Paul's, with twelve small babies of orphans playing in a play-ground. Our own servants found us a way upstairs, and forced open a door that was called the 'Ladies' committee room,' and we sat down by ourselves. Presently Sir H. Fane and Miss Fane arrived, and then another lady, and we all sat looking at each other for half an hour, and then Sir H. Fane wisely advised us to go away and take our drive, which we did. As three ladies are

enough to make a committee, we might have passed a mild resolution not to leave one stone of La Martinière standing on another; but we refrained, and it turned out afterwards that the secretary has quarrelled with the ladies, and so neither came nor sent any papers. It is very natural and right to quarrel, but very wrong to make people drive two miles away from the waterside, and mount up to the top of a large house for nothing. However, our being tired did not much matter to-day. George and —— and Captain Byrne dined at Mr. Macaulay's, from which process we had excused ourselves, and nobody dined at home but Captain Chads and two of the aides-de-camp. All our English servants went to a concert; they lead such a shocking dull life we are glad to find any amusement for them.

Wednesday, May 4.

Captain Richardson, the head of the Hindoo College, brought a little native boy to sit to me for his picture. He is a son of one of the highest caste natives, and splendidly dressed. His pearl and emerald necklaces might have tempted one to burke him, only he was such a

pretty little thing, and it would have been a pity. He was very anxious to have it explained to me, that his jewels were all his own and not his father's, and he begged to have all his bracelets introduced into the picture. All the natives have beautiful hands and feet, and they show particularly well in these high-born little children. He would not eat anything in our house, and at the college servants of his own sect always come and feed him.

George and I took a hot drive in the evening, and we had a small easy dinner, which we mean to have every Wednesday. The Trevelyans and Mr. Macaulay, and a Captain and Mrs. Cockerell.

Thursday, May 5.

The heat was intolerable everywhere, but more especially in our rooms; the thermometer was at 95° very early, and I did not dare look in the afternoon. How Lord William did take us in! It is such a much worse climate than even its enemies said. This state of things is to last another month: I can hardly imagine how the people are to last so long. It was our visiting morning too.

Lady —— was the only consolatory fact among our visitors; she has been twenty-two years in India, looks remarkably fresh and well, rides every day full canter, and declares she has been as happy as the day is long, all the time, and the days *are* immensely long I assure you. Sir —— has never had a day's health in the meantime.

We came up to Barrackpore late, by land.

Friday, May 6.

I really wonder if dancing makes people cooler, or whether the people here indulge in a natural taste for exercise, knowing they cannot be hotter. If I could ascertain its cooling properties, I should set off forthwith in some wild odd figures of a highly *saltatory* description; but the fact is, we are not yet old enough to dance here. George I suppose in another year or two may begin.

You have no idea the odd applications that are made to be asked to the dinners and parties at Government House, not from any compliment to us, but alleging that it is a sort of public property, and that they choose to come. And the thermometer is at 90° all night, and we

could have lived in England. Curious world! I cannot help thinking the next will not be the very least like this.

Saturday, May 7.

Played at chess all morning with Mr. Shakespear, and beat him. Went out on the elephant with George, to see the new baboon and some monkeys of great merit.

Sunday, May 8.

Fanny and —— went out in his gig, and George and I rode up and down by the water-side, on the elephant, till near dinner-time. It was rather cooler than last night, and there is something dreamy and odd in these rides when the evening grows dark. There is a mosque and a ghaut at the end of our park, where they were burning a body to-night; and there were bats, as big as crows, flying over our heads. The river was covered with odd-looking boats, and a red copper-coloured sky bent over all; and then the man who walks by the elephant's side talks to him all the time in a low argumentative tone, telling him to take care he does not hurt his feet, and that there is a hole here and

a rising ground there; and they mention it all so confidentially that I never made out till to-day that they were talking to him.

If I die in India, I should rather like my body burnt; it is much the best way of disposing of it, and insects are so troublesome here in life, that I should like to trick them out of a feast afterwards.

Monday, May 9.

We set off half-an-hour earlier than usual, and, from the strength of the tide, were three hours going down to Calcutta, and did not arrive there till nine. It was very fatiguing, and we shall hardly try it again.

No letters! and not a single ship to be seen in the river. This is very shocking! The 'Larkins' was the last arrival from England, and she has now been gone six weeks on her return home. They say it is the first time such a thing has happened; but they say also it is the first hot season they have had. Poor deluded creatures! Eight-and-twenty of them dined with us; but it is our last very large dinner for the season, and as the 'Rejected Addresses' says, 'in a cup of broth—mind, I do

not vouch for the fact, but I have been told, that—the scum must be at the top, and the dregs at the bottom.' We have swallowed scum and dregs, but I missed the broth.'

Tuesday, May 10.

Captain Richardson brought my small Rajah to have his picture finished. He was prettier than ever, and more Eastern in all his ways; nodding or shaking his head to his servant to express his wishes, but scarcely ever speaking, except once about his bracelets. He makes a very pretty picture.

George and I took a slow drive, which always makes a hot one; but it is impossible to make the syces run this weather for long together, and the horses are so irritable we cannot go without the men to take care of them.

We dined alone, and had one of our parties in the evening. They are much less tiring than a great dinner, and very popular. There were nearly 300 people this evening. They came at 9; almost all of them danced, without stopping, for two hours, and they were all gone at 11.15. It was cool for the sitters-by in the great hall.

Wednesday, May 11.

There was such a good set of American editions of English books advertised to-day, that I sent off forthwith and bought Mrs. Butler's Journal and Theresa Lister's novel, 'Anne Grey,' and one of Lady Morgan's novels and another book, all for ten rupees; and George grumbles at them every time he picks one off the table; but as we are cut off from English editions and from all other amusement, I am thankful for these. I tried at an English shop for some books, and they asked 2*l.* for Poole's 'Scenes and Recollections,' and 3*l.* for the commonest novels in three vols. They have no French novels. I wish, if Mr. Rice has an odd copy of the 'Marquis de Pontanges,' and any other recommendable French books, you would buy them and send them out to me.

We had only three gentlemen at dinner to-day, who were fresh arrivals from the interior, and more talkative than the Calcuttians.

Thursday, May 12.

Several visitors, but all gentlemen. No lady could come out. Even the oldest Indians own

to being a little too hot. We came up to Barrackpore very late by land.

TO A FRIEND.

Government House, May 22, 1836.

We have had some letters up to January 27th, and ships now are coming in two and three in a day. It is always the case at this time of the year, but the long blank that precedes this delicious rush of letters is frightful. However, the rush makes up for it all, and the letters come dropping in, at all hours of the day, in such a particularly pleasing manner! I did not think I could have been so happy in this country as I have been all this week studying those letters; they are even more valuable than I expected them to be. Nobody laughs in this languid country—at least not publicly; but I put this Indian habit at defiance over my English letters, and take such comfortable giggles by myself over them that the respectable individuals who are sitting cross-legged at my door would evidently think, if they dared to think at all, that I was slightly cracked.

There is such a delightful storm going on this afternoon! I presume the world was grown so

hot that it has blown up, for the thunder is rattling about in the wildest manner; but I am afraid it will not rain enough to cool us, and I am rather cured of my wish for rain. We had a pelting shower yesterday, and were charmed for an hour, and then the steam began to rise from the hot ground, and it was more difficult to breathe than before.

The only incident of last week that would have amused you was the reception of a vakeel, or ambassador, from one of the great native princes. It was a burning hot day, and George and his whole household had to put themselves into full-dress immediately after breakfast, which is no joke with the thermometer at 94°. We filled the ball-room with guards, the band, &c., and then there arrived—first, fifty of the vakeel's servants with baskets on their heads containing fruits, preserves, lovely barley-sugar, and sugar plums, &c.; then, a silver howdah for an elephant (something like an overgrown coffin lined with common velvet); then five silver trays containing shawls that made one's mouth water, and gold stuffs that would have made unparalleled trains at a drawing-room, and then a tray full of such

bracelets! and such armlets! and such ornaments for the head! and one necklace of such immense pearls and emeralds! All these were spread on a carpet before George's sort of throne. We were all peering out of the window to see the vakeel's procession, which was very picturesque and theatrical; and as soon as he came to the door, Fanny and I hid ourselves behind some pillars; for the natives look upon those valuable articles, women, with utter scorn. George sat majestically down in his velvet chair; the aides-de-camp began to fan themselves with their cocked-hats; 150 of our servants, who have all been smartened up with new liveries, arranged themselves behind George; and the aides-de-camp went to hand in the vakeel and his secretary. It was great fun to see —— walking gravely up the ball-room, in his splendid uniform, *hand in hand* with this old black creature, who was in a scarlet turban, with a white muslin gown *very* short waisted, with tight long sleeves and a full short petticoat and no shoes and stockings; for you are to know that though the present magnanimous Governor-General has allowed the natives to come to his levees and our balls with their shoes on, yet

this extreme condescension is so unusual that, on these great occasions, he cannot indulge the humane propensities of his magnificent mind; so whenever he spreads his carpet the natives are bound to take off their shoes, and on this sublime occasion he did spread at least four yards of Venetian carpeting. They sat down opposite George, with the foreign secretary between them, who interpreted, in a loud slow tone, all the little questions that were asked. Amongst others, he asked if they had seen Calcutta? and they said, 'Now we have seen your generous presence, we wish to see nothing else.' After ten minutes of that sort of discourse they were handed off. The fruits were given to our servants, and the shawls, necklaces, &c., were instantly carried away by the private secretary, for the good of the company. We did not even get a taste of barley-sugar, which, for want of emeralds, I could have put up with.

There was a rajah who came to visit Fanny and me one day, and he was not dressed like these people, but had two long diamond necklaces on, of the largest diamonds I have ever seen, with an immense ruby locket. He

gave us some beautiful parrots, and monkeys and sloths for our menagerie, which nobody can take away from us.

Your most affectionate,

E. E.

TO THE HON. MRS. EDEN.

Barrackpore, June 11, 1836.

MY DEAREST MARY,—We sent off yesterday to the 'Tamerlane,' which sails in a few days, a most important box addressed to the care of Captain Grindlay, containing all sorts of odds and ends addressed to various people; and, amongst others, there is a small parcel for you, which will puzzle you unless this explanation precedes it. Your Willie, in his letter to me, asked 'How is your black maid?' and I told Rosina one of my little nephews had written to ask after her. Besides a mysterious veneration for a letter, which all natives have, the idea of being asked after by a little English boy and my nephew, quite enchanted her. She is very much (as all the uneducated natives are) like a child of three years old in feelings and intellect, and she asked to see Willie's letter, and to be shown her name, and she, of course, turned it topsy-turvy, and kissed it and cried

over it, and then went all over the house to tell all the servants that a little English boy, the Lord Sahib's nephew, had written about her; and the next day she came to my room with a worked petticoat for the little boy's mamma, and another for him. I told her that he did not wear frocks, and then she said it was to be for the eldest little girl; and then I told her that, as I could not take any presents, I would buy them of her, and tell you what she had meant to do; but she would not hear of that, but stood salaaming and beseeching—'No, lady, me no like that. Me send little boy's mamma frock and sister frock, and then English ladies say "Where you get those pretty frocks," and they say "Poor Rosina send them," so nice. Please, lady, send them.'

I have given her a gown since, so it all comes to the same end; but if you had an idea how much natives in general think of spending the smallest fraction of a rupee, and how their whole talk consists of saving pice and annas, or farthings and halfpence, you would be as much surprised at her offering as I am. I do not know what you can do with your petticoat it is so ugly; but it will make a toilet-cover. I have

sent you a pair of silver earrings, made as the natives wear them, and a little pair of silver bracelets for Emily. They bend into any shape. About ten of these bracelets on each arm are *literally* the only clothes worn by the native children till they are seven or eight years old, with perhaps a silver chain round each ankle; and when they are married, which they are at five, or six years old, a large gold ring is put through the noses of the little girls.

I wish I could find anything to send Willie, but I shall in time. I could find heaps of beautiful birds; but, except a friend would offer to take charge of one on the voyage, they are sure to die. However, I shall watch for an opportunity of sending him a pet, probably a lory. I have had a goat given me that is too handsome—an immense creature with white silk hair half a yard and more long. It stalks upstairs and into my room, and is a nice good-humoured animal. If he had not been a present from a near neighbour I should have liked to send him home. He does not smell at all, and is accustomed to carry children on his back.

We had rather a lively afternoon yesterday

We came here this week quite alone, and settled to ask nobody all the week, and to wear our common coloured gowns, and not to talk all the morning, and to enjoy little luxuries of that sort, and to have a juggler with snakes; and, above all, to drag one of the large ponds in the park, which we did, and I had not an idea there were so many and such large fish in the Ganges as came to land in the net—such varieties, and thousands of small fish!

Fish is the only thing, except rice, that the natives will eat, and this is the only time I have ever seen our servants excited. There were about two hundred of them round the pond begging for fish, and the instant Captain Byrne gave them leave to help themselves the scramble began; and it was great fun to see some of them running off with great fish three feet long, and others, who could not pick up more than a gudgeon, scolding and gesticulating; and there was Chance yapping about in the water after every fish that escaped, and ——'s tame otter helping himself, and the elks standing wondering what we were doing to their pond. All last night were little fires round the house with the servants cooking their treasure.

We are longing for the rains, which must begin in a week they say, and the preparation for them is awful—such steamy heat!

We are all well.

My new garden will be lovely whenever the rains come.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND

Thursday, June 17.

Fanny and —— went to Barrackpore in his gig. George and I made a very original plan for ourselves. We drove to the Cossipore Bridge—you know where that is. You have passed it fifty times in your drives, only you never observe anything; and there we found Captains Champneys and Macgregor with our riding-horses, on which we mounted. Sent the carriage on to the half-way house, whereunto we explored our way by by-paths, much to our edification. We then got into the carriage, the gentlemen into their cabriolets, and we arrived at Barrackpore for a late dinner.

Friday, June 18.

Dr. Drummond killed a snake in his bun-

galow, Captain Macgregor ditto, and Mars killed a very large one in his bedroom in one hour. Very shocking!

George and I took a ride, which was cut short by rain. Dr. Wallich arrived with quantities of more plants for my garden. I was up at five planting it, and in bed again at half-past six.

Saturday, June 19.

We dragged another of the tanks, and just as the net came to land it broke, and hundreds of fish rushed back into the water. It was rather a good thing, for though the last distribution was conducted on the most liberal system, the servants were all jealous, and the susceptible feelings of the tailors were hurt by their being forgotten altogether.

Tuesday, June 22.

I went out visiting, for the first time, after breakfast; and, awfully hot as it was, I went to Mrs. Trevelyan to get her to arrange with some embroiderers from Dacca to embroider a gown in coloured silk for me. I have engaged two Dacca men by the month. They come into the house, settle their frame in my passage, just *forment* the tailors, and sit on the ground

and work all day. Their work is more beautiful than is desirable for a gown; but they cannot be persuaded to work coarser silks.

We have put off our party this evening, as we have the king's ball next Monday; and though these balls and parties are all quite delightful (and, for my own part, I can only regret that they do not occur every evening) yet you know that other people might have too much of even such very good society.

Wednesday, June 23.

Miss Fane came when Sir Henry came to Council, and brought one of their jemidars, whose picture she wanted for her album. He is a Hindoo, and not a Mussulman, which most of our servants are, and of high caste, which is marked by quantities of gold leaf on his forehead; and he wears a dagger in his belt, and stands in a grand, swaggering position, and altogether he made rather a good drawing. We dined at Mrs. Shakespear's, and met the Fanes and a few others.

The Calcutta houses seem so small after Government House, and it was a dreadfully hot night.

Thursday, June 24

We do not go up to Barrackpore this week, as the servants are busy preparing for the ball. —— has set up a small pony-carriage, and now the rain has made the unwatered roads passable, we find out very pretty drives through lanes and by-roads.

Calcutta is altogether (in the part of it inhabited by Europeans) very like the houses in St. John's Wood; and the drives, barring their being utterly flat, are very pretty, when the weather allows of going off the watered road. We took a beautiful drive in the pony-carriage to-day, and came back by the Kidderpore School, where the orphan girls of Europeans are brought up; and when a tradesman or a noncommissioned officer wants a wife he goes there and chooses one. Formerly he used to choose after a single interview; but, I believe, now it is more delicately managed.

Friday, June 25.

George and I drove to the salt-water lake, about four miles off, through some odd, wild-looking villages, and the lake itself looks like

an unfinished bit of creation before the land and sea were put into their proper places.

Sunday, June 27.

We went to the old church: this is only the third Sunday we have passed in Calcutta. They give, by order of the bishop, the whole morning service here. It is much too long for the climate. At Barrackpore it is usually much shorter; but we had a good sermon from the archdeacon, and lived through it all. George and I took a ride in the evening.

Monday, June 28.

A quiet morning. —— and I went out 'exploring' in his pony-carriage, and lost ourselves, and came out on the high-road five miles from Government House, nearly at dinner time; but we made great discoveries in the way of mosques, and tanks full of lotus, and 'noble savages running wild through the woods,' and as we believe no European ever drove through these lanes before, we thought of putting up our pocket-handkerchiefs on some sticks, and of taking possession of the country: but I know that foolish East India Company

would be always fidgetting about our little territories if we made them prosper, so it is as well to say nothing about them.

We dressed after dinner, and at 10 P.M. the company began to arrive, and at quarter past we marched in, in state, with a guard of honour at the end of the ball-room, who drew their swords and nearly cut us down, I believe. However, we escaped, and then the Commander-in-Chief arrived.

We had several very oddly dressed native princes. One enormous man—a nephew of the King of Oude, only twenty-seven, and very like the pictures of Daniel Lambert; and this immense expanse of person was dressed in a thick gold brocade. He would have made a handsome piece of furniture in a large house. The Vakeel came in state, and as he has never been in European society much before, he proposed bringing his three hundred guards up into the ball-room with him, and was with great difficulty persuaded out of it. We went to supper at twelve, and then had an English country dance, and they were all gone before two.

FROM THE HON. F. H. EDEN,
FOR A FRIEND.

June 30.

I want another letter from you, dear, sadly. I wonder whether I shall ever get it. I just now discovered a monster of a fishy-looking insect inside the glass of that print of you, beginning to eat you up. Insects, here, have a real love for pictures; if I had not discovered that greedy, and I may say, malicious creature, in three more days you would have been eaten up.

Now here's a thing! I thought four of the aides-de-camp looked pale at breakfast this morning, and it appears that there is a report that the Chitpore Nawâb was not asked to the ball we gave last week in honour of our beloved Monarch's birthday. You must at once see what a thing that would be. I dare say it has never happened to you, to overlook a Chitpore Nawâb. I'm sure I never missed one when you gave a party. You do things so cleverly. I hope that Chitpore won't declare war upon us; in fact I hardly know what to hope, or what to fear; for I don't know where Chitpore is. Probably we have taken possession

of it, and meant to pay for it with an invitation to the ball; which seems to me the terms on which we stand with most of the Nawâbs and Rajahs here. The Chitpore Nawâb shall have a ball given on purpose for him, and as he must be shocked at seeing women dance, George and his suite shall run over Pansot's hornpipe.

We have been out riding this evening, and besides being subjected to a thunderstorm and a shower, we met, in a narrow lane, thirty-three elephants. Half a minute of a shower, here, does the work of drenching so effectually: the effect is like taking a shower-bath on a large scale, horse and all. As to thirty-three elephants and their drivers in a narrow lane; if it should ever happen to you to meet with them about E——, you'll find that it's pretty unpleasant. None are allowed to come within a certain distance of Calcutta, because nine horses out of ten rear and plunge at the sight of them: mine has a particular objection to them; so has George's. All the syces (of course you know that the syces are grooms, who run by your horse) set off screaming at once; an operation particularly calculated to soothe the nerves of

oneself and horse. I begged, in a tone of the most dignified cowardice, to be allowed to get off; and then, it was rather grand to see the elephants crash through the hedges to hide behind the bamboos while George passed.

I rather like the great animals of this country; I could make a friend of an elephant, and I have my suspicions that if I were to fall in with a stray tiger or alligator, and had time given me to talk to them, they might listen to reason; but the reptile class is a dreadful one. The snakes almost take possession of the place during this month. The other night at that ball at Government House, they killed a centipede close by my foot: as Emily and I are almost the only women of *any* age who do not dance, I suppose it thought it could not do better. And there is a new horror burst upon me in the shape of spiders. They do say, that there are spiders as large as the palm of a hand, and that those spiders are poisonous, inasmuch, that wherever you are touched by them, large blisters rise.

Do you ever work now? The natives embroider beautifully.

I shall put this up to-day. No more ships

yet; and though I know none can bring in later intelligence than we have had overland, there are many details to be filled up. God bless you, dear.

Yours most affectionately,

F. H. EDEN.

FROM THE HON. EMILY EDEN TO THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Barrackpore, July 2, 1836.

MY DEAREST SISTER,—I will try to run off a letter early in the morning, for *it* is so hot, and *I* am so sleepy after luncheon that I always fall asleep when I am in a transport of sentiment over my letters home. The weather has been better though the last fortnight; occasional days of pouring rains when we can have the windows open, and there have been two or three evenings this last week which were really pleasant—something like the hottest summer evenings of that exquisite country, England—with a little air stirring, and no necessity for gasping with one's tongue hanging out, like Chance. That little black angel has the audacity to dote on India, and never enjoyed better spirits, or a more imperious temper. He

was once nearly carried off by some vultures, and he and ——'s greyhound both narrowly escaped the snap of an alligator. He swims so far out into the Ganges that his own attached servant screams with fright. He has learnt from the natives to eat mangoes, and is very much suspected of smoking his hookah whenever he can get comfortably alone with my tailors. He is allowed, for a great treat, to run before our horses on a cool evening; and the other day, when George was riding with me, Chance insisted on going to the race-course with us. I asked Captain Macgregor to enquire why Chance's own valet was not with him, and he translated the answer that when the Lord Sahib himself took the dog, the sicar, or head of that class of servants, thought it right to go himself. So there was a grand-looking man in the flowing dress of the upper servants, with a white beard down to his waist, gambolling after Chance, who took to running after the birds, and gave a little growl every time his tutor interfered, and the sicar, who was not used to him, looked frightened out of his senses, and then began running again. I could hardly ride for laugh-

ing, but I mention the fact for Dandy's edification.

We find riding a foot's pace cooler than the carriage—at least, I do. Fanny is not very fond of it, but the air comes more round one on horseback than in the carriage. —— has a little pony-carriage with no head to it, and wicker sides, and extremely light, and that is much the coolest conveyance we have; besides that, it will go in roads which will not admit of our carriage.

Now that the rains have laid the dust we are making great discoveries in the surrounding country. George laughs at the beautiful lanes we have found, and says we talk as if we were at Matlock, whereas in all Bengal there is not an elevation the size of a mole-hill. But still a green lane with a happy mixture of bamboo and cocoa trees, and constantly a beautiful old mosque with a tank full of those lovely pink lotus which the Hindoos, with good taste, consider sacred, is not to be despised; and it is a great relief, after that tiresome course full of carriages and people, which is the only watered road in the place.

I am going, with great candour, to own that,

though I should be glad to say anything spiteful against this horrid country, yet it is indisputable that my health is very much better than it was in London.

It is very difficult to procure at any price the real fine old Indian muslin, but I have got one gown of it something like a bettermost cobweb, and an old creature with a long beard is working it all over with small sprigs at ten rupees for the whole gown. The two Dacca men are embroidering a gown in coloured silks, and I never saw such lovely work. I gave them ten rupees a month, which serves for wages and board-wages, and they sit on the floor in my passage and work, one on each side of a large frame; and when we go to Barrackpore they roll up their frame, put themselves into the boat, and come up and set to work again; and they sleep in the passage, or the hall, or out of doors if it does not rain. I see how extravagance and carelessness must grow on people who live long in India just in that sort of way. All these works, and the trinkets we get made by the native jewellers, cost a great deal of money in the actual materials, but the workmen themselves cost very little; there is no difficulty

in finding them, and they make no difficulties either about their work or their treatment. Then we never see any money, so we are not restrained by attachment to a particular 10*l.* note, or dislike of changing a sovereign. The Baboo buys all the things, doubles their price for his own profit, and Captain Byrne pays him; so the money somehow is all gone without our knowing how. However, we are indulging in these things and in buying books now while our English stock of clothes lasts. George is quite well and uncommonly happy—at least, he thinks it happiness to write from six in the morning till six in the evening; but I can see how despotic power, without the bother of Parliament and immense patronage, may be rather pleasant. Fanny is very happy too, I believe. Barrackpore is her great passion. In another climate Barrackpore would be worth one hundred Calcuttas, but as we are shut up equally in both houses, and can have no shopping in the town, and no rural pursuits in the country, it appears to me there is no great preference to be given to either, except as it suits the convenience of other people; and as I suppose all our aides-de-camp have their little private amusements at

Calcutta, it probably puts them out to come here. It is a more fatiguing life than Calcutta, because there we are alone all the daytime, except on Thursdays from ten to twelve, and the blessing of being alone in this country one cannot be sufficiently thankful for; whereas here the house is always full.

I think I have told you as much about us as you can digest. Mind when you write, you go into details enough about yourself, your house, your work, &c. I am obliged to mention that to everybody, because we are sure to hear, somehow, all the gossip of the day, but little home details are the air I happen to breathe, and people fancy they are not to talk about themselves, which is all very well when I can see them and hear of them from others, but it does not answer out here. Pray write a great deal about yourself.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

July 6.

I long very much to hear from you after you have had one or two of these long letters; first

to know whether they are entirely ruinous? Some people say that they cost nothing, some that they cost a fortune; but then nobody here knows anything—poor baked creatures! Secondly, how tiresome they are? And, thirdly, how many of them come to hand? I think I see you saying to Sister, 'I am rather tired of Calcutta and Barrackpore, and the heat and the natives, aren't you? I wish they could write about something else.' It is all so tiresome in *doing*, that in *telling*, I cannot imagine what it may be; but then it is all 'the fault of them wot transported us here;' and bad as the climate is, our healths are all very good. Mine is much better than usual. Moore is the only great sufferer; he has had one bad illness after another ever since we left England; but Dr. Drummond says, and, indeed, everybody sees, by his own fault. He will go out in the sun, even in the middle of the day, and he never is quiet for a moment; but he has had a very serious illness in consequence the last week, and is frightened now, and will be quieter.

We have been here nearly four months—the third part of a year, the twelfth part of four years. These calculations I make for you, as

they are difficult to people not in the hourly habit of them.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Barrackpore, July 10.

I ought to have written to you some time ago, but as I promised I would, the promise you know was as good as the performance, it showed my excellent intention, 'the earnestness of my affection—my devotion,' as Falstaff says, and what more would you have? But the day before yesterday was a grand fête day—ten English letters arrived to my own particular address. Amongst others yours, with the little worked scent-bag in it. The bag is lovely, not a bit tarnished by its long voyage, though if it ever contained anything that was to smell sweet, it must have suffered from sea-sickness, as it is quite empty; but it is a pretty little article, and Wright had just been fitting up a very elaborate basket for my dressing-table, a division whereof your bag exactly fits, and it receives the elegant form of my watch at night, and is then covered over by a counterpane of

Indian muslin and lace. I mean to take great care of it, but all the care in the world will not avail in this season, everything grows rusty in a night. My drawings are all blistered, my books all mildewed, my gowns all spotted—in short, everything is going to rack and ruin, and as the milliners and shopkeepers will not open any of their packages this weather, we may with bad luck, be reduced to going about very odd figures indeed—rather in the native line. I mean to make this letter up out of *odd* things strange events that cannot happen to you manners and customs utterly opposed to your cockney habits.

The day before yesterday the rain came down very much as if the river had got up and out of its bed, and was walking about the park it actually washed the fish out of the tanks, so that they were hopping about in the grass, and the servants were paddling about catching them Rosina caught a shocking cold in this exercise and has been very ill for two days; and because she bought back her caste some weeks ago (which of course she had lost by going to England), it is very difficult to feed her properly; she cannot take any tea or anything that our

English servants have, nor anything that other Mussulman servants, either of a lower or a higher caste, have cooked, so her son comes five miles with tea that he has cooked for her, and she cannot drink it while any that are not of her own caste are in the room.

Yesterday when George and I had got on our elephant, which is a very large one, Chance chose to go running before it, barking for joy, as he used to do when he went out walking at home, and the elephant was so frightened that it would not move on, and screamed, I suppose, from fear of being eaten up. It is so tall that, though it kneels down to take us up, we have, at the peril of our lives, to mount a ladder of eight steps to get on its back; and when it gets up, first on its fore feet, we are tilted back in an alarming manner. One of its paws would cover two such little splacknucks as Chance, and knead them into the ground, so that not a hair would be left visible; but still they cannot stand a dog's barking, and I was obliged to have the mouse taken away for fear of its annihilating the mountain.

Another curious creature is what they call an elephant-fly, which occasionally comes into the

drawing-room, about the size of a bantam's egg, and so hard that stepping upon it don't hurt it, and so strong that if you put a plate over it, it scuttles across the room, plate and all. I cannot abide that animal, nor, indeed, many others.

There were a set of flying bugs (saving your presence) in my dressing-room three days ago, all over the table, and bouncing against me wherever I moved; and, though they do not bite, their smell is something shocking—in short, there is no end to the plague of animals. It charms me when I see one great adjutant kick another off the roof of Government House. They are nearly six feet high, and sometimes there are 150 of them on the roof, where they each have their own places, and if one takes the place of the other, the rightful owner simply kicks him down.

These little facts in natural history will do you great honour if you place them naturally in the course of conversation.

Most people go out driving without bonnets, and a great many without caps, but I have hitherto stuck to my bonnet, because I think the glare as bad as the heat.

What else can I tell you that is odd?

I wish you could see my passage sometimes. The other day when I set off to pay George a visit I could not help thinking how strange it would have seemed at home. It was a rainy day, so all the servants were at home. The two tailors were sitting in one window, making a new gown for me, and Rosina by them chopping up her betel-nut; at the opposite window were my two Dacca embroiderers working at a large frame, and the sentry, in an ecstasy of admiration, mounting guard over them. There was the bearer standing upright, in a sweet sleep, pulling away at my punkah. My own five servants were sitting in a circle, with an English spelling book, which they were learning by heart; and my jemadar, who, out of compliment to me, has taken to draw, was sketching a bird. Chance's servant was waiting at the end of the passage for his 'little excellency' to go out walking, and a Chinese was waiting with some rolls of satin that he had brought to show. All these were in livery, except the Chinese and another man, who had on a green and silver cap instead of a red and gold turban, and as I came out he flung himself

down on the ground, and began knocking his head against the floor, whining and talking in the most melancholy way, which, as I don't understand a word of Hindustani, was of great use. However, I took for granted his house was burnt, which happens to all our servants constantly, and they expect us to pay for a new house; so I told the jemadar to tell him to stand up, as I never would give anything to anybody who went on begging in that crouching way, and to ask what had happened; and, after a great deal more whining and sobbing, the jemadar began interpreting: 'By your favour, the man say, he be your Lady Sahib's housemaid—what we call *mater*—and the Lord Sahib's mater have got a red turban, and this man say he got none.' So I said I would ask Major Byrne about it, but I had no objection to give him money privately for a turban if there was any difficulty. 'Oh! but Major Byrne have given him white turban, only no red cloth in it, and he so sorry.' I am sure if he had lost all his relations he could not have cried more, and the misfortune is that Major Byrne is quite obdurate about it, and says he is not to have this rag of his ambition; so, to

keep things comfortable, I see I shall have surreptitiously to give him the cover of my dressing-box, which is composed of scarlet baize, and will make up into a very handsome turban.

We have been reading 'Gilbert Gurney,' and there are two or three bits in it about going on board ship—and about Indians and their ways —this is so like us. Nobody can understand why it makes us laugh so; but all his nonsense about Peons, palanquins, and punkahs, is in fact so perfectly true, I quite like him for it.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Government House, Sunday, July 22.

We went to the Scotch Church, where there is supposed to be very good preaching; but it is clear to me that they want a pattern sermon sent out to Calcutta, just as new gowns and bonnets are sent; and I think you must trouble Dr. Thorpe to make them up a morning sermon and Mr. Blunt an evening one, for we cannot manage it for ourselves. Mr. ——, the Scotch clergyman, is an excellent man, and his prayer

after the sermon was a very beautiful one, though I like to know beforehand what I am going to pray for, but he said, in the real fervent tone that belonged to it, 'Bless our native land, from which we are wanderers and exiles, and bless, with Thy choicest blessings, those dearly loved friends whom we have left there,' which was just what I was watching for. But I think the fault of the Scotch service is that ignorance in the congregation of what they are to expect, and also the very small quantity of the Bible that is read. The whole service is so entirely the word of man and not the Word of God. There was some beautiful singing in this church. George did not go out again to-day, and Fanny and I took a drive in the evening.

Monday, July 23.

We had a Madras juggler quietly smuggled into ——'s room this morning, and he and Fanny and I, with Wright and Jones at the side scenes, established ourselves there to see him. He was not like the noisy jugglers we had last week, and some of his tricks surpassed all belief. He did all the tricks the Indian jugglers in England used to do with balls and

balancing, and swallowing the sword, &c., and then he spit fire in large flames, and put a little rice into the top of a basket on a small tray and shook it, and *before our eyes* a tiny handful of rice turned into a large quantity of cowrie shells. Then he made a little boy, who is one of my servants, sit down, and he put a small black pebble into his hand and apparently did nothing but wave a little *baguette* round his head, and forty rupees (coins as big as half-crowns) came tumbling out of the boy's little hands. He made him pick them up again, and hold them as tight as he could, and in an instant the rupees were all gone and a large live frog jumped out. The little boy was so frightened that I gave him a book the next day for having gone through such alarms. We were so charmed with our juggler that we told him to come to-morrow night when George could see him.

TO A FRIEND.

Government House, July 23.

I have given up my journal. It was so tiresome—was it not? I always saw you quite *excédée* and worn out with our journeyings

backwards and forwards to Barrackpore, trying to carry it off well out of sentiment, but wishing I would say nothing more about it. The fact was, I tried to read one of my journals, and there never was so fatal an experiment; it was enough to put the most excitable subject to sleep. Perhaps I may begin again in the course of time, but I believe a shorter one kept for my own information would be quite enough.

But what makes me write to-day in this immense bustle, is the receipt of your letter of the 4th of April, per 'Mary Ann Webb,' or some name of that sort, and these bring us up to the date of the overland letters; so now whatever we receive will be all new, and, what is odd, I am sorry for it. Those overland short letters tell us you are all well, and then the details that come in the intermediate letters are not at all spoiled. Dates are of no consequence at that distance. We have tried the experiment now, and know it, and the feeling of security with which we open these letters is delightful. The next arrival will be *trepidating*, because though we know you were all quite well on the 4th, we cannot guess what may have happened on the 5th of April; and

I do not know how one would bear any misfortune here. One of the things I watch myself about particularly is any leaning to *shape* out some particular calamity that *may* have happened at home, because, though I am never half an hour without a vague fancy or dream of some kind, yet if it take any decided form, however unlikely or absurd, I find it haunts me afterwards, and I think it will bring itself to pass. I see I cannot express what I mean, but in this dreamy, idle climate, with all one's affections 15,000 miles off, one becomes superstitious and timid.

We have been so lucky about letters this last month—constant small supplies of them—and this morning I was woke by yours and ——'s before seven. I like them to come at that hour, I can study them, and it makes it no trouble to get up and dress. Letters agree with me, and invigorate my constitution wonderfully.

You will have heard from us about our books long before this, and will have seen that we have no chance of any but what you send us, and our appetite for *trash* becomes daily more diseased and insatiable: so you are

hereby constituted our book-agent, and you can settle with Rodwell the set he is to send, and if any other friends call upon him and suggest other books that are not in your list, he can throw them in too; but *you* had better be constantly *targing* him with a long set of names, and make him send more constantly and in smaller quantities than he seems inclined to do. We have had 'Rienzi' and 'Gilbert Gurney,'—thanks to Mr. Trower, who belongs to a book-club, and has sacrificed his week's share of these books to me, because I did a sketch for him. I shall be obliged to do another if the box does not arrive soon. What a book 'Gilbert Gurney' is! He always makes his little hits at India with such success, and it puts the people here in such a rage. I wonder whether I shall ever have the proper feeling of resentment for any Indian ridicule. At present it puts me into hysterics of delight. We are going on just as usual.

Our last Tuesday was a very brilliant ball, and was supposed to assist two or three young ladies in their settlement in life, and our two last Thursday mornings have been so fully attended that last time there were not chairs or

sofas enough for our guests to sit down. Nothing can be more fatiguing I should suppose to all parties concerned. Fanny and I, with our best intentions, cannot speak to *more* than four people at once. It is a tiresome job altogether —those mornings at home; but, after all, it only lasts two hours, and it keeps the rest of the week so cool and comfortable. That is a great comfort to me here, the number of hours I can pass alone without any fear of being called down. We breakfast at nine, and dawdle about the hall for a quarter of an hour, reading the papers, and doing a little civility to the household; then Fanny and I go to the drawing-room and work and write till twelve, when I go up to my own room, and read and write till two. Fanny stays downstairs, as she likes it better than her own room. I do my shopping, too, at this hour; the natives come with work, and silks, and anything they think they have a chance of selling, and sometimes one picks up a tempting article in the way of work. At two we all meet for luncheon, and George brings with him anybody who may happen to be doing business with him at the time. Fanny generally pays —— a visit, and I pay George a short one after luncheon,

and then I go up to my own room, and have three hours and a half comfortably by myself. I draw to a great amount, and was making a lovely set of costumes, but my own pursuits have been cut in upon by other people. One person wants a picture of a sister she has lost touched up, and in fact renewed, as the damp has utterly destroyed it. Another has a picture of a brother in England, in a draped cloak, and with flowing hair, and the picture is only lent to her, and he is such a darling, only she has not seen him for some years, and if I could make a copy of it, &c. There are no professional artists in Calcutta, except one who paints a second-rate sort of sign-posts, and though I cannot make much of all these likenesses, yet it feels like a duty to help anybody to a likeness of a friend at home, and it is one of the very few good-natured things it is possible to do here, so I have been very busy the last ten days making copies of these pictures.

To finish our day: at six we go out. George and I ride every day now; Fanny about once in three times. At 7.30 we dress; dine at eight, and at ten go off to bed.

The weeks we do not go up to Barrackpore

we dine alone at least four days out of the seven, which is a great set-off against the superior charms of Barrackpore; but there we always have the house full, and I have yet to discover the person whom I like to sit next to at dinner three days running. However, you see we have many more quiet hours than I expected in this odd unnatural life, and though I have horrid fits of yearning to see you, and sometimes find I have wasted a whole hour in ridiculous dreams of how it is to come to pass, and then rouse up in a fever of desperation because it is not true, yet a good many of my thoughts are very pleasant. I have lived so very much in the past. I have recollected so many bits of our lives that I had not thought of for years, and we have certainly had a great many hours of very considerable enjoyment. Most of my best recollections are Eden Farm days. Are not yours? Oh dear! how I *do wish* (I cannot put emphasis enough on that wish) that you were here, if only for a morning visit.

I am sure we shall not stay away six years nor anything like it. I do not know why, but Fanny and I have settled that we shall be only three years here, and one going and coming. I forget

what put it in our heads, partly I think because I could not bear it a day longer, so that settles the point; but I am sure we shall not exceed five years at the worst.

We have bought our house at Simla preparatory to going up the country fifteen months hence, and we have let it for this year. George and I and Major Byrne did this quietly without telling anybody, as otherwise the price would have been doubled. I tell George, that we are living dreadfully in the future, for besides settling about *the grates* and fixtures in our house in the Himalaya Mountains, I have been buying some beautiful Chinese satin, and am going to engage two more Dacca embroiderers to work constantly in my passage at some furniture for our house at Knightsbridge. They can work chairs, ottomans, and screens such as are not to be seen in England, and we can send them home to be taken care of till we come ourselves.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO ——.

Calcutta, Tuesday, July 24.

Miss Fane came alone to dine with us, and we had the *young band* to play at dinner—a

set of little boys, all under fourteen, who are learning music, and are to replace the old band as it wears out. It is surprising how well they played, and I had them here to-night that they might have the treat of the juggler, which quite answered to all parties. He is better the second time than the first.

Wednesday, July 25.

It is odd that whenever George and I are alone we invariably find ourselves talking hard English politics—admiration of the prosperity of the country—of His Majesty's ministers, &c. Indian politics are clearly not half so amusing.

Thursday, July 27.

An immense levee again; but we had sent away all our tables and introduced more chairs, and it did better than last Thursday. I had a long consultation afterwards with the chief justice, who is a great hand at private theatricals, and George wanted to have some charades or a farce got up to vary our Tuesday's parties. The chief justice would take the part of manager, and is dying to act. There are heaps of actors who have volunteered, but an actress

cannot be found. There is a company of French actors coming from the Mauritius, and I think we might have them occasionally at Government House; but then again very few of the society speak French. The chief justice and one or two others are so set upon arranging a farce that perhaps they may make it out, but I cannot see how.

And so we came up to Barrackpore, and Miss Fane came with us.

Barrackpore, Friday, July 28.

I never saw this place looking prettier. The river comes nearly up to the house at this time of the year, and makes that poor little snivelling Thames look like a miserable dirty drop of a thing.

George and I went out riding in the afternoon by ourselves and went and listened to the band, which plays in the park every Friday, and did a bit of politeness to the Barrackporeans who assembled to hear it. We have been rather remiss about them lately.

We were all playing at cards and billiards when an immense packet of letters came in, and the cards and counters, and balls and

maces were all tossed anywhere and the packet torn open, and we all began screaming, 'That's ——'s hand,' and 'There's Robert's,' and 'This is from Maria to me,' and then came 'What's the date?' 'Is it the May overland packet?' and then we all looked, and there was 'November, 1835,' at the top of each letter, and Captain Champneys began reading his, which was an elaborate excuse from a man at the Calcutta Custom House, saying that by some odd mistake these letters had been lying there *four months*, and had only just been discovered. They were answers to our Madeira letters; the *second* set you all sent off for us, which we have always given up as lost at sea—which we were starving for—which would have been worth their weight in gold at the time—and which, as it is, I have read all through with considerable interest, though I said out of spite that I would not. But it is provoking, is it not?

Monday, August 1.

We came back early to Calcutta. No letters Sir H. Fane has been very ill to-day. George and I rode, and went to his house to ask after

him, and thought his doctor very fidgetty about him.

Tuesday, August 2.

Sir H. Fane is much better. People here get into danger and out of danger in such a rapid manner, that it keeps one constantly on the alert.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Government House, August 2.
(Finished August 9, 1836.)

MY DEAREST ISTER,—There are no ships going, from the ridiculous reason that none have come in, but I go on writing all the same. The overland despatch, which came in last week, has been a shocking blow to us—knocked us down flat. It had every merit that an overland mail should have; it came in *less* than two months from London to Calcutta—the first time such a thing has ever happened. It brought accounts that our arrival here was known the 3rd of June; it brought merchants' answers to letters that were written only four months ago, but not a single line from any human being to us. '*Ça casse bras et jambe*,' as Potier used to say; and from the stray

papers that have been lent to us, we have collected garbled accounts of most interesting events. Mrs. S. V——'s death I always expected, and it is one of the few cases in which one feels almost secure that it is a change to blessedness. Such a really good life, and there are so few, that it certainly is pleasure rather than pain to think that the race is actually run and won. You have no idea how awful it is to receive a pile of English papers for two months, without letters to break what is to come, or to state it at once; but we go from paper to paper, looking at the list of deaths, not knowing what a day may bring forth. It is horrid!

I have nothing particularly new to say, though of course you are interested in the least details of the interesting people with whom we live. The rains have turned out a total failure, there has not been a drop for the last ten days, and we are steaming up the slop we made at first. However, the evenings are cooler than in the hot season, and the skies wonderfully beautiful.

I think you would like to know about my garden. It is turning out very pretty, though

the plants do not grow up in a night, as I thought they would, but they have done a great deal in six weeks. Do you know the *Gloriosa superba?*—a fine invention, and it grows almost wild here. We cannot achieve a cowslip, and nobody has ever seen a daisy, but the yucca (I do not know how it is spelt—a sort of aloe I mean), with its thousands of white bells, grows along the sides of every road, and lovely it looks. Then there are roses all the year round here; that is some compensation. My garden is really pr ty, but as I mean to make a sketch of it for you, whenever it is cool enough to sketch, I won't describe it. I have had a sort of altar built in the middle of it, in imitation of one I saw at the head of a ghaut, the vase thereof to be filled with flowers. It was finished the hot day we were at Barrackpore. The natives do those things beautifully, and make them smooth and shining, like marble, with a composition they call *chunam*. My altar was built, and covered with all sorts of pretty ornaments; the three stark-naked savages who had put it up were admiring their work and putting a finishing touch here and there, when there came on one of those storms

of rain which last ten minutes, and flood the whole place. The water filled the chinks of the new brickwork, and the altar fell quietly down like a card-house, and was all single bricks again. George was looking out of the window, and had the fun of seeing it. I have given general directions to be called when such a catastrophe is likely to occur, as no fun must be wasted here. The natives very quietly set to work and built it all up again. I see the danger of this life will be the habit of fancying one may have anything one wants (except fresh air and friends). If twenty-four gardeners will not make a new garden, forty-eight will. Before I thought of this altar I had asked a Captain Fitzgerald, who is called a civil engineer, for a plan of a chunam vase for fish and water-lilies, and he is such a very civil engineer that he has not only made a beautiful design, but is putting up two of the vases, one on each side of my altar: but I try to remember that when we go back to Knightsbridge, I must haggle prodigiously about the price of a dozen iron sticks for the garden.

For a Calcutta amusement I have set up pigeons in my balcony. Major Byrne gave me

six beautiful pigeons, all manner of colours, and I have had part of my balcony netted over, and keep them there; and as they all fight it is a constant diversion to keep the peace and to feed them all. It seems odd to require these diversions, but the sun now sets so late that we can barely be out an hour. We cannot go till 6.30, and till that time we are from 9 A.M., when we breakfast, obliged to fill up the time for ourselves. Fanny and I sit together in the morning, but absolute solitude is quite necessary, great part of the day, for everybody; and one's eyes grow tired of reading and drawing, and then Fanny takes to her parrots and paroquets, and I am able to offer a pea to a pigeon.

This letter is now a week old (August 8), and we have had seven days of dreadful weather, hot and vapoury, and not a breath of air nor a drop of rain, and everybody says it is very odd and very shocking, but just what they told us to expect the end of September; but that, I take the liberty to remark, is no reason why we are to suffer from it the beginning of August. Poor little Chance feels it dreadfully, and I am afraid is not long for this

world. He has had two fits this week, which is the sure sign, in this country, of a dog not being able to bear the climate. —— has taught him such quantities of odd tricks, and he is so unlike anything else here, that he will be a dreadful loss to the whole family. There is no such thing as a small dog to be seen here. I took him last night to sleep in my mosquito-house, that he might have the advantage of the punkah. Could you make such a sacrifice for Dandy? But neither he nor anything else can breathe at night, just now, without a punkah, so I am obliged to help him.

We are, happily, all well, though there has been a great deal of illness in Calcutta; the doctors say their list has trebled the last fortnight. Sir H. Fane has been one of the worst cases, but he is out of danger, and goes off to the Sandheads in one of our boats to-morrow. That is always the final cure, and I take it to be a thorough punishment for the folly of being ill. People generally go in the pilot vessels, which are swarming with cockroaches; and they cruise about, for ten days, in the roughest of seas, but come back pretty well.

Though people have very violent illnesses here, and those that are well, look about as fresh as an English *corpse*, yet I do not think the mortality is greater than in any other country, and the old-fashioned days of imprudence about health are quite as much gone by as the times of great extravagance. People save their money, and don't go out in the sun.

Wright has been laid up with erysipelas in her foot. Rosina is an excellent old creature, yet she is sometimes ten minutes trying to put the eye into the hook instead of the hook into the eye; and in the morning, when I say I will wear my blue muslin, she brings out my pink satin with short sleeves, and says, 'Dees blue gown the Lady Sahib mean?' She gave a cunning wink yesterday when I asked how Wright was: 'She cry because me dress her lady; but never mind, she can't dress lady without her foot, poor ting. When foot get well, she dress lady again, and me hold pins.' I asked her how Chance was after his physic: 'Oh! so crass, so crass! when Jimhoe (that is Chance's servant) pour castor oil down, me tell Jimhoe, "You no go home while Chance ill;" and he say, "Oh, no, on no account!" he set by Chance all

day.' The only amusing thing I have here is their broken English.

God bless you, my very dear sister. I wish I was not so oppressed with the tiresomeness of my own letters. I think I won't write any more, but just drive quietly to East Combe, sit down in the breakfast-room on that low chair, take the 'Favourite of Nature' out of that bookcase over the fireplace, open the window wide open for some real fresh air, and have a good gossip while you arrange your flowers. Oh dear, dear but it is no use talking; only I do live in England for hours together, though you don't perceive me.

Your most particularly affectionate,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Government House, August 3, 1836.

We went to see the Alipore Jail, where prisoners, who would be hanged in England, are shut up for life. They are (as I suppose all people are, who have nothing left to hope for) a most desperate set, and about two years ago murdered a Mr. Richardson, the magistrate who had the charge of Alipore Jail. They are all

fettered, of course, but they threw him down when he was visiting them, and murdered him with the little brass jars which all natives carry about with them to drink out of. His poor wife was sitting in the carriage at the door, and never knew what was going on till the body was found. Mr. Patten, his successor, wished George to see the jail, and so we all went together that we might be all brass-potted at once, if it was to be done—and there was an army of soldiers—Dr. Drummond to bring us to life—and the Chief Justice to try the murderers. At first we had not intended to walk round amongst them, but they looked very peaceable, and we were curious to see them. They were one thousand two hundred in number—all confined for capital crimes, and all sorts of castes and tribes—not at all ferocious-looking, and, in fact, here, where life is little valued, a great proportion of them are shut up for what would be merely manslaughter, or an assault with us. It was melancholy to see the very old men who had been in fetters for so many years, but worse to see some very young ones, with life before them, the whole of it to be passed in

this prison-yard. There were six boys—the eldest thirteen, the youngest only nine—who had been sent from up the country only that morning, convicted of murder; in fact, a quarrel with another boy—they were already fettered, and sitting in a group together—and there they are for life! The prisoners presented quantities of petitions, which Mr. Patten says they do every time he goes round the jail. Some of them beg so hard that some term may be named—if it is *only* one hundred years—that they may think they have a chance of getting out.

You may have read in Miss Roberts about the *Thugs*, a species of Burkers, but more cool-blooded. They travel for weeks with their victims, and at last contrive to strangle them and bury them: and this has been going on for centuries, and only discovered lately, since which two thousand Thugs have been taken, and either hanged or transported. There were none in the jail to-day, but Mr. Patten says he always keeps them apart from the others, and he had one there a little while ago who was six feet high, and whose hair hung down to his feet, and spread over three feet of ground besides; it

was twisted like ropes, and he said that he used to keep the knife and ropes with which he despatched his victims hid in his hair.

Thursday, August 4.

We had our usual levee, and George went to see the Asiatic College, where I called for him, and he drove to Mrs. Wilson's Orphan Asylum. The children have been working a table-cover I gave them, and have done it beautifully, and I paid for it and brought it home.

Friday, August 5.

We went to Mrs. Leache's benefit at the Town Hall; the acting was really very good. All amateur acting, except the female performers; but the heat! Even the most hardened Indians say they never felt anything like it. There was a great crowd; very small punkahs; and nothing but a hot steam coming in at the windows. 'This gives you a perfect idea of our September,' they say with an air of perspiring complacency. 'So much the greater shame for your August,' is all I can say in answer. Everybody has been, or is, ill except us. Our English constitution still keeps up.

Sunday, August 7.

Was so hot that nobody could go to morning church, and in the evening we went to the Fort Church, which was like a kettle of boiling water; but Mr. —— simmered out an excellent sermon while we were stewing.

Monday, August 8.

Council day, and consequently I beat poor Mr. Shakespear a game of chess.

Dwarkanauth Tagore, a very rich native, had asked us to go and see his villa. He is a follower of Ram Mohun Roy; speaks excellent English; has built a regular English villa, with billiard-room, &c., and fitted it up with statues and pictures, and Copley Fieldings, and Prouts, and French china, &c.; and he asked us to name a day on which to see it. George was delighted, and named Monday; upon which all Calcutta got greatly excited, because the Governor-General was going to dine with a native. The fact of a native dining with a Governor-General is much more remarkable, and Dwarkanauth is one of the very few that would even sit by while we were eating. However, we only went to see the place, and went in par-

ticular state, in order to please the poor, fussy people, with carriages-and-four and guards. —— and Fanny in his phaeton, and Major —— in his cab, and Captain —— in his, and even the Doctor in his, and George and I in the Government coach, and quantities of servants; in short, nothing could look less *affable*—or be more easy—when we got there. Dwarkanauth talks excellent English, and had got Mr. Parker, one of the cleverest people here, to do the honours; and there were elephants on the lawn, and boats on the tank, and ices in the summer-house, and quantities of beautiful pictures and books, and rather a less burning evening than usual; so it answered very well, and we came home, with all the noise we could make, to dinner. But we hear he gives remarkably good dinners to everybody else.

George says he is sure that the staring, *round* look which everybody's eyes have here, is not, as is always supposed, occasioned by the heat and by the shrinking of the eyelids, but by the knack they have of wondering at everything. The least deviation from every day's routine puts them out.

Tuesday, August 9.

More astonishment for them! There is a French company of actors just landed from the Mauritius, and, to diversify our Tuesdays, I have sent for them, and saw M. de la Jarriette to-day, and engaged him; and as we cannot make the Town-hall scenery fit our ball-room, we are going to have a theatre fitted up for ourselves.

Wednesday, August 10.

Saw Captain ——, who undertakes to have the theatre ready by Tuesday. The newspapers have taken up the theatricals as quite correct, and think it right that there should be amusement at Government House; but there is a party against them, though the odd thing is, that some of the very strict ones, who will not come to our Tuesdays when there is dancing, do not think the plays so bad. It does seem very odd that mothers of families should not see how absolutely *right* it is that the number of boys who are here (exposed to every possible temptation, and in a country where it is a fashion to seem dissipated and extravagant), should be, if possible, kept in good society, and under the

eye of people on whom their promotion depends. And if dancing here from nine to half-past eleven, without cards, without supper, without even wine, amuses them, and keeps them in the society of respectable people, it surely must be better than shutting up the house, and saying it is *wrong* to be amused. It is very *difficult*, at least *I* think so; but the young cadets and writers do not, and I am sure they do not get too much of it. I enclose from the paper the amusements of the month. It is just the same thing in every day's paper. We had a large dinner in the evening. I wish that were reckoned immoral, but the very strictest make no objection to dinners.

Thursday, August 11.

We had rather a smaller set of visitors, and more amusing. Sir H. Fane is gone to the Sandheads, to recover from his fever. George wrote to ask if any honours of salutes, &c., could be paid to his embarkation. We think so much of these things, and are by no means easy in our minds upon the subject of a salute that *our* Fort did not return to *our* ship 'Wolf,' because 'Wolf' had gone and disguised herself

in order to take some pirates, so that we did not know her to be our own particular frigate. The papers are full of it, but I do not see what can be done, for, being both English, it is difficult for the fort and the frigate to go to war, and yet that is the only sensible, easy way out of it. However, we can be in no such difficulty between the Commander-in-chief and the Governor-General. The aide-de-camp in waiting begged to intimate that he and the Commander-in-chief were going on board '*strictly incog.*'—quite strict, you understand.

We closed our box for England to-day, and just as it was nailed down we received a large packet of letters by the 'Isabella Cooper,' chiefly of March, and some up to the 12th of April—a nice long one from you, one of Mr. ——'s to me and one to Fanny, and two or three others. We went in the evening to Barrackpore—George and I in the carriage; and besides having studied my letters all the afternoon, I read them with him then. It is very shocking, but there were two long letters from Lady Glengall, and we have known for three weeks of her death by the overland packet. I wish that overland packet did not

come in its unfinished *slammacking* way, interfering with the regular course of things. We have also received our box of books, which are very satisfactory as far as they go, but not half enough. However, you will have received, long ago, letters by which you will perceive that we want books—more and oftener. It is of vital importance that we should feed our poor yellow Indian minds with constant amusement, so I wish, dear, you would take upon yourself to send off a box of the newest publications once in two months, and do not let people scratch anything out of your list. The more trash the better. We are essentially trashy by nature, write a good deal of trashiness superinduced by India; so only be liberal of any books—but those that concern India—and we shall not complain.

Friday, August 12.

We had a sort of a puppet-show, called a *Cutpootley*, in the evening, more like the Fantoccini, I believe, but I never saw them. It was very pretty; at least fifty little puppets on the stage at once, dancing nautches, riding elephants, &c.; and between the acts the

showmen mimicked old women and *English sailors*, greatly to the amusement of our servants.

Saturday, August 13.

Mr. Blunt arrived from China, where he went about three months ago, and took some commissions from us to the C. Elliots, which they have not yet had time to execute; but Mrs. Elliot has sent us two very pretty filagree card-cases of silver, and a delicious piece of satin for George, much too good to be the dressing-gown she calls it. Mr. Blunt, too, has brought two Siamese partridges for our menagerie, the only entirely new birds I have seen. They are very small, something like the breast of a peacock on the back, with rich brown crests and scarlet legs, and all other colours speckled here and there, somehow, or another.

George is going to build a school, at his own private expense, for native children, and we went to look for a corner of the Park to put it in.

Monday, August 15.

We were in Calcutta by half-past seven.

The theatre is almost finished, and is as

pretty a little article as I ever saw, with orchestra, dressing-room, &c. A very hard-working morning. The lamps would not do, and the French people are very troublesome; and our band chose to give themselves airs, and could not play vaudevilles; and I found the benevolent —— driven into a frenzy of a quiet description by them, so I took upon myself, for the first time, and scolded everybody all round, particularly the band-master, who has wanted it some time; and I found myself saying, quite seriously, 'I have not an idea what you mean, Mr. ——, by the etiquette of the first violin and second violin. The Governor-General must have whatever music he chooses to order, and it is your fault if the band can't play it. It is a great disgrace for you if, when Lord Auckland wishes for some vaudevilles, you cannot play them.' It was so like one of T. Hook's speeches, but it had immediate effect, and I fancy he is perfect master of '*Faut l'oublier*' and '*Ça m'est égal*' by this time.

I crept into the ball-room to overhear the actors rehearse, and it was rather refreshing to hear the little jolly songs of their farces. The *jeune première* is not to say pretty; but she

carries off her ugliness very well, and seems to be a really good actress.

Tuesday, August 16.

A shocking catastrophe! The *jeune première* has got one of the fevers all new arrivals have, by rehearsing in the heat yesterday; and as M. de la Jarriette, the manager, says, with a strong 'Comment doubler nos emplois dans un pays comme celui-ci, et comment jouer sans jeune première?' it is put off till her fever leaves her, and Captain —— and Captain —— have passed the morning in preparing our guests to-night to dance, instead of listening to a play they cannot understand. I suppose everybody had made up their mind to come, for it was the largest party we have had yet, and the hottest night. I thought the crowd might render the house untenable, so I went out on the verandah, and there was not the slightest difference between the heat of a ball-room and the natural atmosphere.

Wednesday 17th, Thursday 18th, and Friday 19th.

I was done up with pains in my head and bones, and thought I was going to have the

fever that everybody else has, but I believe it was only the extraordinary damp heat of the weather.

Saturday, August 20.

Still hot; but there was a great storm in the afternoon, and when George and I went out driving the evening was quite cool, with plenty of air, and I felt suddenly quite well again and very hungry. I always have detested heat, and now I see why.

Sunday, August 21.

It poured so violently, that after the carriage came round we could not go to church; but we had a nice cool drive in the evening, and ended at the Fort Church, and came home to a late dinner.

FROM THE HON. F. H. EDEN TO A FRIEND.

Government House, August 22, 1836.

MY DEAR,—This is going to be a mere pretence of a letter, for I am doing that most odious of all things, writing a great many letters to a great many unoffending individuals to go by one particular ship; and the aggregate of bore which will in consequence fall upon both writer

and reader, is fearful to think of. By the same ship, I have sent you the most frightful little commonplace netting-case you ever saw; in fact, it hardly *is* a netting-case, but the day we were packing up a box for England, they sent it here with other things for us to look at, and I, thinking of your purse-netting propensities, slipped it in.

Bengal produces nothing pretty; that's clear! But I have now established a private correspondence with China, which I expect to produce great things. I have a private venture of my own, now, upon the ocean. If the articles should be contraband, it will give an added zest to the transaction. Those clever creatures, the Chinese, only send their worst manufactures out of the country, but now and then a Chinese captain abstracts some article that gives a great idea of the treasures which might be procured there. They make silks with embossed flowers in them, so stiff and grand they would sit up all alone on a chair. To appear in one of those silks would make all the Calcutta ladies fall down in separate fainting fits; because, being in Asia, they think it

incumbent upon them to wear only what comes from Europe.

I never look at the thermometer, now, for fear the shock should be too much for me; but whenever I have reason to believe, from my own feelings, that it is not higher than 100°, I will come rustling down in a China silk, with the walk and bearing of a mandarin, and thereby give the Calcutta world the pleasure of a shock.

The tailors who sit stitching at our doors, make our bonnets; and we, who are not *above* China silks, find them a very easy article of dress to get; in fact, they will soon be the only articles we have to wear, for while this rainy season lasts, the milliners would rather die and be buried in their own tin boxes, than open one to give us out a gown. We heard a great deal before the season began, of the destruction it would bring to us, our birds, our dogs, and our clothes, but it surpasses all I could imagine. The dogs lay themselves flat down all day and think it too much trouble to walk across the room. We talk of buying some palankeens and hiring some Pariah dogs to carry Chance and the two greyhounds.

Two very meritorious little parrots, the size of sparrows, who always slept hanging by their claws with their heads downwards, have died this week—of apoplexy, I suppose. And a paroquet with a plum-coloured head, who has every merit a paroquet *can* (and more than most human beings *do*) possess, is dangerously ill, and has its own doctor attending it twice a day.

Consider my feelings, the other day when I was sitting in my room, with half a dozen birds walking about the table, to see —— walk in with a large white Persian cat under each arm. 'There,' he said with a smile of extraordinary complacency, 'I have brought you some quite new pets; remarkably handsome animals.' Two spurious white tigers! in fact, had they been real tigers, the birds and I should have received them better; and the melancholy result is, that our maids, who, like all ladies-maids, have a natural love of cats, have each insisted upon having one. It is the knowledge of that fact which has preyed upon the paroquet's spirits and is bringing him to an untimely grave.

Oh, my dear! such a beautiful cow's tail

they have just brought me. If you ever have an Alderney cow within reach, cut off its tail, and have it mounted in silver: you will be surprised at its beauty.

Your feathers are written for, up the country; the birds in these parts do not grow them, but I have seen samples of them, and they are very pretty. I wonder whether this will find you in England. I cannot write more, for the 'Perfect' sails to-morrow, and I must get one or two more letters done. God bless you, dear! When once you get to England, how you must write.

Yours most affectionately,

F. H. EDEN.

FROM THE HON. EMILY EDEN TO A FRIEND.

Government House, August 22.

I am dreadfully perplexed as to whom I ought to address in your family, because I am in a fright for fear —— and —— should be at all remiss in their letters, which are very valuable; and yet, as for spinning three answers to the same family out of my exhausted brain, it is totally impossible—the largest spiders, such as we grow here, could not do it.

We have bought some beautiful Chinese drawings on rice paper, some like your butterflies, and some figures that are lovely, and I sent for a Chinese painting-box, meaning to paint some on English paper. (The Chinese have taken to draw on our paper.) However, when the box came, I found that there are so few hours here of open windows that I have little time even for common drawing, so I just tried what it would do, made a beautiful butterfly, and now send the box to ——; she might paint on silk with it. She must wet the colours, and then put a little spoonful of them in the mortar and *pestle* them about, which in a cool climate is charming exercise, and then put the colour on the paper as thick as possible. The brushes are very good for all drawing. I have had a large collection given me, and use nothing else. There are also in the large packing-box some talc figures, which came to George amongst some other goods he bought, and he thought they might amuse your children. I think there is a set of the Government House servants among them; but I am not quite sure, as we have had so many of these talc figures brought us that I do not know which is gone where.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson are going off directly to the Cape on account of his health, but it will be just as good for her. Everybody is at their yellowest, because the rains have been a failure, and August has turned out as ill as September. It is just what Dr. —— told us about September, which is not nice, but true, that it feels like living in a hot poultice; and he says that the cold weather, which people make a fuss about, is like a cold one. Everybody almost has been ill except us.

. . . . . .

Yours affectionately,
E. EDEN.

TO THE HON. AND REV. ROBERT EDEN.

August 31, 1836.

MY DEAREST ROBERT,—I am going to try an overland despatch to you, and there is just a danger that you will be overwhelmed with letters all at once—be like a babe in the wood, buried painfully with leaves, or sheets.

Fanny has written a long letter to Mary by the 'Perfect,' which sailed on Saturday (the 27th), and I also wrote to you. There was not much in it, except that I mentioned a small present I had sent Mary—a nest of Burmese boxes, and

I should like her to give one of them to Willy. They are very common boxes, but the sort of thing she likes; and as Grindlay is particularly charged to pay *all* expenses of everything we send to you, I do not mind sending a small present. I could not afford a good one just now, as we are all utterly ruined by the wear and tear of the rainy season, which not only destroys everything we have in hand, but makes the very few things that are left in the market about four times the price they are in England; and yet, hot as it is, people expect us to go about dressed, so we must buy these bad, dear goods. The box of books, as we have told you in our 'Perfect' letter was very acceptable, but not half enough. 'Many and often' is the only rule about sending us books, for we cannot get them here at all. There is no occupation *but* reading for wretched imprisoned women in this country.

George is preparing a very pretty present for Mary from Moorshedabad, but it cannot be completed till the rains are over—so, mind! I have not mentioned it. I have not alluded to it —you can't guess what I mean—I only know a secret, and as I thought you might think yourselves neglected in that box sent by the 'Perfect'

I had a great mind to say what I knew, but I did not.

I hope you go on writing *muchly*. We consider your letters models; they are very popular, and George says they are some of the best we receive.

We are all quite well, which is much to our credit, for there never was such weather—so damp and hot. Fairy, ——'s little greyhound, had a shocking fit yesterday from mere heat, and, after an hour's struggle for life, we called in Dr. Drummond, who bled her just like a lady, tied up her arm, and saved her.

God bless you dear, dearest Robert! and keep writing those good letters. How many children have you now? Best love to Mary, and if this arrives before the 'Perfect,' send it to —— ——. But they say it has no chance of arriving at all.

Your most affectionate

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

September 2, 1836.

As usual, after a ship sails, or, rather, while it is clearing, I rest from a journal a week, and

write up all my other letters; but to-day, being the 2nd of September, and your own particular birthday, I think it due to myself to begin writing to you again, because without your birthday I never should have had you; and if I had not had you, I never should have been parted from you; and if I were not parted from you, I should not have had that constant craving to write to you.

I left off on Tuesday, the 22nd of August, when we had our French play in the evening. We dined early, and drove after dinner, and then dressed for the play. I never saw a prettier theatre than we had, with scenes, and a place for the orchestra, and a dressing-room on each side, and beautifully lighted up, because one of the great lustres of the ball-room happened to hang right in the middle of the stage. We had *L'Affaire d'Honneur* and *Vatel*, which last was acted quite as well as I ever saw it in Paris or London. Nothing could go off better and it is the first attempt we have made at amusing others which has amused us. I take it more than half the audience did not understand French, but those that did, laughed a little more in consequence, to show their supe-

riority. It was really refreshing to hear those dear little cracked vaudeville airs—they are so merry and so *un*-languid. The actors had a supper after the play, and, as Mars told me, sang '*des couplets charmants à l'honneur de milord.*' But the gaiety of the supper was checked by the actresses fainting away, owing to the heat and the fatigue of dressing.

On Wednesday, the 24th, we were not tired, or headached, because we had not been bored. Thursday, the 25th, we had an immense levee of those who did not come to the play, to show that they still visited us though we are so wicked, and of those who did, to say they were extremely amused, and should go on visiting us, because we are so pleasant. Captain —— sailed for China with Captain Stanley, and we do not expect him back for three months. He is very much reduced by his illness. We went up to Barrackpore in the evening.

Saturday, September 3.

Captain —— went to pass the day at the villa of Dwarkanauth Tagore, that native we went to see, who is the only man in the country who gives pleasant parties. He asked his guests

to bring either drawing materials or music with them, and his best pictures were put out for them to copy; and there were musical instruments, with only one professional man to keep them all going. Some gentlemen sang, some played the flute, violin, &c. &c. Captain —— made an excellent copy of a Prout. There were ices and luxuries, and, when he came away, the ladies were arriving to join their husbands at dinner. In this country, where nobody can go out in the open air, there is some merit in finding a new way of passing a day in the house.

Thursday, September 8.

We had such a crowd this morning, amongst others two Germans, a man and his wife, who are just come down the Euphrates, she being the first woman who has ever taken that route. They say they were travelling, and were robbed of all their papers, money, and clothes, by two highly accomplished swindlers who joined them. ('Pauline' still declares they were much too gentlemanlike to *mean really* to rob them, and she still expects to have her boxes, trinkets, &c. forwarded to her from the other side of Persia.) Colonel Chesney found them in this condition,

and helped them with means to come on to Calcutta, where Mr. —— means to set up as a doctor on the homœopathic system. They have been through all sorts of adventures. She has travelled disguised as a man, and then as a Circassian woman, and was nearly shipwrecked; and in the meanwhile there are great suspicions that, though their hardships are true, their story is not, and that they are Russian spies coming to see how to take our India. We shall be sold for slaves in Kamtschatka at last. I do not believe our adventures are half over. We went up to Barrackpore in the evening.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Government House, September 27, 1836.

My dearest Sister,—I am suddenly seized with a wish to write to you. I can't think what about, but so it is, and I am proud of having any wish—of being able to wish a wish.

All they prophesied of September has been more than realised by the wretched hot event, and if you could feel what my room is at this instant—dark and punkah'd as it is—if (I say)

you were suddenly transported to it, and I had exchanged into Eastcombe, instead of sitting down to write to me, you would begin screaming for Stratton and Coleman to come and pull you out of the copper into which you had accidentally fallen. The thermometer is only at 90°, and in the hot season it used to be at 95°; but then the air was dry, and there was every now and then a storm and a cool evening; but now it is so hot and heavy day and night. Horrid! I don't think India a nice place, and George has suddenly discovered that it is a desperate climate. They say this may last till the end of October, and the disgraceful thing is, that with all this we are all remarkably well. We *look* like so many yellow demons, and my individual appearance is even more finished than the others, for Friday night happened to be particularly hot, and the bearers who were pulling my punkah fell asleep—the first time it has happened, I must say. I was nearly stifled, and the upshot was that some of the bloodvessels about my eyes gave way, and I look exactly as if I had been fighting, or rather *did* look, for they are mended to-day.

We are so longing for more ships; our last sea letters were dated the 27th of April—five months ago. Last Sunday I got a letter by the Overland Packet from ——, of the 1st of July, and another from the Duke of Devonshire of the same date, giving a great deal of amusing gossip; and as those were almost the only two private letters that came to Calcutta, they were perfectly invaluable.

I wonder, sister, you did not send yesterday to ask after me, only you are not attentive in that way. The butcher, or the grocer, or somebody must have mentioned in the morning the narrow escape we had coming down from Barrackpore. His lordship took a fancy to come down on Sunday night, which would always be more convenient, only I do not think it right; but our steamer is out of repair, so we have to be governed by the tide for the conveyance of all the servants, and the tide of the Hooghly is very imperious in its way. So the servants all embarked in the evening, and we all set off at nine with a moon rather brighter than an English sun, and clouds of fire-flies to match, and a slight pretence of fresh air or cool air. It is clearly the best hour for going out.

We always send our horses to the Government House bungalow half way, and we were a large party changing horses—Fanny and —— in his phaeton (the other aides-de-camp in their gigs), and I observed it would be odd if we arrived safely, merely judging from the manner of horses in India; they are all raving mad, and there never is a day without an accident on the course. We went well for a mile, and then met a palanquin packed for a long journey, which, with all its accompaniments of bearers, boxes, &c., is enough to frighten any horse. One of our leaders turned short round, dragged the carriage off the road and settled himself with his head in the carriage looking at George and me—very pleasant, but we did not want him; and in the shake the postilion, who drove the wheelers, was knocked off, and fell between his two horses. The syces all ran to help him, taking immense care not *really* to go near the kicking horses; all the natives are frightened to death at the least trifle. Giles, to my surprise, poured forth heaps of directions in pure Hindustani; the guards, as usual, stood stockstill, without attempting to help; and George and I spoke English, which nobody

understood. And while we all were busy in our vocation, the horse that the other postilion was riding watched his opportunity, saw that nobody would interfere, reared up and flung himself back on the man. We thought at first the man was killed, however he *came to* after a time; and, though he was very much hurt and laid up for a long while, there are no bones broke. It is a great inconvenience on this sort of occasion not knowing the language. However, Mr —— and Captain —— came up to us, and we got hold of a hackery (or bullock-cart), and made up a good bed on it for the man, and left some of the syces to take care of him, and came home safely after half an hour's delay; but such a scene altogether I never witnessed. My nerves, which were very good in a carriage, are becoming utterly ruined from the starting and kicking state the horses always are in.

Wednesday, September 28.

A ship sails to-morrow, so this must be finished. We had such a delicious storm last night—such thunder!—it has cleared the air wonderfully. It thinned our Tuesday's ball too.

I think you will like to know that we are all

losing our eyesight from living so much in the dark, and George writes his away.

Ever yours, most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Government House, October 7, 1836.

. . . . . .

Chance continues to be remarkably well, you will be happy to hear, or rather has become so, for he was very ailing at one time; but since I have allowed him to sleep under my punkah at night, and sent him out for a swim every morning and evening, his dear little constitution has righted. —— has taught him an immense variety of tricks, which he displays at dessert, and which not only make conversation in a country where that article does not abound, but which really do surprise some people not used to the highly educated modern dog. Mrs. —— was suddenly forced into an interminable fit of laughter by seeing Chance lie down on his back and feed himself with his hind paw, and she has not relapsed into gravity since. The servants now, seeing what a treasure he is, call him 'Chance Sahib,' and have got over

their Mussulmanic prejudices enough to take him up in their hands, though they scream like rabbits if he barks. Fanny will tell you about her bird, which is very amusing.

My pigeons are all grown so tame that they scuffle into my lap to be fed when I sit down on the floor to feed them. They have only one fault; they lay nothing but addled eggs. I should not dislike some addled young pigeons; they would be giddy, pleasant young creatures —only they won't come.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO THE HON. MRS. EDEN.

Barrackpore, October 20, 1836.

My dearest Mary,—Is not it time to write to you? I really often put off writing when I am in the mind for it, from the impossibility of finding anything new to say, and the conviction of the bore my letters must be.

A very beautiful Armenian woman died yesterday, who has for several years been a subject of curiosity to Calcutta. The Armenians do not mix much in society, but she came occasionally to our parties, covered with the most splendid

diamonds, and every day she drove on a particular part of the course in a beautiful carriage, with an oldish, ordinary-looking Armenian driving his gig, close by her. They never seemed to speak, but he never quitted the side of the carriage. Some said he was her father-in-law, or her uncle, watching that nobody spoke to her; some, that he was her lover, trying to speak to her himself. However, for five years this has gone on every day, and last week we passed them several times. Her death is in the paper to-day—of fever, of course, and I see she was only twenty-four. I think the poor woman must have died of the bore of those drives.

We came up to Barrackpore last night, and are preparing this morning for a party to the Barrackporeans. There are not ladies enough belonging to the station to dance, but we have got a conjuror, who has been acting at Calcutta with great success, to come for the night. They say he is a very vulgar man; asks if any gentleman will lend him an 'at or an 'andkerchief; but is a good conjuror; and as he charges 20*l.* for the night, he ought to be.

We have, as usual, got the house full, a

system which has entirely spoiled the charm of Barrackpore to me. It is such a comfort at Calcutta to have four days out of the seven, and very often five, without the danger of even a morning visit; whereas here, we have people all day long. Any idea of being in the country is all nonsense, when you can only go out one hour in the twenty-four, and that is in the dark now. Even George has given up gardening as a bad job. I must say, after we have abused the weather so much, that the change the last week has been quite delightful. The evenings are quite cool, partly from very thick fog; but still they are cool, and the days are no longer oppressive. We still go on with our punkahs, and, indeed, I am ashamed to say that I keep mine still going all night; but then I pull the sheet well over me, so you may imagine that the season is very inclement. The old Indians really get up a shiver, and say, 'Well, I think you have nothing better than this in England!' Poor dears! 'Yet nature might have made me such as these,' therefore 'I'll not disdain,' as Autolycus says. Indeed, India *will* make me so in another year, so perhaps it is better not to disdain.

Will you tell Miss Ridley that Mr. —— sent me her letter, and as I am always particularly glad to do anything she asks, I asked him to dinner forthwith and to a ball, and now we have brought him to Barrackpore, which is the only great distinction the Governor-General can show to a young writer. We have brought Mr. ——, Robert's *protégé* too, and they seem to be very happy. Mr. —— is very good-looking, I think, and has brought colour and health enough to last him full three weeks, though a fortnight is the general term.

TO A FRIEND.

Calcutta, Thursday, November 3, 1836.

Amongst our visitors to-day we had one of the Mysore princes, the eldest son of Tippoo, who was ushered in by Colonel ——. He was eating pawn all the time, which is a measure of etiquette—a proof that he is an equal of the parties he visits. There is no sort of attention I should not like to pay his fallen grandeur, but I wish he would not eat pawn—it is the most horrid-smelling thing in the world. He said he thought I had not known him, when he passed George and me the day before, out riding. I

repelled the false assertion with becoming scorn, and then he said, 'I thought you would not know me, because now I do dress like my lord. My lord, he wear drab hat, so I have hat exackerly like my lord's.' This precise imitation of George's hat was a velvet drab-coloured concern, bound with gold lace, and a great ruby stuck in front of it. He asked if George was likely to go on wearing a white hat, and I intimated, confidentially, that I knew he had a large case of black ones with him, upon which Tippoo said he should return to his black hat whenever my lord did; and he ended by saying, he came to ask leave to join us when he met us out riding. Such a shocking prospect. He knows very little English, and his ideas probably are fewer than his words.

We came up to Barrackpore in the afternoon, and had the pleasure of reading your letter of June all the way up.

Friday, November 4.

We had our conjuror last night. He was really very amusing—cockneyish in his language; but some of his tricks were very surprising, and at all events it had the full

effect of pleasing the cantonment. The Danish Governor of Serampore (with the Governess) crossed the Hooghly on purpose to see him, and the old Governor nearly fell out of his chair with surprise and delight when Mr. —— made him blow on the six of 'arts,' which immediately became the ace of spades; and as at Serampore they have not learned much English, and have nearly forgotten all their French, he expressed his gratification at the end of each trick by throwing himself back in his chair, with a roar of laughter, and saying '*C'est ça!*' You will be glad to know that the Governor commanding the division stuck his foot on a box containing my pocket-handkerchief, and though the foot was a large one, the box a wooden one, and the handkerchief French cambric, yet the box was found full of peas, and my handkerchief was discovered under a hat at the other end of the room. The Brigadier professed he had not been so much amused since he came to India; and as for Major and Mrs. ——, they had enough to think of for a month—I should say for more, considering how little thought does here. The rest of the company really thought it the

greatest treat they could have had: a popular government in short. But they have all called here this morning—out of the proper day—to express their happiness, and I am so tired I should like to cry. However, we are paid for it, I suppose.

My young ladies' quadrille is all arranged—even the dress is made and the partners all named, which, to spare their feelings, I did from my own observation, and made Captain —— write a regular aide-de-camp's invitation to join my quadrille; and I believe the right gentlemen are secured, with one melancholy exception—that of a gentleman who dances eternally with everybody, seeing that he has two feet; but he has only one hand—one real hand I mean—the other is made of iron, but seems to me to have as many joints as the real one. However, the young ladies all objected to the gentleman with the iron hand, and as he had made a great point of coming, we could only avoid him by pleading eight prior engagements.

Fanny is now going to get up a married ladies' quadrille. We are doubtful about it, so it is going on in an underhand way by means of

Mrs. ——. I think it will come right at last. We cannot make out our dresses to our minds, but perhaps there will be a fresh supply of goods in the market before the day comes.

—— has just come in, in such a sailor-like fashion. He and the other aides-de-camp have built a boat, which was launched yesterday, and is called the 'Emily,' and they mean to pull in it themselves during the cold weather. They are all dressed like sailors, with 'Emily' worked in gold on their hatbands and badges. I am afraid the native servants will take to call me 'Emily,' as their ideas of Christian and surnames are rather confused.

God bless you, dear Mary! My best love to dear Robert and the children.

I have written this off as if you were close at hand, and now will send it to the post. You will have it to-morrow morning.

Your own affectionate sister,

E. E.

Barrackpore, Monday, November 7.

. . . . .

Sunday is always a long day with the people staying here, but it was enlivened after church by an arrival of English papers, up to August 1,

and the hope of letters to-morrow. The 'Windsor' came in, three months to a day, from Portsmouth. Quite as good as an Overland despatch, and she always makes those quick passages. I mean to keep my eye on her for my return coach, but she will be very cockroachy by the time we go home, I am afraid.

FROM THE HON. F. H. EDEN TO A FRIEND.

Barrackpore, November 7, 1836.

MY DEAR ——, I wrote to you very lately, but that is no reason why I should not write to you again. I dare say you *have* written to me since number four, and I should not wonder if you had been weak enough to put, or cause your letter to be put, into a ship, thinking *that* the most likely mode of getting a letter to India; but no ships ever happen to come here. We send a great many to England, and her conduct in returning none is unhandsome and unfair. If you were to catch a camel, fill two hampers with letters, and put them on its back, I believe he would find his way here, overland. The mercantile people here have some unknown means of carrying on communication with

England. I suspect—I don't positively know —but I strongly suspect that that is their method. They will feel pretty considerably surprised and baffled when they see our aristocratic, intellectual camel trotting among their mercenary trading herd.

Your heron's plume, dearest! I'm so sorry and ashamed that it is not yet on its way to England; but it is no fault of mine, and you shall have it still. Our slowness here in procuring anything not immediately under our hand is supernaturally great.

The argala is too clever a bird to remain on this large, green, swampy tablecloth we call Bengal, when it can fly off to the hills, and on the hills only it is to be found; also, I believe each bird produces only two feathers of the kind you mention. It is more than a year since I have seen one accustomed thing, except the living things that came with me. Every now and then, the strangeness of everything around strikes me as if I had not now been used to it for months. Last evening, —— persuaded me, instead of going that tiresome straight carriage road, to come up with him, in his boat. He has six native rowers with scarlet

and white dresses and scarlet caps; it looks like a very pretty sort of cockle-shell thing, on this grand river. Of course, when we had sent the carriages away, the tide turned out to be against us, and we arrived two hours later than we meant. I could not help thinking, as it grew dusk, and then dark, how strange any of you would have felt if you could have changed places with me for an hour.

The shores of the river between this and Calcutta have such a sameness we could not tell how much way we had made, but every now and then there was an outline of a temple, and the sound of the tom-toms and the screaming to the idols. Then some dark figures coming out of the jungle with lights, which they dropped in the water; if they floated past us, it was a good omen for them. Then a darker mass on the water, and that was a human body with vultures settled on it. Then, a large, bright flame on the shore, and that was a human body burning. Then a splash from a startled alligator. Then a cluster of moving stars would seem to surround the boat; these were fire-flies. Then, quite high up in the air, above the cocoa-nut trees, some supernatural looking

globes of fire, something like moons detached from the sky; these are lamps of cocoa-nut oil drawn up to the top of bamboos and kept burning in the jungles for some religious purpose. Then a little thatched hut stationary on the water; that is an up-country boat, which has probably been three months making its way to Calcutta, advancing in the day and anchoring in the night, and from these boats there is generally a great sound of heathen voices. The boatmen seem to me to be the only natives who have any animal spirits.

The evenings are beautiful now, when the fogs are not too heavy; really cool enough to make me glad of a thick shawl. But all the year round, the sun is too hot for anyone to go out in the middle of the day. I have such a prodigy of a bird; I wish you could hear it talk and whistle.

Yours most affectionately,

F. H. EDEN.

FROM THE HON. EMILY EDEN TO ——.

Thursday, November 10.

George and all the household, and all our guests, went off at 6 A.M. on Monday, and left

Fanny and me and Mrs. —— and her children to take care of ourselves, with —— for our 'European.' If ever a lady is deserted for a few days by her husband, father, &c., I observe it is a right thing to say, 'But I hope you have a European in the house.' For myself, I think the natives are much the more manageable of the two. However, —— is our European, and orders about him in a grand way, and in a language which it pleases him to call Hindustani. It seems to me rather what is generally termed 'an unknown tongue.'

We went out riding both Monday and Tuesday, in a horrid fright. I tried to make Rosina teach me how to tell the guards and syces, 'I have broke all my bones, go and fetch a doctor,' &c.; but as I cannot master such a simple sentence, we were glad to discover that Webb, the man at the head of the stables, was staying on at Barrackpore, and offered to ride, at a reasonable distance, with us; and the horses were tolerably quiet, for a wonder.

There was such a pretty festival on Tuesday, one of the eternal Hindu festivals; I do not know what about, but the servants all bought horrid clay, misshapen, gaudy-looking figures;

and I am sorry to say all mine thought it necessary to present me with some, because they thought I liked modelling, and my room is full of the most frightful-looking toys, which I dare not destroy, as they think them beautiful. In the evening our bearers, who are all Hindus, lit up one side of the house, and the native doctor illuminated one of the bungalows, and they danced, after their fashion, to a tiresome drum, and sang for about six hours, and had a great feast of rice and sweetmeats, for which we gave them money; and the Mussulman servants all sat round, and sang and told stories, though they cannot eat together, and it was one of the prettiest, gayest feasts I have seen. The illuminations were so pretty. We had the carriage late, and Mrs. —— drove with us through the cantonments. The Sepoys had illuminated there in all directions, and even scattered lamps on the ground all over the plain; it looked like a large Vauxhall. Dr. Drummond came back on Wednesday, and gave an excellent account of a scientific party George had held at Calcutta. There was plenty to see and to say, and some curious experiments tried, and everybody seemed pleased; and George wrote me an account of it, which showed he was amused.

Calcutta, Monday, November 14.

George is building a school in a corner of the park at Barrackpore, upon Captain Cunningham's plan, and the schoolmaster is to be taken from the Hindu College, and to teach the little Barrackporeans English. The school promises to be a very pretty building.

I found —— was going down to Calcutta after dinner on Sunday, in his boat, so I shipped off Rosina and old Anna, and most of my servants, who were too glad to get off a day sooner, and put myself into his boat at 8 P.M., and we were at Calcutta at 10 P.M. It was such a lovely evening on the water, and I escaped getting up at 5 A.M., which invariably makes me sick for the rest of the day. I often wonder what we shall do when we are in camp, and have to get up at 4 A.M.; we are all such bad hands at it, and we have heard shocking accounts of the bore and fatigue of the process.

My Singapore silk has arrived—a beautiful sort of gold and silver brocade, just made for a fancy dress; and it is lucky to have anything, for now this ball is near at hand the ladies are giving 1*l.* a yard for common satin for slips. We have also got a pair of beautiful bracelets

Mrs. C. Elliot ordered for us at Macao, and I had imported a pair of earrings, but George has bought them of me—I suppose for his fancy dress!

Friday, November 25.

Our grand fancy ball went off last night with the greatest *éclat.* Our little pages were the prettiest sight of the evening, particularly ——, who is a beautiful child, and being full of odd fancies, took a fancy that night to be a regular page and to carry my train and fan, like a page on the stage; and when I bade him good-night in the ball-room, he said, 'I am going down-stairs with you, it is *my duty* to see you to the carriage.' Captain Cunningham was dressed as a Mameluke, Captain —— as a Sikh Prince, —— as the Corsair—so utterly disguised by black curls and eyebrows that I should not have known him at all, and the Doctor in his naval uniform. There was a sort of platform arranged for us, to which the steward took us and all our silver-sticks and chowries and peacock's-feather men, who are glad to shirk their duties on ordinary occasions, but turn out with great pleasure for what they consider a

very improper *nautch*. And George has just given them new scarlet and gold dresses for the cold weather, so they finished off our group very handsomely. Some of the native princes who were there, had some very magnificent jewels, and there were some genuine Chinese dresses made of the sort of embroidered silk which I have always believed in, from knowing that the Chinese were the cleverest people in the world, but never saw. We came away at 12.30 P.M., quite astonished to find ourselves up so late. That is about the time we should be going to a ball in England. I am horridly tired to-day.

We had a long visit from a lady who is just come from Ava, where she has been two years without seeing any European woman, but one—and the Burmese treat the English just as contemptuously as the Chinese do. She was a nice good-humoured woman—all the nicer for bringing us a quantity of pretty Burmese curiosities. She said she was very fond of her one European friend at Ava, and thought her the cleverest woman she had ever seen, 'but she is not fond of jokes, and sometimes I wanted to laugh, and except a doctor, who came to Ava, and who

talked nonsense, I really have not heard any nonsense for a very long time; but I hope at Calcutta everybody is not always grave.' I cannot hold out to her the most distant prospect of a joke, except the little we do in that way ourselves, and that grows less every day.

Wednesday, November 30.

We were to go to Dwarkanauth Tagore's fireworks at night, so I would not ride, as the smallest possible quantity of fatigue is the grand aim of an Indian day, and I took a solitary drive by the river-side, and detected one of our boats coming up the river, and in it a remarkably fat rosy-looking young man, who turned out to be Captain —— returning from his three months' cruise, perfectly well. Dr. Drummond, who knew him when he first came out to India, says he thinks him now in much better health than he was then. I could not have believed three months could have made such a difference in anyone. I drove down to the Ghaut and took him into the carriage, and he seemed really glad to be back again. He has brought us a great many pretty things—fans and card-cases and Chinese monsters, and

some chessmen for ——, and even a present for ——, who nursed him when he was ill.

George, after all, did not go to Dwarkanauth's party, which was a pity, though I regret it less because if he goes to one party he must go to more; and getting up before six, as he does, it would be bad for him; and he is so well and looking so well now, that any change would be for the worse. We went in great state—three carriages and the aides-de-camp in their gorgeous uniforms, which they have only worn twice since we came; and we sent on fourteen of our own servants, because, as you will at once perceive, it would have been quite beneath us to allow the servants of a native to give us any tea; and we might have been bit by a mad mosquito if we had not taken our own chowry-men, as nobody else can have any when the Governor-General's are there. Moreover, the servants care about fireworks, if they care for anything. I have seldom seen a handsomer fête. It was very much like one of Lord Hertford's fêtes—beautiful fireworks; and then all the French actors and singers sat in one room, and dancing in another, and the

instant one amusement was over another began. There were a great many of Dwarkanauth's own relations present in very magnificent dresses, otherwise not many natives. We got away at 12.30 P.M., but the party lasted till 4. I was most dreadfully tired on Tuesday. George and I took a quiet drive, and we put off our ball till this evening.

Barrackpore, Monday, December 5.

We had our dance on Wednesday, and our usual levee on Thursday morning, and then came up here. I came with —— in his boat, and I never felt a more beautiful evening than it was, and the sky and river were such a fine gold colour—the real, Indian, pure gold, not your trashy goldsmith's mixture, half brass; and then we have little vagaries of pea-green clouds—quite an original thought, rather vulgar, but still picturesque. As I have mentioned about thirty times in each letter to you what a shocking climate this has been, ever since we came, it is but common justice to observe that the weather now is very enjoyable. Of course there can still be but one hour's going out for those who do not get up at sunrise, but the air

that blows into the house all day is pleasant, and the evenings are charming.

Ever yours affectionately,

E. EDEN.

TO ——.

Barrackpore, December 6, 1836.

For a wonder I am allowed a sheet of glazed paper, which tempts me to run off a letter, though there is no ship going for a week.

George and his household are all at Calcutta. He gave a dinner yesterday to General Allard, Runjeet Singh's General, and Jacquemont's friend, who came out again last week to join his master. He called on us the morning we left Calcutta, with all his staff and the officers of the French ship which brought him out, and we all tried to put our best French forward. Allard wears an immensely long beard, of which he makes two wings, that he is always stroking and making much of; and I was dead absent all the time he was there because his *wings* are beautiful white hair, and his moustachios, and the middle of his beard quite black. He looked like a piebald horse. Our party was not lively: nobody has three days'—

I may say three hours'—conversation in them in this country. I have not quite three-quarters of an hour myself, though I have rather a good set of questions. Fanny and I are quite alone, except for the presence of Captain ——, who is come back from his voyage to the Straits a remarkably fresh-looking, active young man, and he was such a wretched-looking creature when he set off. But he says the first week at sea set him quite up; so that is the thing to do in case of necessity; but at present we are not at all in want of it.

I never saw George so well; and he is really in danger of growing too fat; indeed, so much so, that he has taken this last week to get up very early for a morning ride without prejudice to his ride in the afternoon. I was sitting in his room the other day, when St. Cloud came in search of me with his bill of fare, and he had not seen George for two months. The next day he began with his odd *nigger* voice and gesticulations, 'Mon Dieu! madame, son Excellence!' (he always calls him so) 'quelle bonne mine il a! qu'il est gras!—bien portant! quel plaisir ça me fait! Son Excellence a un air de santé, de force;' and he kept describing circles round his

odd skull of a face and bony figure by way of illustrating George's increase of size. 'Grâce à vos bons dîners' was, of course, all I could say in answer. 'Ah, madame, j'en suis enchanté!' and he went off so like the way in which Mathews used to go off the stage as a negro. I am very fond of St. Cloud—George says because he is the only person who is the least confidential with me. He never associates with any of his fellow-servants. All kitchens in India are distinct buildings, at some distance from the house, and in the hot weather I wanted St. Cloud not to cross the compound, but to send me a written bill of fare. He said no; he thought a few minutes' conversation with madame did him good; he liked to tell her of the 'bêtes et fainéants' who composed his kitchen establishment.

We are going to give a ball here on Friday.

Yours affectionately,

E. E.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Calcutta, December 10, 1836.

My dearest Sister,—I have at last found a good subject for a letter, something worth

writing about. I have heard a great deal about *you* and Eastcombe, and you have no idea of the fun and pleasure of it; much the most amusing day I have had in India, and quite unexpected. We have had a Captain and Mrs. —— staying with us at Barrackpore. He is a very clever man, about forty-five, and nearly seven feet high; and four months ago he married a little tiny Miss ——, who is just eighteen, and does not come up quite to his elbow, but is a good-humoured merry little thing, with a pretty face. However, I have always rather fancied her, and now I know why—there is no rule so safe to go by as what is called a fancy. I asked her to go out with me on the elephant yesterday, and as topics are neither many nor original, I asked where she had lived at home, in town or in the country. 'At Blackheath chiefly,' she said; whereupon I said, 'Do you know a place called Eastcombe in that neighbourhood?' 'Oh! yes; such a pretty place, and it belongs to a Lady Buckinghamshire, whom one of my uncles knows very well.' 'Did you ever see her?' I said carelessly, which was rather a shame; but I wanted to see what people at the top of

elephants thought of you. 'Oh! yes; she used to come very often to my uncle's church. She is very handsome; such a beautiful figure! I used to say to my aunt it was a pleasure to see her come into church.' Whereupon I nearly kissed the dear little thing, only I was afraid of toppling her off the elephant; so I told her you were my sister, which interested her beyond measure, and she wanted to know if you were not fond of flowers. 'As my aunt and I used to see her drive out with the front seat empty, and come back with it full of flowers, and my aunt used to say, "How I envy Lady Buckinghamshire the quantity of new flowers she has."' Don't I see you whisking by St. Germain's chapel, and by those little white tea-caddies of cottages on the Dover Road, and up that lane over which there was a stationary skylark always singing, with your carriage full of Guernsey lilies, and the coachman's back looking broader than it did the day before. Then, of course, we talked over Greenwich Park, and our own dear house there (that anchor which was so foolishly cut), and the pensioners; and Mrs. —— had looked through the coloured glasses with which the

old man on the top of the hill plagued one's heart out. That brought her into very near connection with us. But, to crown all, she said, 'I was once at Eastcombe. Dr. West took me to the lodge to be vaccinated from the gardener's children.' Can you conceive such a climax of interest? The luck of meeting at the farthest extremity of the globe with a girl who had been vaccinated by our West from Bell's and 'the guinea-pig's' children. It made her my second cousin on the spot. The little thing herself was in such delight at being able to talk over her English days; for, like all young Indians, she is quite a stranger to her parents, and her whole heart is with 'grandmamma and my aunt at Blackheath.' When they came over to dinner Captain —— said he had not seen her in such spirits since she came out; and then everybody began asking her questions, and —— insisted on her recollecting Boritt, which she could not comply with; and, at last, by way of pointing out where he lived, George said, 'But were you never at Trill's?' 'Oh, Lord Auckland, do you know Trill's? what a good shop it was, was it not?' and, as this was almost the first time she had dared to speak to

George, it made us all laugh; but there was something cheering in the sound of Trill. Wright said the other day, with a deep sigh, 'To be sure what a different place this would be if we had but Trill's shop within reach.' I have nothing more to say about the ——s visit, and perhaps you cannot understand the intense interest with which one knocks one's head against a familiar post in a strange land. I do not mean to call you a post, poor dear sister; but you catch the idea of the simile; and if ever you happen to be 15,000 miles from Eastcombe, you will see the value of the individual who sees and knows the terrace walk and the lodge, &c. Even Dandy Mrs. —— knew by sight, which I have mentioned to Chance, who tucks himself under his bearer's blanket and does not care.

I had great amusement on Sunday in watching Chance's embarkation from Barrackpore. There was a boat going down to Calcutta, in which his man chose to set off; and at low water it is very difficult to go from the Ghaut to the boat, there is such an expanse of mud and water. Chance and his man were plodding over a very slippery plank, and had just

reached the boat, when the man's foot slipped, and of course man and dog fell into the river, which, as they can both swim, did not signify; but it was great fun seeing them both picked out, and then to see all the black creatures on deck down on their knees wiping 'the Prince Royal,' as —— calls him, with their blankets and cloths, leaving Jimmund to dry his own black person. It proved to me how kind the native servants are to their masters' pets, for I saw all this through a frightfully good telescope which George has bought, and set up on a stand in my room, and it brings people a mile or two nearer than the next room. I am not sure whether we cannot hear what they say through it; but, at all events, I could see that the natives, who did not know that they were observed, instead of giving Chance a kick for tumbling into the water, were wrapping him up in their own garments—and they have nothing to spare in that article—and they finally handed him into the cabin, where I suppose he took possession of the sofa; but the telescope does not look through a deal board, which, considering its other powers, is disappointing.

Having constantly abused the weather, I

must say that for the last month it has really been much pleasanter than I thought possible. The mornings till nine or ten quite cool, and those people who are strong and silly enough to get up and go out before breakfast say it is quite cold. The *days* are all alike in India, because the old sun will have its own wicked will, and the glare and heat make it necessary to keep the shutters shut; but with that the house is quite cool now; and then the hour in the evening from five to six, which is all the going out we can have, is really very enjoyable. It grows too foggy and dark after six to stay out; which is a pity. It certainly is a shocking life for very young people. I don't think it signifies so much for us who have had our share of air and exercise in our day; but there are a number of young ladies just come out by the last ships, looking so fresh and English, and longing to amuse themselves; and it must be such a bore at that age to be shut up for twenty-three hours out of the twenty-four; and the one hour that they are out is only an airing just where the roads are watered. They have no gardens, no villages, no poor people, no schools, no poultry to look after—

none of the occupations of young people. Very few of them are at their ease with their parents; and, in short, it is a melancholy sight to see a new young arrival.

Our Captain —— has a sister just landed; a nice-looking, merry little girl, with a fresh colour, which will be all gone in six weeks; and very high spirits, which will soon follow the colour; and she had never seen her parents since she was two years old.

God bless you, dearest sister. I like Mrs. ——. Don't you?

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Monday, December 12.

I could not write all last week—we have been very busy—the latter part of it with a ball given to the cantonments, as we heard the *military* thought we did not study their amusement sufficiently. All the front of the house and the road to the bridge and the bridge itself were illuminated in a very pretty fashion by Hudson and our own gardener, and the inside of the house was done on my plan, with

arches of flowers and lamps up the two stair cases, and in the ball-rooms rows of little native lamps over the doors and windows, and wherever there was a straight line, which, in those high rooms made up of doors and windows, is not a scarce article. What I call native lamps are very small wooden saucers with a little pure flame of cocoanut oil in them. In the evening the native girls bring hundreds of them down to the water-side, and let them float down the river. If they burn well and float long, it proves that the *fiancé* is faithful; and, however that may be, the little lamp burnt in his honour is very pretty. I cannot say how many thousands of these we put up. The aides-de-camp all turned into tents that were erected in the park, and left their bungalows to the visitors. General Allard and all his Frenchmen came. The Danish people crossed over from Serampore and Calcutta behaved handsomely in furnishing us with sixteen dancing ladies, besides plenty of gentlemen. There was a steamer to bring them up, and boats to land them, and a *sitting down* supper, which they think much of. They began at nine, and danced without ceasing

till two, and it really was the gayest-looking ball I have seen. At all events, it gave satisfaction to the parties concerned. The early part of the week we were alone.

We were much occupied in nursing Fanny's bird, which was a very pretty creature that Major Byrne got for her from a New South Wales friend, and it talked and sang and whistled, and was very clever; but no foreign birds will live in the Bengal climate. We have lost such quantities in the menagerie; and notwithstanding all our nursing of poor Joey, he died on Thursday in a fit. It is a great pity, as he was such a clever bird, and quite a new discovery.

Monday, December 19.

The 'Repulse' goes to-night, and as we try all ways of writing, I will send this by her; and we have sent yesterday overland some single letters. We do so want to hear again from you. We have nothing later than the 1st August (except two or three newspapers; but they only made letters more desirable). Four months and a half unaccounted for; and, altogether, I want you to come in your letter, and as many children as it will hold besides. Calcutta now

shows a large supply of children eight or nine years old; they are come from the Upper Provinces to be passed through Bengal at this wholesome season, and so sent home; but the sight of them gives me yearnings for my nephews and nieces. I always kiss my hand with the greatest warmth to the children on the plain. Some of the little girls put me in mind of *our* girls in their —— days, and then again of Greenwich times.

I wish you many happy Christmases, my dear; and that we may pass them together, and have some snow and icicles, and be on the top of a hill with people that we like all about us, and no India to go to, and no sun and no black people, and then we will talk it all over so comfortably.

I took your picture out of its frame yesterday, because I thought it looked a little mildewed; and I touched it up where the horrid insects had got at it; and then it looked so like you, I began to cry about it. —— passes at least two hours in each week fidgetting those pictures in and out of their frames, and I really like him for his odd fondness for them. 'I think Mr. Eden, ma'am, wants a little touch about the cheek; it grows pale, don't you

think? but to be sure Mrs. C—— is the strongest likeness of any. It's quite curious. I don't know but what Mrs. D—— looks very well, and the insects seem to respect Mrs. D——, ma'am; but, to my mind, Mrs. C—— is the best, though sometimes I do fancy all the ladies is here; these here pictures are so exactly them.'

Fanny is meditating an expedition to the Raj Mahl hills. —— has been concocting a shooting party with Mr. and Mrs. ——, and they wanted us to join the party. I should be very glad to see some hills, but I could not leave George for a month; and indeed he has not an idea of being left for a day; and, moreover, I never feel up to any fatigue; but I think it will be an excellent break for her, and with —— to take care of her, the difficulties of the journey will be nothing. In India, where everybody has their own servants, nothing is so easy as these little independent expeditions, and it will make a very amusing recollection in after-life. The tiger-shooting sounds rather awful, and I think Fanny is a little afraid of it; but there is no need for seeing more of it than she likes. They will start about the middle of

February, and be away a month; and they will live in tents, and travel on elephants, and see wild rhinoceroses, and do all the things that ought to be done in India; and ——'s heart is quite set upon it; and in many ways I think it will be a very good break in their Calcutta life.

God bless you.

Your own

E. E.

FROM THE HON. F. H. EDEN TO A FRIEND.

Government House, December 21, 1836.

I write and write, because I am determined to believe that you are you, that London is London, that England is England, and that the whole Western world is not a clever and finished fancy of my own imagination. The latest written sign of its existence was dated July 28, and now it only wants a week to Christmas. Newspapers to the end of August have found their way here from Bombay, but not a single letter, public or private. I expect when you return to England that you will see after the sailing of the ships yourself, and not let them go on in this careless, irregular way. In the meantime I sha'n't write about it.

You will have turned over such a number of

pages in life before my 'observes' upon what you were reading then will have reached you. It is very hard that we should have two such distinct books given us to get through, when we certainly enlivened the original publication by our clever remarks as long as we read out of the same.

My dear, here is such a plan—such a sublime plan, burst upon me! It will eventually conduct me either to the bottom of a tiger's throat or the top of a rhinoceros' horn; but the grand, wild, independent halo thrown around it in the meantime will make the path pleasant to such a *dénouement*. They do say (it is hardly possible to believe them) that there *are* hills in Bengal, not more than 140 miles from here; and the unsophisticated population of these hills is entirely composed of tigers, rhinoceroses, wild buffaloes, and, now and then, a herd of wild hogs. There, I'm going to live for three weeks in a tent. I shall travel the first fifty miles in a palankeen, and then I shall march: it takes a full week to travel a hundred miles in that manner. Twelve miles a day is the average rate of marching. A little more may be done; but as our beds, sofas,

arm-chairs, tables and clothes all travel on the heads of human beings, we cannot progress very fast; besides, we encamp for the day at eight or nine in the morning, to set off again at five the next morning. A Mr. and Mrs. —— and Mr. and Mrs. —— have organised a regular tiger-hunting expedition to the hills; only their four selves and five-and-twenty elephants are going. —— intends to join them there, and I am upon the brink of settling to go with him; they are all 'heartening' me up to it, because they say it will be such a good thing to get up some extraneous strength for the hot season, and that strength is to be found on the top of a hill.

—— won't hear reason as to the horrible dangers he is going to take me into. The other two ladies regularly get upon their elephants, and go tiger-hunting every day—talk of the excitement of the tiger's spring, and the excellent day it was when they saw eight killed. I happen to be very much afraid of a cat—I may say, a kitten; but if I were to stay at home while the others went out, a stray tiger would just walk in and carry me off: as George encouragingly observed this morning,

'I see him moving at a round trot with you in his mouth, like a goose thrown over a fox's back.'

A man dined here lately who had really been in that enviable position, and was very lame in consequence; he actually got at his pistol, and shot the tiger through the heart, after it had carried him some way. I see in the sale papers to-day, 'a beautiful Chinese ivory cabinet' and 'a Kentuckian rifle gun' to be sold. There was a time when I should have sent to bid for the first; *now* I shall send an unlimited commission for the second.

We are not to start for six weeks; so I shall write to you once more. 'It will be a nice little march,' —— just now observed; 'no fuss or trouble at all. I have written up the country for elephants, and we need only have a guard of twenty men. You had better take your English maid, for fear you should be ill, and your ayah as a companion for her; and then, with your own sixteen bearers, you will want only ten or twelve more to carry your things; your *khetmutgars* to wait at dinner; your *peons* to pitch your tent; your *jemadhars* to look after them all, and your washerman

and tailor. Those, with all my servants, will do very well.' I ventured to suggest that I was not likely to want any clothes made for three weeks. 'Oh, but tailors are always of use. I remember the time a tiger fastened on my elephant's trunk, and so nearly clawed me out of the howdah, and my tailor saved the elephant's life by sewing up the wound.' I see myself sitting on an elephant while the tailor is stitching at the trunk! Emily positively declares that nothing shall ever make *her* go to a tiger-hunt, but at the same time that she would think it very strange and cowardly of me to neglect such an opportunity.

Dr. Drummond is the only one who throws up his eyes, and wonders; first, at the rashness of going without a doctor, and next, of going near a tiger. He does not say much, but gets together all the most frightful documents he can find about tigers and jungle fevers, and lays them on the table with a solemn air.

I wrote to you about my small prodigy of a bird; like all prodigies, it is dead, and I am still in despair about it. No bird will live long here. This one is a real loss, it was such a curiosity; everybody was fond of it, and it

certainly was more amusing than most of the people here.

The weather is very nice indeed now—what we call, and really think, cold; I suspect much what a commonplace summer's day is in England, judging from the vegetables. Peas, cauliflowers, French beans, salad, and all our summer vegetables are excellent now.

I throw a great deal of sentiment into my eating, always having watercresses for breakfast, because they are so English. George has just sent word that this will, perhaps, catch the 'Repulse' in the river, if I send it now.

Yours most affectionately,

F. H. EDEN.

THE HON. E. EDEN TO A SISTER.

Barrackpore, Saturday, December 24, 1836.

Having sent off my last letter on Tuesday, I begin again. 'The mutton of to-day will succeed to the beef of yesterday, as the beef,' &c. &c. That is not to be taken literally, for it does so happen that for the last few days I have not been eating beef and mutton, having had a series of headaches and pains in my bones, &c., whereby it has arisen that I have not gone in

to dinner; and altogether I have done what here as well as elsewhere, they call 'the influenza.' That is meant as a compliment to the cold weather, which, after a few days, has trotted itself up again to a hothouse temperature, and everybody 'hopes we won't think this a fair specimen of their cold weather,' 'quite an unusual season,' &c. Nonsense! just as if we did not know better; we heard of India before we came out.

By not being well on Thursday I missed two interesting events—one a great durbar held by his lordship, in which he returned the presents made by that Vakeel I told you of some time ago; and the other was a deputation of eight gentlemen to ask Fanny and me to a great ball the whole society of Calcutta are to give us, and we were to fix the day. There seems to be some dispute as to the style of entertainment, because one ball is necessarily so exactly like another in a small society, and all out-of-door amusements, breakfasts, &c., are out of the question; and we objected to another fancy ball, because of the expense to which all the very young gentlemen put themselves on those occasions: so I believe it is to be a full-dress ball,

with feathers and trains, which is quite a novelty in Calcutta. However troublesome these gaieties may be, they are pleasant, as proofs of our 'giving satisfaction;' for as long as it was considered a bore to come to Government House, eternal fagging at society was doubly fatiguing. It seemed so much hard trouble thrown away if it did not please others more than it pleased us; but we have somehow risen rapidly in public estimation, and there is no end to the attentions they pay us. Calcutta is become so gay. In short, 'the wretched tools by which George means to make his arbitrary government popular,' as —— calls us, are turning to account; and that being the case, I no longer object to the trouble of the business. It is the only active duty we can perform here.

Dr. Drummond will not let me take the slightest exercise this week, as I have had constant headaches, and am weakly altogether.

Sunday, 25th.

I am determined to write one line, dearest, on Christmas-day, to wish you and yours many, many happy returns of the day, and that some of them may find us together again; and in the meanwhile I was thinking at church to-day

what an unspeakable comfort the communion of Christians is; how the feeling that we were all commemorating the birth of the same Saviour, with the same rites, and on the same day, brought us all together, even at the distance of half the globe. One part of the service was entirely thrown away on me. I beg to observe the Psalms, as usual, did not agree with my complaint. 'Hearken! oh daughter, and consider; incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house.' I never think David quite understood what he was writing about. The more I hearken and consider, the more I feel that my own people and my father's house are the very points I never can forget. I never thought so much of them before. Last Christmas we were at sea; this Christmas in Bengal; the next I suppose at Allahabad, and so on till we have a Christmas in Egypt, and the next to that at B—— Hall.

I want to go home, please.

Government House, Friday, December 30.

My health has come to again. I have stayed at home quietly, and escaped two nights at the theatre; and we have had no time for dinners;

and I have taken a quantity of iron powders, which have quite cured my headache; and then, yesterday and the day before, two ships arrived and brought us quantities of letters up to August 20, and that always does me good. There were none from you, but then it was not quite your turn. I counted that you should not send off another packet till September 1, and there is a September ship reported this morning.

Fanny's expedition to Raj Mahl is come quite into shape, except that, after having talked for six months of the charms she should find in marching, and the pleasure of going to see tiger-shooting, now that she has the opportunity she has been in such a fright about it that she nearly gave it up. I rather encourage her fears of the actual tiger-shooting, because it seems to me a dangerous pastime, not from the animal, but from the danger of being out too long; and there is no necessity for her going out with the sportsmen. There is very pretty sketching in the Raj Mahl hills, and they change their abode every other day; and they are to see the ruins of Goa and Malda, and several curious places; and I believe, in real truth, she likes it very much. It is a pity they cannot go a fort-

night sooner; but then the older Indians of the party think it as much too cold earlier as we think it too hot. At present their idea is to start February 20.

We had an old Mrs. —— here this morning, a friend of ——, when he was in India before. She has been fifty years in India, barring one year, four years ago, which she spent in England; and she thought it a horrid country, and came out again. She is eighty-four, and is now going home, 'to give England another chance;' if she does not like it, then she says she shall come back and settle here for life. She is a fine-looking old body. I fetched George to see her, and when he went away, she said, 'Well, I have seen a great many Governors-General, but that is the handsomest I recollect—I declare he is very good-looking. Why, ——, you never told me he looked so young; I like his look.' —— and she walked off arm in arm full of their old jokes. He fetched her here in one of our carriages, and took her home again, and she was quite pleased with the attention. A very fine-looking, very old lady is rather a pleasant sight, particularly here, where there are hardly any very young, or very old people.

I mean to write to —— next—that I solemnly vow; but as the 'Duke of Bedford' sails to-morrow, and I had this letter on the stocks, I thought I might as well send it off, instead of a fresh one to her.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO ——

Government House, January 14, 1837.

I have a suspicion of having been dawdling lately in the writing line; in fact, I feel confident that I have not written more than one letter the last fortnight.

We have been attending the races, which necessitates getting up before six every other morning; and they run races very slowly in India—dawdle three-quarters of an hour between each race—so we never get home till past nine, so nearly *glared* blind that writing was too white a pursuit for the rest of the day. But the races were rather amusing and very good of their kind. George's cup was run for on Wednesday, and we had all set our hearts on Captain —— winning it, partly because Mrs. —— was so anxious for it, and then they are the only racing people we know well, but it was

won by a horrid spider of a man who lives up the country, and will carry the cup out of sight and reach. It was a melancholy finale to a race, for his horse dropped down dead before the jockey could dismount; so as a set-off to this disaster, we all tried to be glad he had won the cup; but I have quite returned to my original opinion of the man. Another of his racers broke its leg exercising, and he gave it over to some surgeon to try experiments on, and there was this poor high-bred thing that had lived in a hot stable, and been cockered up and taken care of like a child, standing on three legs under a tree with only a cloth over it, and looking in the greatest pain. It disgusted everybody so much, that the gentlemen began a subscription to buy it of him to shoot it, and he was at last reduced to have it killed by mere shame. So it is a pity he has won the cup. George and I have been all three mornings to the races; they occur only every other day. Fanny has only been once, as she has been very poorly altogether for three days; and though she is much better to-day, she has not the least chance of going to the ball that is given to us on Tuesday, which is a great bore. For various reasons it has been put off two or three times,

greatly to the general inconvenience of Calcutta, which poor hothouse of a place cannot produce any plants that will stand two nights' amusement. So there is a play on Monday; the whole of Calcutta rests on Tuesday and comes out fresh and yellow again on Wednesday; and in this dissipated race-fortnight it has been found difficult to find a day for our ball. I do not know in what way it is to differ from the balls in general, except that we are told to come in feathers and that our names are said to be emblazoned all over the Town Hall, as well as on the buttons of the stewards' coats, but all the rest is a mystery.

Monday, January 16.

Fanny is much better, nearly well again; but at present Dr. Drummond will not hear of her going to the ball to-morrow. However, I dare say she will be able to go for ten minutes, which will be quite enough. —— had a sudden fit of fever too on Saturday, which came on in the night and was gone again in six hours, but was, while it lasted, Dr. Drummond said, as violent as it well could be. He walked home from dinner, and there was a fog at the

time, which is very apt to produce those sudden chills. He is quite well again.

The 'Zenobia,' which took our first letters from hence home, is in the river to-day—come back with answers. What a time we must have been here! And I give you fair notice I shall cry and roar considerably if she does not bring quantities of letters. Yours of August must be on board. Mind you do not slacken about writing. Somehow we have been rather starved the last two months, and it is a shocking sensation. I believe we expect too much when a great many ships come in, because they cannot *all* bring letters; but yet they ought. This must go to-morrow per 'Windsor,' but I shall leave it open to the last minute for the chance of the 'Zenobia's' news.

Tuesday, January 17.

Two letters from Maria, who is a jewel of a friend, one from Mr. Greville, and one from —— by a Glasgow ship; all very well. 'But where is County Guy?' Which means where is your letter, and them 'ere journals? However, in fact, there are only what they call

'loose letters'—not in a moral sense; but we always hear per 'Semaphore' so many 'loose letters,' and so many 'box packets,' and the Post Office takes clearly twelve hours hammering away at unpacking those 'box packets.'

I am so glad you got my panorama, though it was not half finished, and I am particularly glad that thief was discovered. We were always sure it was that boy. Rosina said, when I told her, 'Me always think so; shocking naughty boy. Me know where his mother live; when me go home to England with Ladyship, me go and beat him for taking me Lady's things.' How surprised he will be five years hence at that assault. I wonder what he did with my Prayer-book; however I am devotedly attached to the other you sent me.

We dined out yesterday at Sir B. ——'s, our third and last Judge.

Captain —— is come back, but not at anchor yet; however he will be with us to-morrow, I expect, and when the 'Andromache' goes home I mean to send my drawings to your care. I expect they will amuse you. There is another box going to your care by the 'Robert Small,' which sails the end of this week. It is part of

the furniture which I have had embroidered in the house here, but the climate is spoiling it already. Will you take care of it and have it aired occasionally? and in due time it will have to be made up. That will be a very satisfactory moment, because then we shall be on our road home.

Fanny and —— set off in rather less than three weeks for their Raj Mahl Hill expedition, and are full of preparations.

TO A FRIEND.

Wednesday, January 18, 1837.

Fanny was not well enough to go to the ball after all; it was really a pity she missed it; it was so well done. Our whole household went in grand costume, and I was *tastefully* attired in a Chinese white satin, *elegantly* embroidered in wreaths of flowers (not the least like flowers) by my Dacca workmen; head-dress, feathers and lappets. Everybody went in new dresses, which made the ball look brilliant. We were met on the steps by twelve stewards, wearing silver medallions, two of which I begged and have sent (by Captain

Fulcher, of the 'Robert Small') to —— and ——. Mind he gives you up that little box. The staircases were beautifully ornamented with flags belonging to half the ships in the river, and the bands played 'God save the King,' which, indeed, we rather expect now whenever we blow our noses or sneeze; but 'King George' was not allowed to walk first this evening, because it was explained to him that he was only asked to meet *us*, all for our honour and glory. The Town Hall is an immense building, with two rows of pillars running from one end of the room to the other, and between each pillar there was a drapery of pink crape, to which hung a large wreath of evergreens, and in that wreath there was alternately an E and an F of forget-me-nots, or roses or any sentimental flower of that kind. They had cleared away the theatre at one end of the room and replaced it by a Richard the Thirdish sort of tent, the draperies held up by trophies of our arms, wheat-sheaves in all directions, and E's and F's to match. It was a splendid tent, all red and white satin, and I should like the reversion of it when we go up the country. There were two arm-chairs

covered with white satin for us, and the poor degraded George had his chair put a step lower; and over our chairs were our arms and motto. Whereupon I observed to Mr. Shakespear, who wanted to know what 'Si sit prudentia' meant, that 'sit' was put over my chair because I was going to sit down in it; 'prudentia' over Fanny's because she stayed at home when she would have preferred coming to the ball; and 'si' was for George, who was sighing for a better place than he was seated in. We call that a joke at Calcutta, and it makes us laugh, though it would be rather stupid at home. I did not really sit down on my throne; I thought it would look pretending; but all the ladies, with unwonted civility, came to make their curtseys while George and I were standing there; and then the stewards carried us off to the other end of the room, where there was another large E and F, with two altars and heaps of flowers and little flames burning; pretty and allegorical, though I do not exactly know what it meant; but it looked very well. It was an immensely full ball. Supper was prepared in one room for 650, but 750 contrived to find places; and there was a

dais for us with a scarlet drapery and our eternal names, and each of the stewards presided at a separate table. At the end Mr. Shakespear gave our healths, which were drunk with considerable noise, and then we all went back to the ball-room and stayed till two, which is a wonderful excess for this country and for us. The ball lasted till near four. It really was a magnificent fête, and the stewards showed the superior manners of more advanced age. At the bachelors' ball nobody took charge of anybody, but these steady married gentlemen were trotting about, seeing that everybody had partners, and supper, and seats; and six of them were always left to take care of me, and they were quite proud of themselves for understanding a ball so much better than the young gentlemen who gave the last. However little amusing a ball *per se* is to us who have outlived them, yet this was really very gratifying; I mean really and truly. It is certainly pleasanter to be liked than disliked by the people one *must* live with. There was every lady of the society there except three, who were ill and who sent notes of excuse and their husbands, or their sons to make their

apologies; and so, as all our dinners and parties have met their reward, we shall go on in the same track; and that is the end of the great ball subject.

Friday, Barrackpore.

Fanny and I and Dr. Drummond came up here yesterday, as change of air is always the thing after a bilious attack; but she is quite well again.

The weather is very nice now early in the morning, so much so that I got up at half-past six and got into a tonjaun and was carried to the menagerie, which is now quite full, and thence to the garden.

Monday, January 23.

We gave a farewell dinner at Barrackpore to old General ——, who commands that station, and who is going home. We had all the chief military people to meet him.

We heard a great many details of that poor Dr. ——'s death. His name must have come often in my letters, as we were more acquainted with him than with most people here. George and he were in constant communication. ——

and he went out shooting together, and latterly he has come to accompany me on the flute. He played and sang beautifully. We have always thought him very superior to most of the people here. Last Tuesday week, when we had the Helfers to sing here, he wrote me word he had such a bad headache he could not come. Dr. Drummond went to see him as a friend on Wednesday, and said he wished he kept more quiet and that his doctors were more frightened about him. The next day they did stop all visits to him, but then it had become a regular brain fever, and he died on Wednesday night. His wife is supposed to be on her way out, but, as she was in wretched health, it is to be hoped she may again have changed her mind. You cannot imagine in India how the *ranks close in* the very day after a death. The most intimate friends never stay at home above two days, and they see everybody again directly. It is a constant surprise to me, but I suppose there must be some good reason for it, as it is always the case. I should have thought grief might have taken just the other line, but I suppose they really could not bear it *alone* here; and then they never are free from the sight of

human beings, from the practice of servants being always at hand. However, so it always is. Dr. —— had more warm friends than anybody, but there was not one who stayed away from the races after his death.

We came down to Calcutta in the evening. Such a lovely moon, but, horrible to relate, the weather is really growing hot again. They all say 'it is unusual' and 'a curious circumstance' and 'unprecedented,' and 'there must be rain somewhere;' but we know what all that means—two months of cold weather instead of four.

Yours most affectionately,

E. EDEN.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Government House, January 27, 1837.

MY DEAREST SISTER,—I have not much to say that I have not said fifty times over, but still I must write, because you are, as I said above, my dearest sister.

There was a ship—the 'Gregson'—burnt three days ago. Just got out to sea beyond the Sandheads, and, though all the passengers were saved and are come back here again, every article on board was burnt. I wonder whether many of

our letters went by her. I shall always say so. In fact, you would have been delighted with the very amusing narrative I sent you by the 'Gregson.' It finished off that immense packet I sent you by the 'Victoria' in October, which ill-fated ship, I am sorry to see, has also been burnt at the Mauritius; but, as I have written by other ships, only not so pleasantly and freely, of course I only allude to these missing letters just to show that I am always writing to you. It would be indelicate to make the slightest reference to the little offerings sent by the same opportunities. In fact, the little trifles sent per 'Gregson' were hardly worth your acceptance, and, as the better selection shipped per 'Victoria' now can never reach you, I will not tantalise you by descriptions of the eastern gew-gaws. You guess the style of thing—mother of pearl and silver filigree—and if I did not say anything about the shawl embroidered with seed pearls and emeralds, it must have been mere forgetfulness on my part, as I think you would have liked it to put over your gown when you were gardening.

I am so glad you continue to like Dandy. I am fonder of Chance in my own little way than

of all the rest of India, with Ceylon and the Straits thrown into the bargain. He has got such a sweet coat too, which he wears morning and evening, after the fashion of dogs in India. He had a common red one, very well for a common black dog, but not quite the thing for the Prince Royal. There is a native who sells us Chinese silks, and I suppose has made a good thing of us, for he made up as a surprise to me a coat for Chance, of a broché gold-coloured satin bound with silver, with a sort of breast-plate of mock stones set in gold. It was put on Chance, and he was brought into my room in triumph by his man, followed by all my servants, just to see if I did not *really* think it the most beautiful dress in the world; and Rosina stands and admires it with genuine admiration, and asks every morning whether Chance had better wear his old coat or his Sunday dress.

Yours affectionately,

E. EDEN.

TO A FRIEND.

Government House, February 11, 1837.

I see in the papers that the 'Java' letter-bag closes to-night, and, though I have particularly nothing to say, and never heard of, or saw the 'Java' in the river, still if she *will* close her letter-bag to-night, I suppose she would like to have something to put into it.

This is our levee day, so I shall write till the people begin to pour in, and after that the sooner I am hanged and put out of my pain, or *luncheoned* and brought to life again, the better. Not that I expect an immense crowd to-day, as it is the season that people are leaving Calcutta instead of coming into it. It is the new arrivals who bother me entirely.

A shocking catastrophe occurred last week at Barrackpore in the canine department, but there are hopes it may not end fatally. A jackal got hold of little Fairy, ——'s pretty little greyhound, and worried her in a horrid manner. —— and all the other gentlemen settle themselves on the lawn at Barrackpore after we go to bed for an hour's smoking, and

they generally get into violent political arguments; so on Friday evening they had set in to their smoking—eight of them, and a row of servants round them, and about twenty jackals again beyond them. Fairy had only jumped off ——'s knee one moment before they heard a little shriek, which they took to be a cat screaming; and then they heard another noise, and one of the Hurkarus saw a jackal carrying off Fairy by the throat; so then they all ran and frightened the beast away, and Fairy was picked up with her throat and paws shockingly torn, and apparently so dead that —— told one of the men to bury her. But after the man carried her off she showed signs of life, and her funeral was countermanded, and now she has been nursed and petted for a week, and is getting better. She screamed and howled terribly for two days, and, as dogs that have been bitten by jackals generally go mad, it has been necessary to keep her in a large cage; but I think now she will recover. There are sometimes fifty jackals at a time round the house at Barrackpore, and I assure you, my dear ——, that I have not a moment's peace about the Prince Royal, only I think his

natural dignity and his imperious manner may keep the jackals in awe; also his servant is rather grand, particularly in the cold weather, when he wears a nice Indian shawl draped over him in a very becoming way. Dr. Drummond's little dog has been carried off twice and recovered. We have all sorts of little adventures of that kind. One of the rhinoceroses has taken to stray about the park, and ran after an old neighbour of ours when he was going home one evening, and he is not only very angry (naturally) that the rhinoceros should have run after him, but also that George should have laughed when he made his complaint, and not only that, but everybody else laughs when they think of this great heavy beast scuttling after old Mr. ——. I quite agree with him in thinking it no laughing matter.

February 12.

There! we had a quantity of people, and in the afternoon it was so hot that I could not write; in fact, I went to sleep, and we dined early to go to the play. A Mrs. Chester, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and also from

Sidney and New South Wales, has deigned to tread the boards of the Chowringhee Theatre, and she wrote me so many moving letters that at last we were obliged to go. She is by way of being a singer, so the first act was a concert and the second a farce. I forget now how *common people* are treated in England; here they never begin anything till we come, which is extremely gratifying, only it gives us the trouble of going to the very beginning of any sight, however tedious. George and I, with Miss —— and some gentlemen, bravely sacrificed ourselves and sat through it all. Fanny and —— came only to the farce. It was almost amusing from being so bad. It is a great pity they cannot import a tolerable actress, for the gentlemen amateurs are excellent actors.

This morning has been a grand morning. I think of putting up a little monument to the 12th February. I have had thirteen letters this morning for my own private share—thirteen! Do you feel the force of short expressions, ma'am? Never was such times! It is worth all the agony of waiting and dancing about in a fuss, just like a bear learning to dance, which is

the sort of feeling I have, when letters come. I am perfectly miserable when they do, because, though it appears to me that I never think of anything but you all, yet I think still more, and with more bitter regret, just after the letters come in. However, it is no use saying so—only I never *will* care for anything else; but I suppose we are all placed where we ought to be, and that we must make the best of it, and it is impossible to be thankful enough that all these letters should come, and all bring such good accounts. Also, it is pleasant to be able to tell you how little we all suffer from the climate, detestable as it is. My health is better than it used to be at home. Fanny has not half the pains and aches she had latterly at the Admiralty. George is remarkably well, and it is so like his placid sort of luck; but his room is the only cool room in the house at all times of the year. Nobody knows why. My room and the drawing-room have precisely the same aspect, and are as hot as flames. It is just his cool way of taking things.

Wright is roaring and crying with the pleasure of two letters from her sisters, and —— is in a high state of excitement with a

letter from Mary the housemaid. Mars has no letter, but is more quietly pleased with unpacking four baskets of preserves the Nawaub of Moorshedabad has sent us, particularly some hot chillis preserved in honey—I should think the most horrid mixture under heaven; but he brought them in triumph to my room, as something exquisite. Rosina is quite happy because there were silver cords and tassels round some of the parcels which Mars gave her, and she has put them on as bracelets; they make her brown hands look so pretty. I never saw such small hands and feet as the little Matwês have here.

Once more God bless you all.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO THE HON. AND REV. ROBERT EDEN.

February 14, 1837.

My dearest Robert,—This is to be really a short letter, not those double sheets I generally write; for those dear good ships, 'Larkins' and 'Robarts,' which arrived five days ago, together, brought us such a profusion of letters that I want in a transport of gratitude to write to everybody

at once. I had two from you, and your account of your interview with Madame Sophie made us all laugh; even the poor, dear aides-de-camp thought it their duty to laugh too. But I think it was rather clever of you to write such a good account of my gowns—very much as if I were to try and compound for my tithes, or enforce the new Poor Law. On Saturday the box arrived, and very imposing it looked when we had it opened. Lovely articles! Not but what I think the fashions in real truth hideous, and remarkably unbecoming to me; but still the gowns themselves are beautiful.

George is going to answer Willy's letter. We have got a good leopard-skin for him, and hope to find a tiger-skin in the course of the week. Those we have seen had been damaged; so if we do not succeed, he must wait till Fanny and —— bring back one of their own shooting. There is a Captain —— going home next week who will take them, and I will send by the same opportunity some pocket-handkerchiefs, which —— presents to you. They are made somewhere up the country, and are very good articles.

Fanny and —— set off yesterday morning

in great glee; for there was on Sunday evening a powerful thunder-storm—I never saw such inky blackness—and then a good pouring rain, the first that has fallen for five months; and that brings back the cool weather for another month, besides laying the dust for their journey, which is no small consideration. It cleared up in the morning, and they went off at seven in the carriage to Barrackpore, had an early dinner there, and at four started in their palanquins. They would overtake their tents at eight this morning, and that is the only fatigue they will have. After that they never go above ten miles a day. I sent three of my servants to Barrackpore with them, as their own are gone on, and my jemadar came back this morning and said they set off at four, and 'the Choota lady Sahib' (or 'la petite miladi,' as St. Cloud translates it) 'send her love, and say she have all she want, and she look remarkable comfortable in her palkee;' and he ended with clasping his hands, and 'Now, please, may I have leave to go home and see my children; me up at Barrackpore all one whole day,' which the servants look upon as the extreme of human misery. Nobody knows why; for now we go there regu-

larly, they have each settled *a few of their wives* there, so as to have a home at both places; so nothing can be more moral or comfortable. George and I are going to take advantage of the roads being watered to get away from the course, and we send on the riding horses and drive to them, and then ride into the lanes by by-roads. I have got a new horse, the last that came from the Cape; my first horse turned out too frisky in the cool weather. Webb says that during the number of years he has managed the Government House stables he has never seen a horse that could not be worked enough in this country, but Selim would take two men to ride him into good behaviour; so, as I have found him more than enough for one woman, I have changed, and this new horse is very quiet. George has one of his scientific parties to-night. Will you come and sit with me in the meantime?

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Monday, February 20, 1837.

Now that Fanny is away, and I have to write to her, besides answering English letters, I am quite overworked. She went this day week, and is now at Berhampore. They are both delighted with their camp life and with all they see, and it seems to answer much better than they expected; but as she is writing a journal home, it will be hard upon her if I repeat her story.

We had a party as usual, for the three days of Barrackpore.

We had such a lovely drive down to Calcutta last night, the moon was so bright and the air so soft.

Friday, February 24.

I had an immense tribe of visitors yesterday morning. Brigadier —— came again this morning about that review at Dumdum, and as they all say it will be less fatigue to go up at break of day than even late in the afternoon, as it is very hot now till sunset, I am to go to his

house early on Monday morning and stay the day there. It sounds rather dreadful, and I think an artillery review must be worse than a common review, inasmuch as cannon make more noise than guns. The Brigadier pledges himself that I shall have a good luncheon, three rooms to myself, liberty not to receive the ladies of the station, and he solemnly asserts there is no Mrs. —— to do the honours, &c., and that there shall be nobody but his aide-de-camp to take care of me; so I shall request whichever of our aides-de-camp goes with me to run his aide-de-camp through the body if he talks too much, and then it will do very well.

Dumdum, Monday, 27th.

There! like a clever creature I brought my writing things up with me, and I am very comfortable here in my own rooms, and quite at leisure. A great many of the Dumdum ladies have called, but Captain —— has very wisely informed them I should be tired if I saw them, which I am sure would have been the case. He and I came up very early with Wright and Rosina and Giles, and about four

carriage-loads of other servants, who have settled themselves and the little ponies that draw their carriages under a group of cocoa trees close by, where they are cooking and laughing and looking very comfortable. The Brigadier has got a bad sick headache, poor man; which is awkward the day of a review. It is awfully hot; the thermometer at 84° in this room; all shut up; and, what is very distressing, is that I have to dress twice, and he has remembered everything but a looking-glass—strange neglect!

I was going to tell you that in a box we packed up yesterday, and sent by the 'Fergusson' to Robert, there is an Indian shawl—a present from Fanny and me to ——; so will you give it to her with our love. It is nice soft wear.

There is a new large looking-glass just come, so I must dress.

Tuesday, 28th.

I am so tired, I have a great mind to cry; only if one cried every time one felt tired in India, no number of pocket-handkerchiefs would suffice; but my bones ache, and I think I never shall be cool again.

George arrived at four yesterday, in great state, with the whole of the bodyguard, and the whole concern after him; and the guns fired and the trumpets sounded, and the people ran and the officers drew their swords; and when I called to Wright for my bonnet, she could not come because she was sobbing; and when I asked what was the matter, 'I was looking at my lord, ma'am, and thinking of the day I first saw him in Grosvenor Street, and my lord persuaded you to take me, and now, ma'am, he is quite as good as a king.' 'Yes, but think of the climate and the dust and the bore of it all, Wright, and see if you can't find my bonnet; and, moreover, if my lord had been a real king, he would not have stuck himself at the top of a prancing horse to go off at four in the broad sun to see a quantity of smoke and natives.' The thermometer was at least 150° on the plain, I am sure. He took all his staff (with all their horses kicking) after him, and I followed in the open carriage with the four young horses kicking too, and the postilions not understanding a word I said. However, we lived through the first ten minutes, and then the horses were all stunned

and quiet, and we were the colour of lobsters. After a time I got on the elephant which we had sent up from Barrackpore, and at last George joined me, and we saw the review very well from thence. There was a mine blown up, which was a pretty sight, and shot nearly as redhot as the people looking on, and the thousands of spectators were past all calculation. 'Me tell Missee Wright,' Rosina said, 'that my governor, poor ting, his hand ache with bow, bow, bow, to everybody's salaam, and everybody say my governor very nice man.'

We got home in time to dress, then to the messroom, where we sat down with 200 people, George and I in the middle, supported by 'the Brigadier' and 'Mrs. Colonel ——:' don't you see the sort of thing, with an 'Auckland' and stars and illuminations all above us, and the heat! My jemadar, with his usual cleverness had provided himself with a great fan, or I must have disappeared into my own plate, and been carried off by mistake for melted jelly. Then there were fireworks the instant dinner was over, and a ball the moment the fireworks were extinguished; and as soon as that began we came away, and the drive home

was worth any money—'the pleasant, the cool, the silent.' But I am very tired to-day. However we have no company to dinner all this week, bless their hearts! and we are going to take a quiet late drive.

Fanny seems very well and prosperous, and says it is really cold, part of the day at Raj Mahl.

Barrackpore, Saturday, March 4.

We have been here a whole year this day, so I must write to you, and I think I will send off my letter. George says it seems like half a year, I think it seems like twenty. But there is much to be thankful for. We are all (as far as we know) well on both sides of the water; we have had no misfortune to bear, or to tell; and I feel to know you more and to love you better, and to be more intimate and devoted to you than ever. The thread has been drawn out to its utmost length, but it has not an idea of breaking, has it, dear? and it grows more like a rope every day. If they won't let us go home soon it will be a cable. I grudge the loss of your society, and your look, and your voice; but still at the end of this whole year of

India, it seems to me that I have lived with all of you and with nobody else, so my English accounts add up well. As for India: looking at it dispassionately and without exaggerating its grievances for fun, I really think I hate it more now than at first. I try to make out for you stories and amusement from the pomp and circumstance of the life, and I can fancy you saying, 'Oh! they talk so much about *that*, they must like it;' but it is because there is nothing else to frame a cheerful letter on. I think the climate a constant and increasing evil, inasmuch as it becomes every day more difficult to occupy myself.

In the meanwhile I flatter myself the English Ministry is changing about this time, or perhaps a month later, and if you can but have us recalled, I do not insist on a second anniversary.

I am particularly bitter to-day. We are returning our Dumdum civilities, and there are some of the artillery officers here; and this morning one of them came in and wished me 'many happy returns of the day, and all to be spent in India.' 'Few, you mean,' I said; 'the many and the happy can't be here.' But away

he went, got on board his yacht, which is lying at our Ghaut, and fired a salute of twenty-one guns, which shook all the windows, and then came back and said he had been celebrating the anniversary of my birthday. However I must finish. God bless you.

Your own most affectionate

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Government House, February 23, 1837.

Fanny and —— set off last Monday week, Feb. 13, and write in ecstasies about the camp life. Fanny says she is hungry all day long, and never slept so well in her life, and their tents are not hot; so I really hope it will answer, and I think it must be a very amusing change. The only danger is the weather, which is much changed for the worse the last three days; however, I have got her Sunday letter, which does not complain, and Sunday was a broiling day at Barrackpore. Everybody was ill at church, and there are no punkahs up, and we are still in our silk gowns from dread of the eight months of white muslin that are coming on. Perhaps when we get into hot weather

trim, and the servants consent to shut all the glass windows, it may do better; but the heat has begun a month earlier than usual. It can hardly have thought we had not enough of it.

I thought I should want a friend when Fanny was out, to come for half-an-hour occasionally, and I had not a notion where to turn for one, but by great luck I find that my extra letter to Fanny just fills up the time in which we should be sitting together, and the rest of the time I am very glad to be busy in my own room. Besides George does not mind my going to sit in his room occasionally, and the days that the Council make him too late for luncheon he always comes up to my room for it.

I did rather an amusing thing last week. I went to see the Burra Bazaar, a narrow sort of street, Cranbourne Alley squeezed almost close and flat, and inhabited by jewellers, shawl merchants, turban binders, &c. I went with Mr. ——, his daughter, and Mr. —— in their little palanquin carriage, partly because it would have been thought incorrect if any of the Government House servants had been seen there (Lady William Bentinck went to see it in the same way), and also that the shopkeepers

would have charged four times as much for their goods to any of our family. It was very amusing to see my servants when Captain —— said none of them were to go with me. They evidently felt that a mad patient was escaping from her keepers, and my jemadar ventured to represent that he *ought* to go with me, which is very unusual with a native servant. We went off alone, however, and had to walk down the narrowest alleys, and then to go up to the housetops of such wretched-looking houses, where the owners were sitting smoking, or asleep, and out of their dirty-looking thatched tenements they produced such shawls, gold brocades that were thicker than the doors of their transparent houses, and the men that sold them looked as if they were cut out of the 'Arabian Nights.' The jewellers' shops are disappointing, except that they produce out of some odd corner of their dresses handfuls of diamonds and pearls; but they have nothing set nicely. I never go to any of these sights without wishing for Landseer, or Wilkie. There is something about natives so ultra-picturesque, they would make the fortunes of an artist.

We are going to make up a small party to

the Botanical Garden on Saturday. I have asked three young ladies and their *beaux* and two couples, and all our own gentlemen mean to go, and St. Cloud and his myrmidons will go down by water in the morning, and cook us a dinner somehow. The natives with four bricks and a little charcoal make excellent kitchens out of doors, and we shall have the band sent down too, and I dare say it will be very pleasant on the water at night, and the moon is the only good thing I know in India.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO THE HON. AND REV. ROBERT EDEN.

Government House, Sunday, February 26, 1837.

My dearest Robert,—I am only going to run off a line by candlelight, an unusual exertion in this country, but to-morrow at peep of day I am going up to Dumdum to prepare for a review, and the 'Fergusson' sails on Tuesday morning, and in that said 'Fergusson' there are two boxes addressed to you which Captain Young of the aforesaid ship has taken under his care, in one of which are a turban and slippers for Lena, such as the children wear here

when they are smart, and which I bought the other day at the Burra Bazaar, at a stall where they are made, and some little caps which are regular native baby's caps. My jemadar's children wear them, so I sent them to yours, as, if they act plays, they will amuse them. In the other box there are Willy's tiger and leopard-skins, which he wrote to George for; and, as Captain Young kindly offered to take the box *gratis*, I sent some of the Patna toys, which children live upon here, and which have the merit that they may suck them for ever and the paint does not come off. The elephant is an exact image of ours at Barrackpore, and the camel and man on it are very correct likenesses; but the originals are not common in Bengal, though we sometimes see them. There were two painted sticks to drag them by, but they would have made the box too large.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

There is a list in the box besides the direction on the parcel.

Think how horrible. It had been packed two days, and I undid it to write on the parcels, and found in it not only two cockroaches, which

would have eaten up everything, but a centipede two inches long, which would have stung you horribly. Three of the servants gathered together before they dared kill it. They are very numerous here, but I suppose they would he stupefied in a cold climate.

TO A FRIEND.

Government House, Monday, March 6.

George and I walked to a new aviary, or rather pheasantry, that we have been making out of a *mock* ruin in the garden, and there, in the midst of our new gold pheasants, which we have imported from China at vast expense to ourselves and vast trouble to —— ——, was an immense snake, a sort of serpent, hopping and skipping about the trees in the aviary; quite harmless, the native gardener said, only it was fond of eating birds—*our* birds, our new birds. He caught it and crammed it into a kedgeree pot, where it was precisely a reel in a bottle. It is all very well, and India is a very nice country; but, from early and perhaps bad habits, I prefer a place where we can go and feed the poultry without finding a great flying serpent whisking and wriggling about.

George and I came down to Calcutta very late, leaving the rest of the party to come down by water in the morning. Our only incident was passing Wright and Giles, expostulating in English with a kicking Indian horse, who was trying, with every prospect of success, to overturn Wright's carriage.

Tuesday, 7th.

My days are very quiet and uninterrupted. From nine in the morning till airing time I see nobody except at luncheon, which does not last long. Yesterday we dined early to go to a benefit of a tiresome Madame ——, who has actually persuaded us into going, by letters and petitions, &c. It was a sort of concert—songs out of various operas, remarkably ill sung by people dressed in *character*. Madame —— is an exaggeration of the *Duchesse de Caniggaro*, only fatter, and she was dressed as Tancredi; it almost made the concert amusing. Luckily it was all over by ten. We have got two more benefits to do, and then I think all furthe theatricals may be avoided for the hot season. George at first did not mean to do ——, as I handsomely offered to do it alone; and, to fill the

box, I asked Mr. and Mrs. —— and several other people to go with me.

Thursday, 9th.

Tuesday morning a huge box of lovely articles—shawls, kinkobs, turbans, &c.—was sent to me to look at. They belonged to a Mrs. ——, a native woman of very high caste and very beautiful, who was married both by the Mussulman and Protestant rites to an English Colonel ——, who took her to England last year, and he died on the passage home. She has never changed her native habits, cannot speak a word of English, and is quite helpless and ignorant. She came back in the ship that took her out under the care of her eldest boy, who has been brought up at home and cannot speak a word of Hindustani; so he and his mother cannot have much communication. All the magnificent trousseau which Colonel —— provided for her use in England has never been touched. They say it is quite melancholy to see her sitting on the floor, as natives do, with a coarse veil over her head, moaning over her loss. Her children are all brought up at home as English people, and she

will never see them again. I bought on speculation for the Duchess of Sutherland the most beautiful silver-embroidered dress I ever saw. She told me when I left England to buy some fine Indian muslin for her, but I have never before seen any so fine as this. The whole article was unique, and I hope she will like it, as it was a large outlay; but price is no object to her.

We had our dance in the evening, rather a gay one apparently.

Wednesday morning I went in Fanny's place to the school committee, which seemed very peaceable, and in the evening we went to see 'Masaniello,' which the French Company have got up, and acted last week to an enthusiastic audience. I thought it an absolute miracle in our favour that we were at Barrackpore at the time; but the subscribers, by way of consoling us for that disappointment, proposed to have it over again, contrary to the rules of the subscription, and wrote to beg we would not miss such a perfect opera. The 'prima donna' really surpassed herself in it. So kind; but it is very hot. However, we went and were received with great applause; I don't know why,

for I cannot recollect that we have done anything very good lately except stew ourselves to jellies at the theatre. The opera was really wonderfully well got up for such small means as they have, and I thought 'the ——' did the dumb girl wonderfully, considering she does not understand a word of French, and therefore never knew what she was making signs to.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Government House, March 10, 1837.

My dearest Sister,—Do you think, hot and weary as I am, I could run off all at once a letter to you to go off per 'Bolton,' which sails early to-morrow? I do not much care if I cannot, because she is to stop at Madras and the Cape, very much as if the post to East Combe went round by Battersea and Langley as far as time is concerned; so any other ship would do better, only it is a long time since I have written to you and I feel uncomfortable about it. I had meant to write to you as I did to —— on the anniversary of our arrival here, only I knew you would not believe it was only a year; it is ten, is not it? You are a sort of

person who keeps accounts and are exact and know how time really goes.

To add to the provocation of being a whole year in such a concern the old stagers all accost me with a benevolent smile and an air of patronising fellowship. 'Well, I give you joy; now you are out of your *griffinage* you know as much as we do.' 'I should be sorry to know as little, but I suppose I shall if I stay here four years more,' is my natural response. But I only think these things; I don't say them. I keep silence—yea, even from good words—but you will allow there is ample provocation for bad ones. I am thinking of being extravagantly original the next few weeks, just to show them that even habit cannot bring me to their dull level.

March 15.

I forwarded to you last week a great packet of Fanny's, which will show you how she is enjoying her travels. I hear from her or —— most days, and they seem to be enjoying themselves much, though disappointed with the number of their tigers. They have killed none the last week. Our doctor has been very ill for a few days with a regular

Bengal fever, but he is quite out of all danger to-day, and the disorder is at an end. Indeed, I do not know that he ever was in danger; the two physicians who were attending him said not, but that it was one of those cases which required great care, and they were here every two or three hours, and put leeches on twice in one day.

I had such a bad night last night—the sort of bad nights that can only be grown in this country, so complete and from such odd causes. I have changed the order of my rooms, and in moving my mosquito-house from my former bedroom, now my sitting-room, it got warped and the doors would not shut close; so the mosquitoes, who never miss their opportunity, whisked in forthwith, and the more I drove them about with the chowry the more they buzzed, till, with them and the weather, I was in a fever; and just at the hottest a regular north-easter set in—a sort of hurricane. All my windows and shutters were wide open, and I heard all the curiosities in my room flying about as if they were mere rubbish, and when I tried to get out I found Rosina had bolted the door of my mosquito-house outside. Such a

position! A storm destroying my little property outside and those insects raging within, and the more I called to Wright, and Rosina, and Anna, and all the 'Qui Hi's' in the passage the more they slept. However, they woke at last, and the shutters were shut and order restored, and I thought I might go to sleep; not that one ever can in this country if the night begins ill, so of course some of the bearers, who sleep in the verandah below, began to cough out of compliment to the storm, and some English chickens Wright has set up began to crow, and the heat was worse than ever when the hurricane went by; and at last I told them to pull the punkah in my bed, not knowing that having once begun it never can be left off again for the next eight months. Altogether I slept for one hour. And now you know what an Indian bad night is. The result was that after luncheon I thought I would go to sleep, and took off my frill and my sash and let *all the hooks and eyes* loose, and told the servants to keep the passage quiet and not to come in with any notes; and just as I had sunk into a peaceable slumber several of them rushed in, announcing the Lord Sahib himself and the Lord

Padre; and then came George, looking very fussy and as if he knew he did not go twice a day to church, or that there was ever any dancing in Government House, and then the Bishop and his chaplains and the Archdeacon; and I was not half awake, and Chance began to bark, and a little motherless mouse-deer I am bringing up by hand was asleep on the sofa. In short we never were less prepared for a dignitary who thinks much of ceremonies. However, I did my best—shook myself straight, gave Chance a gentle kick, tried to give 'La Fleur des Pois,' by Balzac, a botanical air, sat carelessly down on the mouse-deer, and conversed with considerable freedom, slightly checked by artful attempts to fish out from under the Bishop's chair my sash with the buckle attached, which had assumed a serpentine attitude of much grace in full sight. 'Je suis une figure *affreuse*, j'en suis sûre,' I thought to myself with a pang of remembrance of your voice. But the Bishop was much too full of his own sufferings to mind it. He had been twenty days in a steamer coming down from Allahabad and was nearly baked, and he drove straight to Government House on landing. I

never saw anybody so done up. He has been up the country ever since we arrived. We hear he is very amusing; he always says something very odd in his sermons, particularly if he sees his hearers inattentive. Several people have told me that they heard him say in the cathedral, 'You won't come to church. Some of you say it is too hot; to be sure it is hot,' and then he wiped his face; 'I myself feel like a boiled cabbage, but here I am, preaching away.' There was a sort of service here in this house when the W. Bentincks went away, and in praying against the perils of the deep he quite forgot he was praying and began describing his own sufferings. 'When I ran up from Singapore to Ceylon I never felt anything like it; the ship rolled here and there; I was so giddy I was obliged to hold on by the table.' I mean to go on Friday night to the cathedral to hear his first sermon—a funeral sermon on the late Bishop Corrie.

We have set up a second late drive after dinner since last week when there has been a moon. After eight there is not a human being to be seen on the plain, either native or European, and between nine and ten most of

the latter are in bed and asleep. However, it has been discovered that we went out at that undue hour, and on Thursday morning half the ladies that came, began wondering at it and asked what made me think of it. I said it must have been inspiration; I could not trace any train of events which could have led to such an original idea, but it *had* been done before at home, and perhaps the moon and the idle horses, &c. &c. They still thought it odd and not the usual way of Calcutta, *but*, if it really were pleasant, they thought they would try too the next moon. I thought that mean of them, so I observed, 'Oh! the moon! yes, that does very well, but I rather like the mussatchees better.' There are always twelve mussatchees, or torch-bearers, who run before the Governor-General's carriage at night, so that quite settled the question. It showed that it was not purely an English idea, but a highly refined Indian bit of finery borrowed from Lord Wellesley's time at least; so they wondered still more, and now they are all going to do the same.

I wish my letters were not so tiresome, but I am hopeless about it till we begin to travel.

God bless you, my very dear sister! George's

love; he is quite well, and so am I. I have certainly very good health in this country.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Saturday, March 18, 1837.

Some officer at Ghazeepore sent us yesterday two young bears, two fawns, and a very young mouse-deer; the united ages of the whole set could not make a month. The bears were the size of Chance and very like him. One fawn died, but the other and the mouse-deer I am trying to rear by means of a teapot and some milk. The little mouse-deer stands very comfortably in my hand; when full grown they are about the height of Chance, with such slender limbs and beautiful black eyes. It is a pity I cannot send you some.

Did I ever mention that I sent —— some more tortoises by the Duke of Devonshire's gardener, who went home in the 'Zenobia'? He will leave them in Grosvenor Place. There are two different kinds; the spotted are very pretty, and their skulls are sometimes set as bracelets.

I went on Friday evening to the cathedral to

hear the Bishop preach a funeral sermon for the Bishop of Madras—that excellent Corrie who appears in 'Henry Martyn's Life,' and in all other *good* Indian memoirs. He and his wife have both died at Madras within the last few months.

Monday, 20th.

We went again to the cathedral, that George might hear the Bishop, but he did not preach. A Mr. S—— gave us such a bad sermon. It is very odd how many bad sermons there are in the world, and they are much worse in this climate; like meat, or milk, or anything else, they won't keep at all, and if they run to length when the thermometer is near 90°, as it was in church yesterday, you cannot imagine how one carps at the slightest tautology.

I had such a pretty present to-day of little marble figures from Gyah. It is a famous place for cutting stone and marble, and I am thinking of sending the models I have made lately up there and getting them cut in stone. I have just finished one of Fairy and her puppies as a surprise for ——.

Wednesday, 22nd.

I always try, if I can, to pick up anything

out of this dull life that is sufficiently different from English life to amuse you—something that has what Jacquemont calls a 'couleur locale.' I had two people sent to me yesterday by two ladies who thought I should like to sketch them—one a Malay in a beautiful dress, the other a man who is employed to find out domestic thefts. Mrs. —— had lost a trinket and sent for this man, and he performed all sorts of odd incantations amongst her servants, and then gave them rice to eat, and the thief is never able to swallow the rice. The truth is that the servants are naturally timid, and the thief, from fright, cannot chew the rice, which requires a great deal of moisture, and then the other servants oblige him to confess, so that the conjurer hardly ever fails. The mere *sight* of him would frighten me into confession, and I was obliged to send for Captain ——, who sketches too, to be with me. The man's hair has never been cut since he was born, and hangs in long grey ropes all over him. He sat huddled up in a scanty drapery, rolling his immense eyes from side to side and muttering to himself. You will see my sketch of him soon, as we are expecting Captain Chads every day, and he is to take home my drawings.

Another domestic event in the morning was unlike England, though it happens constantly here. Captain —— had turned off one of the servants for being absent three weeks without leave, and these dismissed people, after moaning and sighing about the gates of Government House for a week, if they find Captain —— inexorable, generally contrive to come to me; and, if they can, they bring a train of the old servants to beg for them, and they cry like children and fling themselves on the floor and knock their heads against it; though I have now forewarned my jemadar that he must condition with all his petitioners that they are to stand up and speak out in a manly way, or I cannot see them. They have a way when they are in disgrace of spreading their turbans about them, that I think remarkably interesting, and it does just as well as if I understood every word of their apologies. This man yesterday, besides an interesting discomposed turban and a train of yellow servants with clasped hands, looking as if they were all going to be hanged, brought his old mother to cry for him. It is not very common to see a native female (not a servant), and this old creature was huddled up

in her dirty veil, and hideous as all the native women I have met with, but her feet and hands were the most curious things. Very few English children of seven years old would have such small feet, and so narrow and beautifully shaped. There is no such thing as a large foot in this country, but such small ones as these I never beheld. I had a great mind to ask her for them, and she looked such an old dry thing that I think she might have unscrewed them and taken them off. They would have been invaluable to Chantry. 'If the Lady Sahib will just write down that —— Sahib is to *exqueese* this poor fellah, he say he will do just the same thing for ever again,' the jemadar interpreted. It ended, as it always does, in their having their own way. At first Captain —— said he could not *exqueese* him, and then the old mother touched his heart as she did mine, and so he told them (to excuse his weakness) that, to oblige *me*, he would let him off with the loss of a month's wages. One reason why they are attached to Government House is, that it is one of the few houses in Calcutta where they are not *beaten*. It is quite horrible and disgusting to see how

people quietly let out that they are in the habit of beating these timid, weak creatures, and very few of the natives seem to know that they can have redress from a magistrate; but I hope they are beginning to find it out.

My dear, I wish you were here, though it would only be *another* good article thrown away; but still we could understand each other.

Barrackpore, Easter Sunday, 26th.

We dined early on Wednesday, and came up in the evening, so as to have an additional day here, as it is Passion Week, and for the same reason I persuaded George to excuse us any company. We have had two such beautiful storms, that sounded as if they ought to cool the air; but it was 'all sound and fury,' &c. There were hailstones as big as pigeon's eggs, and the thermometer at 90° while they were falling. Either it *is* a much hotter season or we feel it more than we did the first year, which they say is generally the case; but both George and I are desperate about the heat. It is impossible to stir out till it is dark. Fanny is beginning to find it hot in the tents,

and I wish they were safely home now; they will be back this day week.

We had a good sermon on Good Friday, and another to-day, but the heat at the altar was beyond anything; there was no punkah there, and there are no glass windows to this church, so the hot air came pouring in as if we were in an oven, and I saw two or three people obliged to go away from the altar quite faint, and come back again as it came round to their turn.

George's new school has been open this last fortnight, and some of the little native boys already read a fable in one syllable. It is astonishing how quick they are when they choose to learn. I have an idea of giving the monitors, when they have any, a muslin dress apiece. At present the school, though composed of boys of a very good caste, is very slightly clothed, if at all.

I have not written to —— by this ship, which hurts my feelings, but they said it would not go till the end of the week. Will you tell her so? There will be another ship in ten days. God bless you, my dear!

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

TO THE HON. MRS. EDEN.

Government House, March 27, 1837.

MY DEAREST MARY,—An officer who is going home in the 'Robarts' has just called to take leave, and he says a letter will overtake the ship which dropped down the river yesterday, and I am sure if he does, a letter may. I envied the old fellow. He is going home after thirty-two uninterrupted years of India, and is quite curious about Regent Street and the Zoological and all the old stories; and then he is not going home friendless, for, after having talked of rejoining his children there, he said, to my utter surprise, 'I shall like to take my children abroad, and make acquaintance with them travelling, but I must first pass some time with my mother. I have not seen her for thirty-two years.' 'What a fine fat boy she will think you,' I could hardly help saying.

My particular object in running off a line is to tell Robert that his *protégé* of a barber, whom he recommended to Mars, has been this very day engaged to be hairdresser and barber to the King of Oude, at a salary of four hundred

rupees (40*l.*) per month, with presents to about the same amount and, if he becomes a favourite, the certainty of making his fortune. His predecessor, at the end of seven years, is now going home with thirteen or fourteen lacs of rupees. The chief objection to the place is, that the King takes particular delight in making all his courtiers drunk, remaining tolerably sober himself to enjoy the fun. Perry (is not that his name?) had been with Gattie, the great hairdresser here, for three months, at one hundred and fifty rupees per month, when Mars heard from some Frenchman that the King of Oude's agent was looking for a coiffeur, and he went off with his *protégé* and presented him. The agent approved of his appearance and only wished to be sure of his skill, particularly in the shaving department, upon which Mars suggested a trial, and he and Perry went this morning and shaved the agent, who was quite satisfied, and the letter is gone to Lucknow to-day for the King's ratification of the treaty. Perry's journey to Lucknow is to be paid, and if either party is dissatisfied he is to be sent back here, free of expense, but the probability is that he will stay there and make a great fortune. Such an odd piece of luck!

George said ten days ago, that the King of Oude wanted a coiffeur, and I said for a joke what an opportunity for Robert's friend if we did but know where he was, not knowing that Mars was taking care of him all the time. I dare say the valet of the Governor-General is just the very man the King of Oude would approve of to choose his hairdresser.

Yours affectionately,

E. EDEN.

TO ——.

Government House, Tuesday, March 28, 1837.

We heard in the morning from Fanny that they were to leave Moorshedabad to-day by water, and have been making arrangements that the steamer which takes our servants to Barrackpore on Thursday should go on to meet them. I really think they will be baked to a native colour if they remain long on the river this weather.

George and I took a very hot ride, and he came home for his great dinner to the Bishop. Out of eighty-five asked eighty-three came, which is the largest number we have dined. St. Cloud's bill of fare was four sides of fools-

cap paper, and it turned out such a good dinner. George wanted me to send the bill of fare home to you, but I had unluckily torn it up. He is a great treasure of a cook, though eccentric (not to say mad) as a man. His only communication with the world is his interview with me on the subject of dinner, and he comes over, dressed in the very pink of the mode, and with a new pair of primrose kid gloves on. With a primrose mask over his black face he would look as well as any of us.

Thursday, March 30.

George and I went on the river yesterday evening, and it was very pleasant. I finished off my model of Fairy and her puppies and had it put in ——'s room. We had rather a large assemblage of visitors in the morning, and went up to Barrackpore in the evening. It was cruelly hot, as we had to set off an hour earlier than usual. We gave our usual Barrackpore military dinner to-day instead of Saturday, that it might be out of Fanny's way; so we went up earlier, and even George owned that it was much like sitting too near the kitchen fire the first half of the way.

Saturday, April 1.

Fanny and —— arrived yesterday at twelve o'clock—twenty-four hours sooner than we expected them—but the steamer had met them farther on than we expected. Fanny is looking uncommonly well, in prodigious spirits, and quite *brushed up* by her expedition, and has not suffered half so much as I should have expected from the heat of the last week. —— looks thin. Fanny has done a great many sketches, and they have picked up a great many new stories to talk about, and altogether it has been a happy device. —— brought me as lovely a money-box from Moorshedabad as I ever saw.

Wednesday, April 5.

We came down to Calcutta Sunday night.

Yesterday evening we had a very full ball—one of the best we have had—but there is no other house open in the hot season, so they are glad to meet here.

Wednesday, April 12.

I went out in the carriage with George on Monday evening, but even the evenings now are too hot to be the least refreshing, and it is better

to sit on the balcony *in a draught* after the sun goes down than to attempt a drive, only it seems so stupid not to go out for two or three months. I think it so clever of the natives that when I went out on Monday, I found the chair in which we are carried *up*stairs in the hot season ready at my bedroom door to carry me *down*stairs to the carriage—a remarkably unpleasant operation, but I did not like to refuse it as it was their own thought.

It is the Mohurram festival, and we are going up to Barrackpore with hardly any servants, as they all ask for holidays this week. My jemadar brought his boy to show off in his festival dress—a black and white turban, with an aigrette of *spiky* black feathers tipped with silver, silver necklaces, a black and white kummerbund tied round his waist, and a row of silver bells over that, and his face whitened with flour, to look like a faqueer. The boy is naturally frightful, and this made him look like a negro Grimaldi, and I could hardly help laughing when the jemadar walked him jingling his bells up and down the room with an air of paternal triumph, and then proposed I should draw his picture. 'His mother made a vow before she *born* him that he

should have this beautiful dress when he was twelve years old, and she very pleased he so fine boy.' Poor woman! it is lucky she is kept so strictly shut up, for if she saw many other boys she would not be so secure of the beauty of this.

Saturday, April 15.

As we came up to Barrackpore on Thursday we met the Nawab of Chitpore with all his followers, dressed in green and carrying beautiful flags, and leading horses gorgeously *trapped* and all beating their breasts and lamenting for 'Honpiu.' I am very low about him myself, but cannot make out his story.

One of our young horses came down like a shot on the road, threw the postilion, who weighs nothing, a mile off, the wheelers went on over him (the horse, not the man), and the wheel went up against him. —— has not set up any horses since his return, so he was luckily with us and jumped out, and we all followed as fast as we could, and by dint of cutting traces and girths, &c., the horses were disentangled, and the fallen one was not hurt except by the kicks of the others. The heat of

an accident in the present state of the atmosphere is the worst part of it. People and things should make a point of going smoothly at this season. I excused myself going in to dinner, and we have no company of course, this week.

The servants, English and native, all hate Barrackpore, and Mars walked in yesterday morning to say that he thought it right to tell me that he could not and would not bear the heat of his room any longer, and that Wright was just the same about hers. I told him I quite agreed with him, and that I also could not and would not bear it, but that I did not exactly see how we were to help ourselves. He said he did not see either and walked off again. However, I went downstairs with Captain —— and suggested putting thatched mat all along the side of their rooms, which met with their approbation, and they do not mind the darkness. It certainly was a shame to stop Lord Wellesley when he was running up another good Government House at Barrackpore and to stop the finish of this provisional house. As it is, there are no glass windows in the lower storey, and I only wonder the servants can bear the heat so well as they do; and then, as there

are no doors whatever to the *interior* of our part of the house—nothing but open jalousies—the hot wind comes bustling upstairs and through all the jalousies and spoils our comfort. George and I sat in the garden in the evening, and Fanny, and —— went out in the boat, but there was not a breath of air anywhere. Late at night, when the others went to bed, Fanny, ——, and I tried his sailing boat, and there was just enough air to move it, and the moon is so entirely lovely just now it is worth going on the water to look at it.

Monday, April 17.

Saturday night we drove out late to see the cantonments lit up for the Mohurram, but did not see much. Sunday we had a very good sermon from Mr. ——; but I do not imagine that the bread which is being baked in the oven can attend entirely to what the baker observes, and I always feel that at church. I am always feeling overdone and burnt, and want to be turned the other side.

There is an active Mrs. ——, the new colonel's wife, who is getting up subscriptions to glaze the Barrackpore church, and then we shall do better.

George and I came down to Calcutta at night very comfortably in the carriage. All the others settled it would be quite delicious to come up by moonlight in the boats, so they set off before us at eight o'clock. The steamer, which is a new one, refused to paddle before they were out of sight of the house, the tide was against them, and the result was that they did not arrive at Calcutta till three in the morning. However, they said it was very pleasant, except ——, who likes twenty hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and came to breakfast with a touching air of suffering heroism, as if he had *watched* several cold frosty nights. —— says all this proves that he is right in his hatred of Barrackpore, that nature opposes itself to his going. He tried the carriage, and the horse fell down; he tried the water, and the steamer failed; and now he has only two resources, either to go on an elephant and pay the fine which is levied on all private individuals riding an elephant through the streets, or else to look about Calcutta for a gigantic ayah, who will carry him backwards and forwards on her hip in the manner in which ayahs carry children.

Wednesday, April 19.

I have such an interesting picture to copy just now—a picture by Zoffany of Madame Talleyrand when she was in this country as Mrs. Grand. It is so pretty. Captain —— borrowed it of the owner to have a copy of it made for himself, and, as there are hardly any artists, and none good at Calcutta, and he would have had to give 100 rupees for a bad sketch from it, I am copying it for him.

Our boatmen sent word to-day that they had not thrown their Mohurram image into the river on Sunday, which is the proper Mohurram etiquette, in hopes we would go and see them; so we drove that way to-day, and we were quite glad we went; they managed the sight so *courteously* and well. They were not sure we meant to go, so they posted relays of boatmen on the road to Government House to watch the carriage, and then, when they found we were coming, they sent out torch-bearers to run before the carriage in broad daylight. All the Government House servants live in streets according to their classes, and we found about 200 boatmen, all in their cleanest liveries, drawn up before their row of thatched huts,

and in the middle of the street a temple, or taj as they call it, made of silver and red foil, with talc ornaments and flags waving round it, and in front they had put four arm-chairs with foot-stools covered with flags, that we might sit at our ease in an European fashion and admire it. However, we did not do that for fear the Bishop should hear of it and think we were Mahommetans, but we admired it prodigiously as they walked round it with torches to show off the foil; and then they took us back to the carriage; and it cost us a 1*l.* apiece, as everything does that we do, or don't do.

Saturday, April 22.

There is a ship going to-morrow, so I will put this up, and I have nothing particular to say of the last few days, as we have been very quiet. We had some people to dinner yesterday, but it was a smaller and pleasanter dinner than usual. This morning our dear Major —— arrived. We were all so glad to see him again; he is looking much better for his journey. He is a dear old treasure, and now he has done one march he must begin preparing another. In about six months we shall be setting off, I hope,

for a cooler climate, and it takes nearly six months to organise that sort of march. He has brought us some shawls, he says, and four curious pigeons for my pigeon-house. Captain —— left us on Tuesday, but we could send nothing by him, as he has to go to various places in the bay and will be at least seven months on his voyage. I think he will give a good account of us in England. I always fancy that these sort of people may come in your way, though I know it is next to impossible, but still I think they *may*. I wish when you are asked to recommend anybody to us you would contrive to see the individual before he comes away. I am hopeless of seeing you again, and it would be a great refreshment to see anybody who *had* seen you since I have.

I enclose two petitions that will amuse the children, at least the old people who were children when I left England. Good-bye again. I don't believe you get half my letters.

Yours most affectionately,

E. E.

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